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Swift's
NCF

THE

WORKS

OF

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

VOLUME XVI.

COLLECTED AND REVISED

By DEANE SWIFT, Esq;

of GOODRICH, in HEREFORDSHIRE.

Hæ tibi erunt artes. VIRGIL.

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MDCCLXV.

ERRATA.

Page 35, line 20, *for* wrecked *read* wreaked.
51,—— 2, become *read* became.
81,—— 6, *in opis* read *inopis.*
117,—— 8, pea-pein *read* poor pain.
126,——15, countenance *read* countenances.
130,——20, duly *read* due.
146,—— 4, Dornevile's *read* Domville's
206,——24, though *read* thought.
260,——13, bears *read* hears.
Ibid.——19, firks *read* ferks.
262,——16, tell *read* ſhew.
264,——27, Heſſe *read* Haſſe.
287,—— 1, the *read* that.
296,—— 1, wonder *read* wander.
301,——14, tuſk *read* tuſks.
304,——14, whoſe *read* who's.
Ibid.——Note, Mountcaſſer *read* Mountcaſſel.
330,—— 6, for getting *read* forgetting.
350,—— 2, *umbra* read *umbræ.*
351,—— 4, doting *read* dozing.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. BENJAMIN TOOKE.

SIR, Dublin, June 29, 1710.

I WAS in the country when I received your letter with the Apology incloſed in it; and I had neither health nor humour to finiſh that buſineſs. But the blame reſts with you, that if you thought it time, you did not print it when you had it. I have juſt now your laſt, with the complete Key. I believe it is ſo perfect a Grubſtreet-piece, it will be forgotten in a week. But it is ſtrange that there can be no ſatisfaction againſt a Bookſeller, for publiſhing names in ſo bold a manner. I wiſh ſome lawyer could adviſe you how I might have ſatiſfaction: For, at this rate, there is no book,

* The *Apology* prefixed to the Tale of a Tub.

however ſo vile, which may not be faſtened on me. I cannot but think that little Parſon-couſin of mine is at the bottom of this; for, having lent him a copy of ſome part of, *&c.* and he ſhewing it, after I was gone for Ireland, and the thing abroad, he affected to talk ſuſpiciouſly, as if he had ſome ſhare in it. If he ſhould happen to be in town, and you light on him, I think you ought to tell him gravely, that if he be the author, he ſhould ſet his name to the *&c*; and rally him a little upon it: And tell him, if he can explain ſome things, you will, if he pleaſes, ſet his name to the next edition. I ſhould be glad to ſee how far the fooliſh impudence of a dunce could go. Well; I will ſend you the thing, now I am in town, as ſoon as poſſible. But, I dare ſay, you have neither printed the reſt, nor finiſhed the cuts, only are glad to lay the fault on me. I ſhall, at the end, take a little contemptible notice of the thing you ſent me; and I dare ſay it will do you more good than hurt. If you are in ſuch haſte, how came you to forget the Miſcellanies? I would not have you think of Steele for a publiſher; he is too buſy. I will, one of *theſe days*, ſend you ſome hints, which I *would have* in a preface, and you may get

ſome

ſome friend to dreſs them up. I have thoughts of ſome other work one of theſe years; and I hope to ſee you ere it be long; ſince it is like to be a new world, and ſince I have the merit of ſuffering by not complying with the old. Yours, *&c.*

LETTER II.

Mr. TOOKE to Doctor SWIFT.

SIR, London, July 10, 1710.

INCLOSED I have ſent the Key, and think it would be much more proper to add the notes at the bottom of the reſpective pages they refer to, than printing them at the end by themſelves. As to the Cuts, Sir Andrew Fountaine has had them from the time they were deſigned, with an intent of altering them. But he is now gone into Norfolk, and will not return till Michaelmas; ſo that, I think, they muſt be laid aſide: For, unleſs they are very well done, it is better they were quite let alone. As to the Apology, I was not ſo careleſs but that I took a copy of it before I ſent it to you, ſo that I could have printed it eaſily, but that you ſent me word not

to go on till you had altered ſomething in it. As to that Couſin of yours, which you ſpeak of, I neither know him, nor ever heard of him till the Key mentioned him. It was very indifferent to me which I proceeded on firſt, the Tale or the Miſcellanies: But, when you went away, you told me there were three or four things ſhould be ſent over out of Ireland, which you had not here; which, I think, is a very reaſonable excuſe for myſelf in all theſe affairs. What I beg of you at preſent is, that you would return the Apology and this Key, with directions as to the placing it: Although I am entirely of opinion to put it at the bottom of each page, yet ſhall ſubmit. If this be not done ſoon, I cannot promiſe but ſome raſcal or other will do it for us both; ſince you ſee the liberty that is already taken. I think too much time has already been loſt in the Miſcellanies; therefore haſten that: And whichever is in the moſt forwardneſs, I would begin on firſt. All here depend on an entire alteration. I am, *&c.*

LETTER III.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD, February 1710-11.

I ENVY none of the Queen's ſubjects ſo much as thoſe who are abroad; and I deſire to know, whether, as great a ſoul as your Lordſhip has, you did not obſerve your mind to open and enlarge, after you were ſome leagues at ſea, and had left off breathing party-air. I am apt to think this ſchiſm in politics has cloven our underſtandings, and left us but juſt half the good ſenſe that blazed in our actions: And we ſee the effect it has had upon our wit and learning, which are crumbled into pamphlets and penny-papers. The October-club, which was in its rudiments when your Lordſhip left us, is now growing up to be a party by itſelf, and begins to rail at the miniſtry as much as the Whigs do, but from topics directly contrary. I am ſometimes talked into frights, and told that all is ruined; but am immediately cured when I ſee any of the miniſtry: Not from the ſatisfaction they give me in any *one point, but* becauſe I ſee them ſo per-

fectly eaſy, and believe they could not be ſo if they had any fear at heart. My comfort is, they are perſons of great abilities, and they are engaged in a good cauſe. And what is one very good circumſtance, as I told three of them the other day, they ſeem heartily to love one another, in ſpite of the ſcandal of inconſtancy which court-friendſhips lie under. And I can affirm to your Lordſhip, they heartily love you too; which I take to be a great deal more than when they aſſure you ſo themſelves. For even ſtateſmen will ſometimes diſcover their paſſions, eſpecially their good ones.

Here is a pamphlet come out, called *A Letter to Jacob Banks*, ſhewing that the liberty of Sweden was deſtroyed by the principle of paſſive obedience. I know not whether his quotation be fair, but the piece is ſhrewdly written; and, in my opinion, not to be anſwered, otherwiſe than by diſclaiming that ſort of paſſive obedience which the Tories are charged with. This diſpute would ſoon be ended, if the dunces, who write on each ſide, would plainly tell us what the object of this paſſive obedience is in our country. *For, I dare ſwear,* nine in ten of the Whigs

will allow it to the legiſlature, and as many of the Tories deny it to the prince alone: And I hardly ever ſaw a Whig and Tory together, whom I could not immediately reconcile on that article, when I made them explain themſelves.

My Lord, the Queen knew what ſhe did, when ſhe ſent your Lordſhip to ſpur up a dull northern court: Yet, I confeſs, I had rather have ſeen that activity of mind and body, employed in conquering another kingdom, or the ſame over again. I am,

My Lord, *&c.*

LETTER IV.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

My Lord, May 4, 1711.

I Have had the honour of your Lordſhip's letter; and, by the firſt lines of it have made a diſcovery that your Lordſhip is come into the world about eighteen hundred years too late, and was born about half a dozen degrees too far to the north, to employ that public virtue I always heard you did poſſeſs; which is now *wholly uſeleſs*, and which thoſe very few

that have it, are forced to lay aſide when they would have buſineſs ſucceed.

Is it not ſome comfort, my Lord, that you meet with the ſame degeneracy of manners, and the ſame neglect of the public, among the honeſt Germans, though, in the philoſopher's phraſe, differently modified; and I hope, at leaſt, we have one advantage, to be more polite in our corruptions than they.

Our diviſions run further than perhaps your Lordſhip's intelligence hath yet informed you of. That is, a triumvirate of our friends whom I have mentioned to you: I have told them more than once, upon occaſion, that all my hope of their ſucceſs depended on their union; that I ſaw they loved one another, and hoped they would continue it, to remove that ſcandal of inconſtancy aſcribed to court-friendſhips. I am not now ſo ſecure. I care not to ſay more on ſuch a ſubject, and even this is *entre nous*. My credit is not of a ſize to do any ſervice on ſuch an occaſion: But, as little as it is, I am ſo ill a politician, that I will venture the loſs of it to prevent this miſchief; the conſequences of which I am as good a judge of as any

miniſter of ſtate, and perhaps a better becauſe I am not one.

When you writ your letter, you had not heard of Guiſcard's attempt on Mr. Harley: Suppoſing you know all the circumſtances, I ſhall not deſcant upon it. We believe Mr. Harley will ſoon be Treaſurer, and be of the Houſe of Peers; and then we imagine the Court will begin to deal out employments, for which every October-member is a candidate; and conſequently nine in ten muſt be diſappointed: The effect of which we may find in the next ſeſſion. Mr. Harley was yeſterday to open to the Houſe the ways he has thought of, to raiſe funds for the ſecuring the unprovided debts of the nation, and we are all impatient to know what his propoſals are.

As to the imperfect account you ſay you have received of diſagreement among ourſelves, your Lordſhip knows that the names of Whig and Tory have quite altered their meanings. All who were for turning out the late miniſtry, we now generally call Tories; and, in that ſenſe, I think it plain that there are among the Tories three different intereſts. One of thoſe, I mean the miniſtry, who agree with your Lordſhip *and me, in a ſteady* management for purſuing

ſuing the true intereſt of the nation; another is that of warmer heads, as the October-club and their adherents without doors; and a third is, I fear, of thoſe who, as your Lordſhip expreſſes it, would ſound a parly, and who would make fair weather in caſe of a change, and ſome of theſe laſt are not inconſiderable.

Nothing can be more obliging than your Lordſhip's remembering to mention me in your letters to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, when you are in the midſt of ſuch great affairs. I doubt I ſhall want ſuch an advocate as your Lordſhip; for, I believe, every man who has modeſty or merit, is but an ill one for himſelf. I deſire but the ſmalleſt of thoſe titles you give me on the outſide of your letter. My ambition is to live in England, and with a competency to ſupport me with honour. The miniſtry know by this time whether I am worth keeping; and it is eaſier to provide for ten men in the church than one in a civil employment.

But I renounce England and deanries, without a promiſe from your Lordſhip, under your own hand and ſeal, that I ſhall have liberty to attend you whenever I pleaſe. I foreſee we ſhall have a peace next year,

by

by the ſame ſagacity that I have often foreſeen when I was young. I muſt leave the town in a week, becauſe my money is gone, and I can borrow no more. Peace will bring your Lordſhip home; and we muſt have you to adorn your country, when you ſhall be no longer wanted to defend it. I am,

My Lord, *&c.*

LETTER V.

To Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN*.

SIR, Chelſea, May 11, 1711.

Being convinced by certain ominous prognoſtics, that my life is too ſhort to permit me the honour of ever dining another Saturday with Sir Simon Harcourt, Knight, or Robert Harley, Eſq; I beg I may take the laſt farewell of thoſe two gentlemen to-morrow. I made this requeſt on Saturday laſt, unfortunately after you were gone; and they, like great ſtateſmen, pretended they could do nothing in it without your conſent; particularly my Lord-Keeper,

* *Afterwards* Lord Bolingbroke.

as

as a lawyer, raiſed innumerable difficulties, although I ſubmitted to allow you an hour's whiſpering before dinner, and an hour after. My Lord Rivers would not offer one word in my behalf, pretending he himſelf was but a tolerated perſon. The Keeper alledged you could do nothing but when all three were capitularly met, as if you could never open but like a pariſh-cheſt, with the three keys together. It grieves me to ſee the preſent miniſtry thus confederated to pull down my great ſpirit. Pray, Sir, find an expedient. Finding expedients is the buſineſs of ſecretaries of ſtate. I will yield to any reaſonable conditions not below my dignity. I will not find fault with the victuals; I will reſtore the water-glaſs that I ſtole, and ſolicit for my Lord-Keeper's ſalary. And, Sir, to ſhew you I am not a perſon to be ſafely injured, if you dare refuſe me juſtice in this point, I will appear before you in a pudding-ſleeve gown, I will diſparage your ſnuff, write a lampoon upon Nably Car, dine with you upon a foreign poſt-day; nay, I will read verſes in your preſence, until you ſnatch them out of my hands. Therefore pray, Sir, take pity upon me and

yourſelf;

yourſelf; and believe me to be, with great reſpect,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient, and
Moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER VI.

Mr. SHOWER, to the Lord High-Treaſurer OXFORD.

My Lord, London, December 20, 1711.

THOUGH there be little reaſon to expect your Lordſhip ſhould interpoſe in favour of the Diſſenters, who have been ſo ſhamefully abandoned, ſold, and ſacrificed by their profeſſed friends; the attempt is however ſo glorious, in all its views, tendencies, and proſpects, that, if it be not too late, I would moſt humbly beg your Lordſhip not to be immoveable as to that matter. The fatal conſequences of that bill cannot be expreſſed: I dread to think of ſome of them; and ſhall as much rejoice with many thouſands, if you may be inſtrumental to prevent it. May Heaven direct you in this, and in all your great affairs

affairs for the public good of your country. I am,

My Honoured LORD,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN SHOWER.

LETTER VII.

ANSWER to Mr. SHOWER.*

REVEREND SIR, December 21, 1711.

HAD not a very painful diſtemper confined me, I had deſired the favour of ſeeing you ſome time ſince; and I ſhould have ſpoken very plainly to you, as I ſhall whenever I ſee you. I have long foretold, that the Diſſenters muſt be ſaved whether they will or no: They reſiſt even reſtraining grace; and would almoſt convince me, that the notion of man's being a mechaniſm is true in every part. To ſee men moved as puppets, with rage for their intereſt, with envy acting againſt their own intereſt, *having mens perſons in admiration:* Not only thoſe of their own body, who certainly

* *The Anſwer was written by Dr. Swift, as appears not only from his hand-writing, but particularly from a correction in the original draught.*

are

are the firſt who pretended to conſummate wiſdom and deep policy; yet have ſhewn that they knew not the common affairs of this nation, but are *dwellers in thick clay*. They are Epicureans in act, Puritans in profeſſion, politicians in conceit, and a prey and laughing-ſtock to the Deiſts and ſynagogue of the libertines, in whom they have truſted, and to whoſe infallibility they have ſold themſelves and their congregations. All they have done, or can do, ſhall never make me their enemy. I pity poor deluded creatures, that have for ſeventeen years been acting againſt all their principles, and the liberty of this nation, without leaving ſo much ſalt as to keep the body of them ſweet. For, there has not been one good bill during that term of years, which they have not oppoſed in the Houſe of Commons; contrary to the practice of thoſe very few Diſſenters, which were in the parliament in King Charles the Second's time, who thereby united themſelves to the country-gentlemen, the advantage of which they found for many years after. But now they have liſted themſelves with thoſe, who had firſt denied our Saviour, and now have ſold them.

. . . . .

I have

I have written this only to ſhew you, that I am ready to do every thing that is practicable, to ſave people who are bargained for by their leaders, and given up by their miniſters: I ſay their miniſters; becauſe it is averred and repreſented, that the Diſſenting miniſters have been conſulted, and are conſenting to this bill. By what lies, and arts, they are brought to this, I do not care to mention; but, as to myſelf, the engineers of this bill thought they had obtained a great advantage againſt me: Finding I had ſtopt it in the Houſe of Commons, they thought to bring me to a fatal dilemma, whether it did or did not paſs. This would have no influence with me; for I will act what I think to be right, let there be the worſt enemies in the world of one ſide or other. I gueſs by your letter that you do not know that the bill, yeſterday, paſſed both Houſes, the Lords having agreed to the amendments made by the Commons; ſo that there is no room to do any thing upon that head.

What remains, is to deſire, that the Diſſenters may ſeriouſly think from whence they are fallen, and do their firſt works, — and recover their reputation of ſobriety, integrity,

integrity, and love of their country, which is the ſincere and hearty prayer of,

REVEREND SIR,

Your moſt faithful, and
Moſt humble ſervant,
OXFORD.

LETTER VIII.

To Mrs. HILL.

MADAM, May, 1712.

I WAS commanded ſome days ago to do what I had long a mind to, but avoided becauſe I would not offend your prudence, or ſtrain your eyes. But my Lord Maſham aſſures me there is no danger of either; and that you have courage enough to read a letter, though it comes from a man, provided it be one of no conſequence, which his Lordſhip would inſinuate to be my caſe; but I hope you will not affront me ſo highly as to underſtand it ſo. There is not a grain of news in this town, or five miles about it, worth ſending you; and what we receive from Windſor is full as inſignificant, except the accounts of the Queen's health, *and your* houſe-keeping. We are *aſſured that you* keep a conſtant table, and

that your gueſts leave you with full ſtomachs and full pockets: That Dr. Arbuthnot ſometimes leaves his beloved green cloth, to come and receive your chidings, and pick up your money. We intend ſhortly to repreſent your caſe to my Lord Treaſurer, as what deſerves commiſeration; but we hope the matter is already ſettled between his Lordſhip and you, and that you are inſtructed to be thus magnificent, in order to carry on the cauſe. We reckon his Lordſhip's life is now ſecure, ſince a continuation of band-boxes and ink-horns, the engines of late times, were employed in vain to deſtroy him. He will do me the juſtice to tell you, that I never fail of toaſting you under the name of the Governeſs of Dunkirk, and that you have the honour to be very particularly in my good graces. My Lady Maſham ſtill continues in a doubtful ſtate of neither up nor down; and one of her ſervants told mine, that they did not expect ſhe would cry out this fortnight. I ſaw, yeſterday, our Brother Hill, who promiſes to be more thrifty of his health, and ſeems to have a pretty good ſtock of it. I hope you receive no viſits from the head-ache and the ſpleen: And one who knows your conſtitution very well,

well, adviſes you, by all means, againſt ſitting in the duſk at your window, or on the ground, leaning on your hand, or at ſee-ſaw in your chair. I am,

MADAM, &c.

LETTER IX.

To GENERAL HILL. *

SIR, Windſor-Caſtle, Auguſt 12, 1712.

WITH great difficulty I recovered your preſent of the fineſt box in France, out of the hands of Mrs. Hill: She allowed her own to be the prettieſt, but then mine was the handſomeſt; and, in ſhort, ſhe would part with neither. I pleaded my brotherhood, and got my Lord and Lady Maſham to intercede: And, at laſt, ſhe threw it me with a heavy ſigh: But, now it is in my poſſeſſion, I wiſh you had ſent a paper of directions how I ſhall keep it. You that ſit at your eaſe, and have nothing to do but keep Dunkirk, never conſider the difficulties you have brought upon me: Twenty ladies have threatened to ſeize or

* *Brother to Lady* Maſham.

ſurpriſe my box; and what are twenty thouſand French or Dutch in compariſon of thoſe? Mrs. Hill ſays, it was a very idle thing in you to ſend ſuch a preſent, to a man who can neither puniſh nor reward you, ſince Grubſtreet is no more: For the Parliament has killed all the Muſes of Grubſtreet, who yet, in their laſt moments, cried out nothing but Dunkirk. My Lord Treaſurer, who is the moſt malicious perſon in the world, ſays you ordered a gooſe to be drawn at the bottom of my box as a reflection upon the clergy; and that I ought to reſent it: But I am not angry at all, and his Lordſhip obſerves by halves: For the gooſe is there drawn pecking at a ſnail, juſt as I do at him, to make him mend his pace in relation to the public, although it be hitherto in vain. And beſides, Doctor Arbuthnot, who is a ſcholar, ſays you meant it as a compliment for us both: That I am the gooſe, who ſaved the Capitol by my cackling, and that his Lordſhip is repreſented by the ſnail, becauſe he preſerves his country by delays. But my Lord Maſham is not to be endured: He obſerved, that, in the picture of the inſide, *which repreſents* a great company dancing, *there ſtands* a fool with a cap and bells,

and he would needs underſtand that figure as applied to me. And the worſt of it was, that I happened, laſt night, to be at my Lady Ducheſs of Shrewſbury's ball; where, looking a little ſingular among ſo many fine ladies and gentlemen, his Lordſhip came and whiſpered me to look at my box; which I reſented ſo highly, that I went away in a rage, without ſtaying for ſupper. However, conſidering of it better, after a night's ſleep, I find all this is nothing but envy, and a deſign to make a quarrel between you and me: But it ſhall not do ſo; for I hope your intentions were good, however malice may miſrepreſent them. And though I am uſed ill by all your family, who win my money and laugh at me, yet, to vex them more, I will forgive them for your ſake; and, as ſoon as I can break looſe, will come to Dunkirk for a fortnight, to get a little eaſe from my many perſecutions, by the Harleys, the Maſhams, and the Hills: Only I intend to change my habit, for fear Colonel Killigrew ſhould miſtake me for a chimney-ſweeper. In the meantime, I wiſh you all ſucceſs in your government, loyal French ſubjects, virtuous ladies, *little champaign*, and much health.

And am, with the trueſt reſpect and eſteem,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient

Humble ſervant, and brother.

LETTER X.

To Lady ORKNEY.

MADAM, November 21, 1712.

WHEN, upon parting with your Ladyſhip, you were pleaſed to tell me I ſhould find your preſent at home, natural juſtice prompted me to reſolve that the firſt uſe I made of it ſhould be in paying acknowledgments to my benefactor. But, when I opened the writing-table, which I muſt now call mine, I found you had neither ſent pens, ink, nor paper, ſufficient for ſuch an undertaking. But I ought to tell your Ladyſhip in order, that I firſt got there a much more valuable thing: And I cannot do greater honour to my ſcrutoire, than to aſſure your Ladyſhip that your letter is the firſt thing I have put in it, and *ſhall be* the laſt I will ever take out. I *muſt tell* your Ladyſhip, that I am this moment

ment under a very great concern. I was fully convinced that I ſhould write with a new ſpirit, by the influence of the materials you ſent me; but it is quite otherwiſe: I have not a grain of invention, whether out of the confuſion which attends us when we ſtrive too much to acquit ourſelves, or whether your pens and ink are ſullen, and think themſelves diſgraced ſince they have changed their owner. I heartily thank your Ladyſhip, for making me a preſent that looks like a ſort of eſtabliſhment. I plainly ſee by the contrivance, that, if you were firſt miniſter, it would have been a cathedral. As it is, you have more contributed towards fixing me, than all the miniſtry together; for it is difficult to travel with this equipage, and it will be impoſſible to travel, or live without it. You have an undoubted title to whatever papers this table ſhall ever contain, (except your letter) and I deſire you will pleaſe to have another key made for it; that, when the Court ſhall think fit to give me a room worth putting it into, your Ladyſhip may come and ſearch it whenever you pleaſe.

I beg your Ladyſhip to join in laughing with me, at my unreaſonable vanity, when

I wiſhed that the motto written about the wax was a deſcription of yourſelf. But, if I am diſappointed in that, your Ladyſhip will be ſo in all the reſt; even this ink will never be able to convey your Ladyſhip's note as it ought. The paper will contain no wonders, but when it mentions you; neither is the ſeal any otherwiſe an emblem of my life, than by the deep impreſſion your Ladyſhip has made, which nothing but my death can wear out. By the inſcription about the pens, I fear there is ſome miſtake; and that your Ladyſhip did not deſign them for me. However, I will keep them until you can find the perſon you intended ſhould have them, and who will be able to diſpoſe of them according to your predictions. I cannot find that the workman you employed, and directed, has made the leaſt miſtake: But there are four implements wanting. The two firſt I ſhall not name, becauſe an odd ſuperſtition forbids us to accept them from our friends; the third is a ſpunge, which the people long have given ſo ill a reputation to, that I vow it ſhall be no gift of your Ladyſhip: The laſt is a flat ivory inſtrument, uſed in folding up of letters, which *I inſiſt* you muſt provide.

See,

See, Madam, the firſt fruits this unlucky preſent of yours has produced. It is but giving a fiddle to a ſcraper, or a peſtle and mortar to an apothecary, or a Tory-pamphlet to Mrs. Ramſay. Nothing is ſo great a diſcouragement to generous perſons as the fear of being worried by acknowledgements. Beſides your Ladyſhip is an unſufferable kind of giver, making every preſent fifty times the value, by the circumſtances and manner. And I know people in the world, who would not oblige me ſo much, at the coſt of 1000 *l.* as you have done at that of 20 *l.* which, I muſt needs tell you, is an unconſcionable way of dealing, and whereof, I believe, no body alive is ſo guilty as yourſelf. In ſhort, you deceive my eyes and corrupt my judgment; nor am I now ſure of any thing, but that of being, *&c.*

LETTER XI.

To the Ducheſs of ORMOND.

MADAM, December 20, 1712.

ANY other perſon, of leſs refinement and prudence than myſelf, would be *at a loſs how to* thank your Grace, upon the

the ſurpriſe of coming home laſt night, and finding two pictures where only one was demanded. But I underſtand your Grace's malice, and do here affirm you to be the greateſt prude upon earth. You will not ſo much as let your picture be alone in a room with a man, no not with a clergyman, and a clergyman of five and forty, and therefore reſolved my Lord Duke ſhould accompany it, and keep me in awe, that I might not preſume to look too often upon it. For my own part, I begin already to repent that I ever begged your Grace's picture; and could almoſt find in my heart to ſend it you back: For, although it be the moſt beautiful ſight I ever beheld, except the original, yet the veneration and reſpect it fills me with, will always make me think I am in your Grace's preſence; will hinder me from ſaying and writing twenty idle things, that uſed to divert me; will ſet me labouring upon majeſtic, ſublime ideas, at which I have no manner of talent; and will make thoſe who come to viſit me think I am grown, on the ſudden, wonderful ſtately and reſerved. But, in life, we muſt take the evil with the good; and it is one comfort, that I know how to be revenged. For the ſight of your Grace's reſemblance,

will

will perpetually remind me of paying my duty to your perſon; which will give your Grace the torment, and me the felicity of a more frequent attendance.

But, after all, to deal plainly with your Grace, your picture (and I muſt ſay the ſame of my Lord Duke's) will be of very little uſe, further than to let others ſee the honour you are pleaſed to do me. For all the accompliſhments of your mind and perſon are ſo deeply printed in my heart, and repreſent you ſo lively to my imagination, that I ſhould take it for a high affront, if you believed it in the power of colours to refreſh my memory: Almoſt as high a one, as if your Grace ſhould deny me the juſtice of being, with the moſt profound reſpect and gratitude,

MADAM,

Your Grace's, *&c.*

LETTER XII.

To the Duke of ARGYLE.

My Lord, January 20, 1712-13.

I Would myſelf have delivered the anſwer I ſent yeſterday to your Grace at court, by Dr. Arbuthnot, if I had not thought the right of complaining to be on my ſide: For I think it was my due, that you ſhould have immediately told me whatever you had heard amiſs of my conduct to your Grace. When I had the honour to be firſt known to thoſe in the miniſtry, I made it an expreſs condition; that whoever did me ill offices, they ſhould inform me of what was ſaid, and hear my vindication; that I might not be mortified with countenances eſtranged of the ſudden, and be at a loſs for the cauſe. And, I think, there is no perſon alive, whoſe favour or protection I would purchaſe at that expence. I could not ſpeak to the diſadvantage of your Grace without being ungrateful, (which is an ill word) ſince you were pleaſed, voluntarily, to make ſo many profeſſions of favour to me for ſome years paſt; and *your being* a Duke and a General, would have

have ſwayed me not at all in my reſpect for your perſon, if I had not thought you to abound in qualities, which I wiſh were eaſier to be found in thoſe of your rank. I have indeed ſometimes heard what your Grace was told I reported; but, as I am a ſtranger to coffee-houſes, ſo it is a great deal below me to ſpread coffee-houſe reports. This accuſation is a little the harder upon me, becauſe I have always appeared fond of your Grace's character; and have, with great induſtry, related ſeveral of your generous actions, on purpoſe to remove the imputation of the only real fault (for I ſay nothing of common frailties) which I ever heard laid to your charge. I confeſs, I have often thought that Homer's deſcription of Achilles bore ſome reſemblance to your Grace, but I do not remember that ever I ſaid ſo. At the ſame time, I think few men were ever born with nobler qualities, to fulfil and adorn every office of a ſubject, a friend, and a protector, &c.

LETTER XIII.

To Lord Chancellor HARCOURT.

My Lord, May, 1713.

I Wonder your Lordſhip would preſume to go out of town, and leave me in fear that I ſhould not ſee you before I go to Ireland, which will be in a week. It is a ſtrange thing, you ſhould prefer your own health, and eaſe, and convenience, before my ſatisfaction. I want your Lordſhip for my ſolicitor: I want your letter to your younger brother of Ireland, to put him under my government: I want an opportunity of giving your Lordſhip my humbleſt thanks, for a hundred favours you have done me: I wanted the ſight of your Lordſhip this day in York-buildings *. Pray, my Lord, come to town before I leave it, and ſupply all my wants. My Lord-Treaſurer uſes me barbarouſly; appoints to carry me to Kenſington, and makes me walk four miles at midnight. He laughs when I mention a thouſand pound, which he gives me; though a thouſand pound is a very ſerious thing, &c.

* Lord Treaſurer Oxford then lived there.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

SIR, May 13, 1713.

I WAS told yeſterday, by ſeveral perſons, that Mr. Steele had reflected upon me in his Guardian; which I could hardly believe, until, ſending for the paper of the day, I found he had, in ſeveral parts of it, inſinuated with the utmoſt malice, that I was author of the Examiner; and abuſed me in the groſſeſt manner he could poſſibly invent, and ſet his name to what he had written. Now, Sir, if I am not author of the Examiner, how will Mr. Steele be able to defend himſelf from the imputation of the higheſt degree of baſeneſs, ingratitude, and injuſtice? Is he ſo ignorant of my temper, and of my ſtyle? Has he never heard that the author of the Examiner (to whom I am altogether a ſtranger *) did, a month or two ago, vindicate me from having any concern in it? Should not Mr. Steele have firſt expoſtulated with me, as a

* The reader will pleaſe to recollect, that Dr. Swift never writ any Examiners after the 7th of June 1711. He took up that paper at N° XIII. and laid it down at N° XLIV.

friend? Have I deſerved this uſage from Mr. Steele, who knows very well that my Lord Treaſurer has kept him in his employment upon my intreaty and interceſſion? My Lord Chancellor and Lord Bolingbroke will be witneſſes, how I was reproached by my Lord Treaſurer, upon the ill returns Mr. Steele made to his Lordſhip's indulgence, *&c.*

LETTER XV.

From Mr. STEELE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, May 19, 1713.

MR. ADDISON ſhewed me your letter, wherein you mention me. They laugh at you, if they make you believe your interpoſition has kept me thus long in my office. If you have ſpoken in my behalf at any time, I am glad I have always treated you with reſpect; though I believe you an accomplice of the Examiner's. In the letter you are angry at, you ſee I have no reaſon for being ſo merciful to him, but out of regard to the imputation you lie under. You do not in direct *terms ſay* you are not concerned with him; but

but make it an argument of your innocence that the Examiner has declared you have nothing to do with him. I believe I could prevail upon the Guardian to ſay there was a miſtake in putting my name in his paper: But the Engliſh would laugh at us, ſhould we argue in ſo Iriſh a manner. I am heartily glad of your being made Dean of St. Patrick's. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient

Humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. STEELE.

SIR,

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

† I may probably know better, when they are diſpoſed * * * * * * The caſe was thus:

† It has unluckily happened that two or three lines have been torn by accident from the beginning of this letter; and, by the ſame accident, two or three lines are miſſing towards the latter part, which were written on the back part of the paper which was torn off. But what remains of this letter

thus? I did with the utmoſt application, and deſiring to lay all my credit upon it, deſire Mr. Harley (as he then was called) to ſhew you mercy. He ſaid he would, and wholly upon my account: That he would appoint you a day to ſee him: That he would not expect you ſhould quit any friend or principle. Some days after, he told me he had appointed you a day, and you had not kept it; upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could anſwer; and adviſed me to more caution another time. I told him, and deſired my Lord Chancellor * and Lord Bolingbroke to be witneſſes, that I would never ſpeak for or againſt you as long as I lived; only I would, and that it was ſtill my opinion, you ſhould have mercy till you gave further provocations. This is the hiſtory of what you think fit to call, in the ſpirit of inſulting, "their laughing at me:" And you may do it ſecurely; for, by the moſt inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a Chriſtian, to do you the leaſt ill office. Next I deſire to

will, I preſume, be very ſatisfactory to the intelligent reader, upon many accounts, and eſpecially becauſe a light into this *affair will juſtify* the prodigious ſeverity of Dr. Swift's pen *againſt Mr. Steele*, in his Public Spirit of the Whigs.

* Lord Harcourt.

know

know, whether the greateſt ſervices ever done by one man to another, may not have the ſame turn as properly applied to them? And, once more, ſuppoſe they did laugh at me, I aſk whether my inclinations to ſerve you merit to be rewarded by the vileſt treatment, whether they ſucceeded or no? If your interpretation were true, I was laughed at only for your ſake; which, I think, is going pretty far to ſerve a friend. As to the letter I complain of, I appeal to your moſt partial friends, whether you ought not either to have aſked, or written to me, or deſired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were any way concerned in writing the Examiner? And, if I had ſhuffled, or anſwered indirectly, or affirmed it, or ſaid I would not give you ſatisfaction; you might then have wrecked your revenge with ſome colour of juſtice. I have ſeveral times aſſured Mr. Addiſon, and fifty others, that I had not the leaſt hand in writing any of thoſe Papers; and that I had never exchanged one ſyllable with the ſuppoſed author in my life, that I can remember, nor even ſeen him above twice, and that in mixt company, *in a* place where he came to pay *his attendance*. One thing more I muſt

obſerve to you, that, a year or two ago, when ſome printers uſed to bring me their papers in manuſcript, I abſolutely forbid them to give any hints againſt Mr. Addiſon and you and ſome others; and have frequently ſtruck out reflexions upon you in particular, and ſhould (I believe) have done it ſtill, if I had not wholly left off troubling myſelf about thoſe kind of things.

I proteſt I never ſaw any thing more liable to exception, than every part is of the letter you were pleaſed to write me. You plead, that I do not, in mine to Mr. Addiſon, in direct terms, ſay I am not concerned with the Examiner: And is that an excuſe for the moſt ſavage injuries in the world a week before? How far you can prevail with the Guardian I ſhall not trouble myſelf to enquire; and am more concerned how you will clear your own honour and conſcience, than my reputation. I ſhall hardly loſe one friend by what you † * * * * * * * * I know not any * * * * * laugh at me for any * * * * * abſurdity of yours. There are ſoleciſms in morals as

† Here the manuſcript is torn.

well

well as in languages; and to which of the virtues you will reconcile your conduct to me, is past my imagination. Be pleased only to put these questions to yourself. If Dr. Swift be entirely innocent of what I accuse him, how shall I be able to make him satisfaction? And how do I know but he may be entirely innocent? If he was laughed at only because he solicited for me, is that a sufficient reason for me to say the vilest things of one in print under my hand, without any provocation? And, how do I know but he may be in the right, when he says I was kept in my employment at his interposition? If he never once reflected on me the least in any paper, and hath hindered many others from doing it; how can I justify myself, for endeavouring in mine to ruin his credit as a Christian and a clergyman? I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. S.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. STEELE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Bloomſbury, May 26, 1713.

I HAVE received yours, and find it is impoſſible for a man to judge in his own caſe. For an alluſion to you, as one under the imputation of helping the Examiner, and owning I was reſtrained out of reſpect to you, you tell Addiſon under your hand, you think me the vileſt of mankind, and bid him tell me ſo. I am obliged to you for any kind things ſaid in my behalf to the Treaſurer; and aſſure you, when you were in Ireland, you were the conſtant ſubject of my talk to men in power at that time. As to the vileſt of mankind, it would be a glorious world if I were. For I would not conceal my thoughts in favour of an injured man, though all the powers on earth gainſaid it, to be made the firſt man in the nation. This poſition, I know, will ever obſtruct my way in the world; and I have conquered my deſires accordingly. I have reſolved to content myſelf with what I can get by my own induſtry, and the improvement of a ſmall eſtate, without being anxious whether I am ever

in

in a court again or not. I do aſſure you, I do not ſpeak this calmly, after the ill-uſage in your letter to Addiſon, out of terror of your wit or my Lord Treaſurer's power, but pure kindneſs to the agreeable qualities, I once ſo paſſionately delighted in, in you. You know, I know no body but one that talked after you, could tell Addiſon had bridled me in point of party. This was ill hinted, both with relation to him, and,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient
Humble ſervant,
RICHARD STEELE.

I know no party; but the truth of the queſtion is what I will ſupport as well as I can, when any man I honour is attacked.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mr. STEELE.

SIR, May 27, 1713.

THE reaſon I give you the trouble of this reply to your letter, is becauſe I *am going in a* very few days to Ireland;

and, although I intend to return towards winter, yet it may happen, from the common accidents of life, that I may never ſee you again.

In your yeſterday's letter, you are pleaſed to take the complaining ſide, and think it hard I ſhould write to Mr. Addiſon as I did, only for an alluſion. This alluſion was only calling a clergyman of ſome little diſtinction an infidel. A clergyman who was your friend, who always loved you; who had endeavoured at leaſt to ſerve you; and who, whenever he did write any thing, made it ſacred to himſelf never to fling out the leaſt hint againſt you.

One thing you are pleaſed to fix on me, as what you are ſure of; that the Examiner had talked after me, when he ſaid Mr. Addiſon had bridled you in point of party. I do not read one in ſix of thoſe papers, nor ever knew he had ſuch a paſſage; and I am ſo ignorant of this, that I cannot tell what it means: Whether, that Mr. Addiſon kept you cloſe to a party, or that he hindered you from writing about party. I never talkt or writ to that author in my life; ſo that he could not have learned it from me. And, in ſhort, I ſolemnly affirm, that, with relation to every friend I have, I am as innocent

nocent as it is poſſible for a human creature to be. And, whether you believe me or not, I think, with ſubmiſſion, you ought to act as if you believed me, till you have demonſtration to the contrary. I have all the miniſtry to be my witneſſes, that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverſe party, whom I have not been ſo bold as to recommend often and with earneſtneſs to them. For, I think, principles at preſent are quite out of the caſe, and that we diſpute wholly about perſons. In theſe laſt you and I differ; but in the other, I think, we agree: For I have in print profeſſed myſelf in politics to be what we formerly called a Whig.

As to the great man * whoſe defence you undertake; though I do not think ſo well of him as you do, yet I have been the cauſe of preventing five hundred hard things to be ſaid againſt him.

I am ſenſible I have talked too much when myſelf is the ſubject; therefore I conclude with ſincere wiſhes for your health and proſperity, and am,

SIR,

Your, *&c.*

* Duke of Marlborough.

You cannot but remember, that, in the only thing I ever publiſhed with my name, I took care to celebrate you as much as I could, and in as handſome a manner, though it was in a letter to the preſent Lord Treaſurer.

LETTER XIX.

To Lord Treaſurer OXFORD.

On the Death of his Daughter, the Marchioneſs of Caermarthen.

My Lord, November 21, 1713.

Your Lordſhip is the perſon in the world to whom every body ought to be ſilent upon ſuch an occaſion as this, which is only to be ſupported by the greateſt wiſdom and ſtrength of mind; wherein, God knows, the wiſeſt and beſt of us, who would preſume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind, and diſturb the underſtanding. This, indeed, might be ſome pretence to us to adminiſter our conſolations, if we had been wholly ſtrangers to the perſon gone. But,

my Lord, whoever had the honour to know her, wants a comforter as much as your Lordſhip; becauſe, though their loſs is not ſo great, yet they have not the ſame firmneſs and prudence, to ſupport the want of a friend, a patroneſs, a benefactor, as you have to ſupport that of a daughter. My Lord, both religion and reaſon forbid me to have the leaſt concern for that Lady's death, upon her own account; and he muſt be an ill Chriſtian, or a perfect ſtranger to her virtues, who would not wiſh himſelf, with all ſubmiſſion to God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your Lordſhip, who hath loſt ſuch a daughter, and we, who have loſt ſuch a friend, and the world, which hath loſt ſuch an example; have, in our ſeveral degrees, greater cauſe to lament, than, perhaps, was ever given by any private perſon before. For, my Lord, I have ſate down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the compoſition of a lady, and could not ſingle out one, which ſhe did not poſſeſs in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of. But, as to your Lordſhip's own particular, as it is an unconceiveable misfortune to have loſt ſuch a daughter, ſo it is a poſſeſſion which few can boaſt of, to

have

have had ſuch a daughter. I have often ſaid to your Lordſhip, that I never knew any one, by many degrees, ſo happy in their domeſtic as you; and I affirm you are ſo ſtill, though not by ſo many degrees: From whence it is very obvious, that your Lordſhip ſhould reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have loſt.

To ſay the truth, my Lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is uſual with the diſpenſations of Providence long to continue. You had been the great inſtrument of preſerving your country from foreign and domeſtic ruin: You have had the felicity of eſtabliſhing your family in the greateſt luſtre, without any obligation to the bounty of your Prince, or any induſtry of your own: You have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies, by your courage and abilities; and, by the ſteadineſs of your temper, over the inconſtancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your Lordſhip has felt too much complacency within yourſelf, upon this univerſal ſucceſs: And God Almighty, who would not diſappoint your endeavours for the public, thought fit to puniſh you with a domeſtic loſs, where he knew your heart was moſt

expoſed;

expoſed; and, at the ſame time, has fulfilled his own wiſe purpoſes, by rewarding, in a better life, that excellent creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my Lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am ſure it is not from any compliance with form; it is not from thinking that I can give your Lordſhip any eaſe. I think it was an impulſe upon me that I ſhould ſay ſomething: And whether I ſhall ſend you what I have written, I am yet in doubt, *&c.*

LETTER XX.

To the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN.*

MY LORD, London, December 31, 1713.

YOUR Grace's letter, which I received but laſt poſt, is of an earlier date than what have ſince arrived. We have received the Addreſs for removing the Chancellor, and the Counter-addreſſes from the Lords and Convocation; and you will know, before this reaches you, our ſentiments of them here. I am at a loſs what to ſay in this whole affair. When I writ to you before, I dropt a word on purpoſe

* Doctor William King.

for you to take notice of; that our Court ſeemed reſolved to be very firm in their reſolutions about Ireland. I think it impoſſible for the two kingdoms to proceed long upon a different ſcheme of politics. The controverſy with the city I am not maſter of: It took it's riſe before I ever concerned myſelf with affairs of Ireland, farther than to be an inſtrument of doing ſome ſervices to the kingdom, for which I have been ill requited. But, my Lord, the queſtion with us here, is, whether there was a neceſſity that the other party ſhould be a majority. There was put into my hands a liſt of your Houſe of Commons, by ſome who know the kingdom well: I deſired they would (as we often do here) ſet a mark on the names of thoſe who would be for the miniſtry. I found they amounted to 143; which, I think, comes within ſeven of an equality. Twenty names beſide they could not determine upon: So that, ſuppoſe eight to be of the ſame ſide, there would be a majority by one. But, beſides, we reckon that the firſt number, 143, would eaſily riſe to a great majority, by the influence of the Government, if that had been thought fit. *This is* demonſtration to us: For the Go-

vernment

vernment there has more influence than the Court here; and yet our Court carried it for many years, againſt a natural majority, and a much greater one. I ſhall not examine the reaſons among you for proceeding otherwiſe: But your Grace will find that we are determined upon the concluſion; which is, that Ireland muſt proceed on the ſame foot with England. I am of opinion, my Lord, that nothing could do more hurt to the Whig-party in both kingdoms, than their manner of proceeding in your Houſe of Commons: It will confirm the Crown and miniſtry, that there can be no ſafety while thoſe people are able to give diſturbance: And, indeed, the effects it hath already produced here are hardly to be believed. Neither do we here think it worth our while to be oppoſed, and encourage our enemies, only for ſeventy thouſand pounds a year; to ſupply which it may not be hard to find other expedients. And, when there ſhall be occaſion for a parliament, we are confident a new one may be called, with a majority of men in the intereſt of the Queen and Church. For, when the preſent majority pretends to regard either, we look upon *ſuch profeſſions* to ſignify no more, than

if

if they were penned by my Lord Wharton or Mr. Moleſworth. I have ſuffered very much by my tenderneſs to ſome perſons of that party, which I ſtill preſerve; but I believe it will not be long in my power to ſerve thoſe who may want it. It would be endleſs to recount to your Grace the reproaches that have been made me on account of your neighbour.

It is true, my Lord, we do not care to be troubled with the affairs of Ireland: But, there being no war, nor meeting of parliament, we have leiſure at preſent. Beſides, we look on ourſelves as touched in the tendereſt part. We know the Whig-party are preparing to attack us next ſeſſion; and their prevailing in Ireland would, we think, be a great ſtrength and encouragement to them here: Beſides, our remiſſneſs would diſhearten our friends, and make them think we acted a trimming game. There are ſome things which we much wonder at, as they are repreſented. The Addreſs for removing the Chancellor is grounded upon two facts; in the former of which he was only concerned with ſeveral others; the criminal was poor and penitent, and a *noli proſequi* was no illegal thing. As to Moor's buſineſs, the Chancellor's

lor's ſpeech on that occaſion hath been tranſmitted hither, and ſeems to clear him from the imputation of prejudging. Another thing we wonder at, is, to find the Commons, in their Votes, approve the ſending for the guards, by whom a man was killed. Such a thing would, they ſay, look monſtrous in England.

Your Grace ſeems to think, they will not break on money-matters; but we are taught another opinion: That they will not paſs the great bill, until they have ſatisfaction about the Chancellor. And what the conſequence of that will be, I ſuppoſe you may gueſs from what you know by this time.

My Lord, we can judge no otherwiſe here, than by the repreſentations made to us. I ſincerely look upon your Grace to be maſter of as much wiſdom and ſagacity as any perſon I have known; and, from my particular reſpect to you, and your great abilities, ſhall never preſume to cenſure your proceedings, until I am fully appriſed of the motives. Your Grace is looked on here as altogether in the other party, which I do never allow, when it is ſaid to me. I conceive you to follow the dictates of your reaſon and conſcience; and, who-

ever does that, will, in public management, often differ, as well from one ſide as another.

As to myſelf, I take Ireland to be the worſt place to be in while the parliament ſits; and probably I may think the ſame of England in a month or two. I have few obligations (further than perſonal friendſhip and civilities) to any party: I have nothing to aſk for but a little money, to pay my debts; which, I doubt, they never will give me. And, wanting wiſdom to judge better, I follow thoſe who I think are for preſerving the conſtitution in church and ſtate, without examining whether they do ſo from a principle of virtue, or of intereſt, *&c.*

LETTER XXI.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

My Lord, London, May 18, 1714.

I had done myſelf the honour of writing to your Excellency, above a month before yours of March the 5th came to my hands. The Saturday's dinners have not been reſumed ſince the Queen's return

from Windſor; and I am not ſorry, ſince it become ſo mingled an aſſembly, and of ſo little uſe either to buſineſs or converſation: So that I was content to read your queries to our two great friends. The Treaſurer ſtuck at them all; but the Secretary acquitted himſelf of the firſt, by aſſuring me he had often written to your Excellency.

I was told the other day, of an anſwer you made to ſomebody abroad, who enquired of you the ſtate and diſpoſitions of our Court: That you could not tell, for you had been out of England a fortnight. In your letter, you mention the World of the Moon, and apply it to England; but the moon changes but once in four weeks. By both theſe inſtances, it appears you have a better opinion of our ſteadineſs than we deſerve; for I do not remember, ſince you left us, that we have continued above four days in the ſame view, or four minutes with any manner of concert. I aſſure you, my Lord, for the concern I have for the common cauſe, with relation to affairs both at home and abroad, and from the perſonal love I bear to our friends in power, *I never led* a life ſo thoroughly *uneaſy as I do* at preſent. Our ſituation is

ſo bad, that our enemies could not, without abundance of invention and ability, have placed us ſo ill, if we had left it entirely to their management. For my own part, my head turns round; and, after every converſation, I come away juſt one degree worſe informed than I went. I am glad, for the honour of our nation, to find by your Excellency's letter, that ſome other courts have a ſhare of frenzy, though not equal, nor of the ſame nature with ours. The height of honeſt mens wiſhes at preſent is to rub off this ſeſſion; after which, no body has the impudence to expect that we ſhall not immediately fall to pieces: Nor is any thing I write the leaſt ſecret, even to a Whig footman.

The Queen is pretty well at preſent; but the leaſt diſorder ſhe has, puts all in alarm; and, when it is over, we act as if ſhe were immortal. Neither is it poſſible to perſuade people to make any preparations againſt an evil day. There is a negotiation now in hand, which, I hope, will not be abortive: The States-General are willing to declare themſelves fully ſatisfied with the peace and Queen's meaſures, *&c. and that* is too popular a matter to *ſlight. It is* impoſſible to tell you whether

ther the Prince of Hanover intends to come over or no. I ſhould think the latter, by the accounts I have ſeen; yet our adverſaries continue ſtrenuouſly to aſſert otherwiſe, and very induſtriouſly give out, that the Lord Treaſurer is at bottom; which has given ſome jealouſies not only to his beſt friends, but to ſome I ſhall not name; yet I am confident they do him wrong. This formidable journey is the perpetual ſubject both of Court and coffee-houſe chat.

Our myſterious and unconcerted ways of proceeding have, as it is natural, taught every body to be refiners, and to reaſon themſelves into a thouſand various conjectures: Even I, who converſe moſt with people in power, am not free from this evil: And, particularly, I thought myſelf twenty times in the right, by drawing concluſions very regularly from premiſes which have proved wholly wrong. I think this, however, to be a plain proof that we act altogether by chance, and that the game, ſuch as it is, plays itſelf.

By the preſent encloſed in your Excellency's letter, I find the Sicilians to be bad delineators, and worſe poets. As ſneakingly as the Prince looks at the Biſhop's foot, I could have made him look ten

times worſe; and have done more right to the piece, by placing your Excellency there repreſenting your Miſtreſs the Queen, and delivering the crown to the Biſhop, with orders where to place it. I ſhould like your new King very well, if he would make Sicily his conſtant reſidence, and uſe Savoy only as a commendam. Old books have given me great ideas of that iſland. I imagine every acre there worth three in England; and that a wiſe prince, in ſuch a ſituation, would, after ſome years, be able to make what figure he pleaſed in the Mediterranean.

The Duke of Shrewſbury, not liking the weather on our ſide the water, continues in Ireland, although he formally took his leave there ſix weeks ago. Tom Harley is every hour expected here, and writes me word, he has ſucceeded at Hanover to his wiſhes. Lord Strafford writes the ſame, and gives himſelf no little merit upon it.

Barber the printer was, ſome time ago, in great diſtreſs, upon printing a pamphlet, of which evil tongues would needs call me the author *: He was brought before your Houſe, which addreſſed the Queen in a body, who kindly publiſhed a procla-

* The Public Spirit of the Whigs.

mation,

mation, with 300 *l.* to diſcover. The fault was calling the Scots a fierce poor northern people. So well protected are thoſe who ſcribble for the Government. Upon which, I now put one query to your Excellency, What has a man without employment to do among miniſters, when he can neither ſerve himſelf, his friends, nor the public?

In my former letter, which I ſuppoſe was ſent to Paris to meet you there, I gave you joy of the government of Minorca. One advantage you have by being abroad, that you keep your friends; and I can name almoſt a dozen great men who thoroughly hate one another, yet all love your Lordſhip. If you have a mind to preſerve their friendſhip, keep at a diſtance; or come over and ſhew your power, by reconciling at leaſt two of them; and remember, at the ſame time, that this laſt is an impoſſibility. If your Excellency were here, I would ſpeak to you without any conſtraint; but the fear of accidents, in the conveyance of this letter, makes me keep to generals. I am ſure you would have prevented a great deal of ill, if you had continued among us; but people of my level muſt be content to have their opinion aſked, and to ſee it not followed; al-

though I have always given it with the utmoſt freedom and impartiality. I have troubled you too much; and, as a long letter from you is the moſt agreeable thing one can receive, ſo the moſt agreeable return would be a ſhort one. I am ever, with the greateſt reſpect and truth,

My Lord,

Your Excellency's

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER XXII.

To Lord Treaſurer OXFORD.

My Lord, July 1ſt, 1714.

When I was with you, I have ſaid more than once that I would never allow quality or ſtation made any real difference between men. Being now abſent and forgotten, I have changed my mind: You have a thouſand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of ſincerity as I; ſo that, according to common juſtice, I can have but a thouſandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly

wholly owing to your ſtation. And the misfortune is ſtill the greater, becauſe I always loved you juſt ſo much the worſe for your ſtation. For, in your public capacity, you have often angered me to the heart; but, as a private man, never once. So that, if I only look towards myſelf, I could wiſh you a private man to-morrow. For, I have nothing to aſk, at leaſt nothing that you will give, which is the ſame thing: And then you would ſee whether I ſhould not, with much more willingneſs, attend you in a retirement, whenever you pleaſe to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windſor. From theſe ſentiments, I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwiſe than as to a private perſon, or allow myſelf to have been obliged by you in any other capacity.

The memory of one great inſtance of your candour and juſtice, I will carry to my grave: That, having been in a manner domeſtic with you for almoſt four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy to make you think ill of me, though malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, poſterity ſhall know that, and more; *which, though* you and ſome body that

ſhall

ſhall be nameleſs ſeem to value leſs than I could wiſh, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to ſay how I would deſire to ſtand in your memory? As one who was truly ſenſible of the honour you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it: As one who was neither aſſuming, officious, nor teazing; who never wilfully miſrepreſented perſons or facts to you, nor conſulted his paſſions when he gave a character. And, laſtly, as one whoſe indiſcretions proceeded altogether from a weak head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is the higheſt compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have ſaid enough; and, like one at your levee, having made my bow, I ſhrink back into the crowd. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXIII.

To the Duke of ORMOND.

MY LORD, July 17th, 1714.

I NEVER expected that a great man ſhould *remember* me in abſence, becauſe I knew

knew it was unreaſonable, and that your Grace is too much troubled with perſons about you, to think of thoſe who are out of the way. But, if Dr. Pratt has done me right, I am miſtaken; and your Grace has almoſt declared that you expected a letter from me; which you ſhould never have had, if the miniſtry had been like you: For then I ſhould have been always near enough to have carried my own meſſages. But I was heartily weary of them; and your Grace will be my witneſs, that I deſpaired of any good ſucceſs, from their manner of proceeding, ſome months before I left town; where I thought it became me to continue no longer, when I could do no ſervice either to myſelf, my friends, or the public. By the accounts I have from particular friends, I find the animoſity between the two Great Men does not at all diminiſh: Though I hear it is given out that your Grace's ſucceſſor * has undertaken a general reconcilement. If it be true, this will ſucceed like the reſt of his late undertakings.

I muſt beg your Grace's pardon, if I intreat you, for ſeveral reaſons, to ſee Lady

* The Duke of Shrewſbury.

Maſham

Maſham as often as you conveniently can: And I muſt likewiſe deſire you, to exert yourſelf in the diſpoſal of the biſhopricks in Ireland. It is a ſcandal to the Crown, and an injury to the church, that they ſhould be ſo long delayed. There are ſome hot headed people, on the other ſide the water, who underſtand nothing of our Court, and would confound every thing; always employed to raiſe themſelves upon the ruins of thoſe characters they have blaſted. I wiſh their intermeddling may not occaſion a worſe choice than your Grace approved of laſt winter. However, I beg you will take care that no injury be done to Dr. Pratt, or Dr. Elwood, who have more merit and candour than a hundred of their detractors. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's moſt obedient, and

Moſt obliged humble ſervant,

J. S.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

To Lord OXFORD,

On hearing his Intentions to reſign his Staff.

MY LORD, July 25th, 1714.

TO-MORROW ſe'en-night I ſhall ſet out from hence to Ireland; my licence for abſence being ſo near out, that I can ſtay no longer without taking another. I ſay this, that, if you have any commands, I ſhall have juſt time enough to receive them before I go. And, if you reſign in a few days, as I am told you deſign to do, you may poſſibly retire to Herefordſhire, where I ſhall readily attend you, if you ſoon withdraw; or, after a few months ſtay in Ireland, I will return at the beginning of winter, if you pleaſe to command me. I ſpeak in the dark, becauſe I am altogether ſo; and what I ſay may be abſurd. You will pleaſe to pardon me; for, as I am wholly ignorant, ſo I have none of your compoſure of mind. I pray God Almighty direct and defend you, *&c.*

LETTER XXV.

To Lady MASHAM.

MADAM, Auguſt 7th, 1714.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your Ladyſhip a week ago; and, the day after, came the unfortunate news of the Queen's death, which made it altogether unſeaſonable, as perhaps it may be ſtill, to give your Ladyſhip this kind of trouble. Although my concern be as great as that of any other good ſubject, for the loſs of ſo excellent a Princeſs; yet I can aſſure you, Madam, it is little to what I ſuffer upon your Ladyſhip's particular account. As you excel in the ſeveral duties of a tender mother, a true friend, and a loving wife, ſo you have been the beſt and moſt faithful ſervant to your Miſtreſs, that ever any Sovereign had. And although you have not been rewarded ſuitable to your merits, I doubt not but God will make it up to you in another life, and to your children and poſterity in this. I cannot go about to comfort your Ladyſhip in your great affliction, otherwiſe than by begging you to *make uſe of* your own piety and your own wiſdom,

wiſdom, of both which you have ſo great a ſhare. You are no longer a ſervant, but you are ſtill a wife, a mother, and a friend; and you are bound in conſcience to take care of your health, in order to acquit yourſelf of theſe duties, as well as you did of the other, which is now at an end.

I pray God to ſupport your Ladyſhip, under ſo great a ſhare of load, in this general calamity: And remain, with the greateſt reſpect and truth,

MADAM, Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt obedient, and
Moſt obliged ſervant.

I moſt heartily thank your Ladyſhip for the favourable expreſſions and intentions in your letter, written at a time when you were at the height of favour and power.

LETTER XXVI.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, Auguſt 7th, 1714.

I HAD yours of the third, and our country-poſt is ſo ordered, that I could acknowledge it no ſooner. It is true, my Lord, that

the events of five days laſt week might furniſh morals for another volume of Seneca. As to my Lord Oxford, I told him freely my opinion before I left the town, that he ought to reſign at the end of the ſeſſion. I ſaid the ſame thing often to your Lordſhip and my Lady Maſham, although you ſeemed to think otherwiſe, for ſome reaſons; and ſaid ſo to him one afternoon, when I met you there with my Lord Chancellor. But, I remember, one of the laſt nights I ſaw him, (it was at Lady Maſham's lodgings) I ſaid to him, that, upon the foot your Lordſhip and he then were, it was impoſſible you could ſerve together two months; and I think I was juſt a week out in my calculation. I am only ſorry, that it was not a reſignation, rather than a removal; becauſe the perſonal kindneſs and diſtinction I always received from his Lordſhip and you, gave me ſuch a love for you both, (if you great men will allow that expreſſion in a little one) that I reſolved to preſerve it entire, however you differed between yourſelves; and, in this I did, for ſome time, follow your commands and example. I impute it more to the candour of each of you, than to my own conduct; that, having been,

been, for two years, almoſt the only man who went between you, I never obſerved the leaſt alteration in either of your countenances towards me. I will ſwear for no man's ſincerity, much leſs for that of a miniſter of ſtate: But thus much I have ſaid, wherever it was proper, that your Lordſhip's propoſals were always the faireſt in the world, and I faithfully delivered them as I was empowered: And, although I am no very ſkilful man at intrigue, yet I durſt forfeit my head, that, if the caſe were mine, I could have either agreed with you, or put you *dans vôtre tort.* When I ſaw all reconciliation impracticable, I thought fit to retire; and was reſolved, for ſome reaſons (not to be mentioned at this diſtance) to have nothing to do with whoever was to be laſt in. For, either I ſhould not be needed, or not be made uſe of. And, let the caſe be what it would, I had rather be out of the way. All I pretended was, to ſpeak my thoughts freely, to repreſent perſons and things without any mingle of my own intereſt or paſſions, and, ſometimes, to make uſe of an evil inſtrument, which was like to coſt me dear, even from thoſe for whoſe ſervice it was employed. I did believe there would be no further

occaſion for me, upon any of thoſe accounts. Beſides, I had ſo ill an opinion of the Queen's health, that I was confident you had not a quarter of time left for the work you had to do; having let ſlip the opportunity of cultivating thoſe diſpoſitions ſhe had got after her ſickneſs at Windſor. I never left preſſing my Lord Oxford with the utmoſt earneſtneſs, (and perhaps more than became me) that we might be put in ſuch a condition, as not to lie at mercy on this great event. And I am your Lordſhip's witneſs, that you have nothing to anſwer for in that matter. I will, for once, talk in my trade, and tell you that I never ſaw any thing more reſemble our proceedings, than a man of fourſcore, or in a deep conſumption, going on in his ſins, although his phyſician aſſured him he could not live a week. Thoſe wonderful refinements, of keeping men in expectation, and not letting your friends be too ſtrong, might be proper in their ſeaſon. *Sed nunc non erat his locus.* Beſides, you kept your bread and butter till it was too ſtale for any body to care for it. Thus your machine of four years modelling is daſhed to pieces in a moment: And, as well by *the choice* of the regents, as by their pro-

ceedings, I do not find there is any intention of managing you in the leaſt. The whole nineteen conſiſt either of the higheſt party-men, or (which mightily mends the matter) of ſuch who left us upon the ſubject of the peace, and affected jealouſies about the ſucceſſion. It might reaſonably be expected, that this quiet poſſeſſion might convince the Succeſſor of the good diſpoſitions of the Church-party towards him; and I ever thought there was a mighty failure ſomewhere or other, that this could not have been done in the Queen's life. ----- But this is too much for what is paſt; and yet, whoever obſerved and diſliked the cauſes, hath ſome title to quarrel with the effects. As to what is to come, your Lordſhip is in the prime of your years, *plein des eſprits qui fourniſſent les eſperances;* and you are now again to act that part (though in another aſſembly) which you formerly diſcharged ſo much to your own honour, and the advantage of your cauſe. You ſet out with the wind and tide againſt you; yet, at laſt, arrived at your port, from whence you are now driven back in open ſea again. But, not to involve myſelf in an allegory, I doubt whether, after this diſappointment, you can

go on with the ſame vigour you did in your more early youth. Experience, which has added to your wiſdom, has leſſened your reſolution. You are now a general, who, after many victories, hath loſt a battle, and have not the ſame confidence in yourſelf or your troops. Your fellow labourers have either made their fortunes, or are paſt them, or will go over to ſeek them on the other ſide. —— Yet, after all, and to reſume a little courage: To be at the head of the church-intereſt is no mean ſtation; and that, as I take it, is now in your Lordſhip's power. In order to which, I could heartily wiſh for that union you mention; becauſe, I need not tell you, that ſome are more dextrous at pulling down their enemies than, *&c.* We have certainly more heads and hands than our adverſaries; but, it muſt be confeſſed, they have ſtronger ſhoulders and better hearts. I only doubt my friends, the rabble, are at leaſt grown trimmers; and that, ſetting up the cry of Trade and Wool, againſt Sacheverel and the Church, hath cooled their zeal. I take it for granted, there will be a new parliament againſt winter; and, if they will re*tain me* on the other ſide, as their coun*ſellor, I* will engage them a majority. But,

ſince

ſince it is poſſible I may not be ſo far in their good graces, if your Lordſhip thinks my ſervice may be of any uſe in this new world, I will be ready to attend you by the beginning of winter. For the misfortune is, that I muſt go to Ireland to take the oaths; which I never reflected on till I had notice from ſome friends in London. And the ſooner I go the better, to prevent accidents; for I would not willingly want a favour at preſent. I think to ſet out in a few days, but not before your Lordſhip's commands and inſtructions may reach me.

I cannot conclude without offering my humbleſt thanks and acknowledgments, for your Lordſhip's kind intentions towards me, (if this accident had not happened) of which I received ſome general hints. ——— I pray God direct your Lordſhip: And I deſire you will believe me to be, what I am with the utmoſt truth and reſpect,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, Dublin, September 14th, 1714.

I HOPE your Lordſhip, who were always ſo kind to me while you were a ſervant, will not forget me now in your greatneſs. I give you this caution, becauſe I really believe you will be apt to be exalted in your new ſtation of retirement, which was the only honourable poſt that thoſe who gave it you were capable of conferring. And, as in other employments, the circumſtances with which they are given are ſometimes ſaid to be equally valuable with the gift itſelf, ſo it was in your caſe. The ſealing up your office, and eſpecially without any directions from the King, diſcovered ſuch ſentiments of you in ſuch perſons, as would make any honeſt man proud to ſhare them.

I muſt be ſo free to tell you, that this new office of retirement will be harder for you to keep than that of Secretary: And you lie under one great diſadvantage beſides your being too young; that, whereas none but knaves and fools deſire to deprive

prive you of your former poſt, all the honeſt men in England will be for putting you out of this.

I go on in writing, though I know not how to ſend you my letter. If I were ſure it would be opened by the ſealers of your office, I would fill it with ſome terms of art, that they would better deſerve than reliſh.

It is a point of wiſdom too hard for me, not to look back with vexation upon paſt management. Divines tell us often from their pulpits, that half the pains which ſome men take to be damned, would have compaſſed their ſalvation: This, I am ſure, was extremely our caſe. I know not what motions your Lordſhip intends; but, if I ſee the old Whig-meaſures taken in the next elections, and that the court, the bank, Eaſt-India, and South-ſea, act ſtrenuouſly, and procure a majority; I ſhall lie down, and beg of Jupiter to heave the cart out of the dirt.

I would give all I am worth, for the ſake of my country, that you had left your mantle with ſome body in the Houſe of Commons, or that a dozen honeſt men among them had only ſo many ſhreds of it. —— And ſo, having diſpatched all our

friends in England, off flies a ſplinter, and knocks two Governors of Ireland dead. I remember, we never had leiſure to think of that kingdom. The poor dead Queen is uſed like the giant Longaron in Rabelais. Pantagruel took Longaron by the heels, and made him his weapon to kill twenty other giants; then flung him over a river in the town, and killed two ducks and an old cat. I could talk very wiſely to you, but you would regard me not. I could bid you, *non deſperare de republicâ*; and ſay, that *res nolunt diu malè adminiſtrari*. But I will cut all ſhort, and aſſure you, that if you do not ſave us, I will not be at the pains of racking my invention to gueſs how we ſhall be ſaved; and yet I have read Polybius.

They tell me you have a very good crop of wheat, but the barley is bad. Hay will certainly be dear, unleſs we have an open winter. I hope you found your hounds in good condition, and that Bright has not made a ſtirrup-leather of your jocky-belt.

I imagine you now ſmoaking with your humdrum ſquire, (I forget his name) who can go home at midnight, and open a dozen gates when he is drunk.

I beg

I beg your Lordſhip not to aſk me to lend you any money. If you will come and live at the Deanry, and furniſh up an apartment, I will find you in victuals and drink, which is more than ever you got by the Court: And, as proud as you are, I hope to ſee you accept a part of this offer before I die.

The —— take this country; it has, in three weeks, ſpoilt two as good ſixpenny pamphlets, as ever a proclamation was iſſued out againſt. And, ſince we talk of that, will there not be * * * * * * * † I ſhall be cured of loving England, as the fellow was of his ague, by getting himſelf whipt through the town.

I would retire too if I could; but my country-ſeat, where I have an acre of ground, is gone to ruin. The wall of my own apartment is fallen down, and I want mud to rebuild it, and ſtraw to thatch it. Beſides, a ſpiteful neighbour has ſeized on ſix foot of ground, carried off my trees, and ſpoiled my grove. All this is literally true, and I have not fortitude enough to go and ſee thoſe devaſtations.

† Here are two or three words in the manuſcript totally eraſed and illegible.

But,

But, in return, I live a country-life in town, ſee no body, and go every day once to prayers; and hope, in a few months, to grow as ſtupid as the preſent ſituation of affairs will require.

Well, after all, parſons are not ſuch bad company, eſpecially when they are under ſubjection; and I let none but ſuch come near me.

However, pray God forgive them, by whoſe indolence, neglect, or want of friendſhip, I am reduced to live with twenty leagues of ſalt-water between your Lordſhip and me, *&c.*

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD, Dublin, July 19, 1715.

IT may look like an idle or officious thing in me, to give your Lordſhip any interruption under your preſent circumſtances: Yet I could never forgive myſelf, if, after being treated for ſeveral years with the greateſt kindneſs and diſtinction, by a *perſon of* your Lordſhip's virtue, I ſhould *omit making* you, at this time, the humbleſt

bleſt offers of my poor ſervice and attendance. It is the firſt time I ever ſolicited you in my own behalf; and, if I am refuſed, it will be the firſt requeſt you ever refuſed me. I do not think myſelf obliged to regulate my opinions by the proceedings of a Houſe of Lords or Commons; and therefore, however they may acquit themſelves in your Lordſhip's caſe, I ſhall take the liberty of thinking, and calling your Lordſhip the ableſt and faithfulleſt miniſter, and trueſt lover of your country, that this age hath produced. And I have already taken care, that you ſhall be ſo repreſented to poſterity, in ſpite of all the rage and malice of your enemies. And this I know will not be wholly indifferent to your Lordſhip; who, next to a good conſcience, always eſteemed reputation your beſt poſſeſſion. Your intrepid behaviour, under this proſecution, aſtoniſheth every one but me, who know you ſo well, and how little it is in the power of human actions, or events, to diſcompoſe you. I have ſeen your Lordſhip labouring under greater difficulties, and expoſed to greater dangers, and overcoming both by the providence of God, and your own wiſdom and courage. Your life has been already attempted by private

malice,

malice, it is now purſued by public reſentment. Nothing elſe remained. You were deſtined to both trials; and the ſame power which delivered you out of the paws of the lion and the bear, will, I truſt, deliver you out of the hands of the uncircumciſed.

I can write no more. You ſuffer for a good cauſe, for having preſerved your country, and for having been the great inſtrument, under God, of his preſent Majeſty's peaceable acceſſion to the throne. This I know, and this your enemies know, and this I will take care that all the world ſhall know, and future ages be convinced of. God Almighty protect you, and continue to you that fortitude and magnanimity he hath endowed you with. Farewel.

J. S.

LETTER XXIX.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, May, 1719.

I FORGET whether I formerly mentioned to you what I have obſerved in Cicero; *that, in* ſome of his letters, while he was *in exile,* there is a ſort of melancholy plea-

ſure

ſure which is wonderfully affecting. I believe the reaſon muſt be, that, in thoſe circumſtances of life, there is more leiſure for friendſhip to operate, without any mixture of envy, intereſt, or ambition. But, I am afraid, this was chiefly when Cicero writ to his brethren in exile, or they to him; becauſe common diſtreſs is a great promoter both of friendſhip and ſpeculation. For, I doubt, proſperity and adverſity are too much at variance, ever to ſuffer a near alliance between their owners.

Friendſhip, we ſay, is created by a reſemblance of humours. You allow that adverſity both taught you to think and reaſon much otherwiſe than you did; whereas, I can aſſure you, that thoſe who contrived to ſtay at home, and keep what they had, are not changed at all; and, if they ſometimes drink an abſent friend's health, they have fully diſcharged their duty. I have been, for ſome time, nurſing up an obſervation, which perhaps may be a juſt one; That no men are uſed ſo ill, upon a change of times, as thoſe who acted upon a public view, without regard to themſelves. I do not mean from the circumſtance of ſaving more or leſs money, but becauſe I *take it, that the* ſame grain of caution, which

which diſpoſeth a man to fill his coffers, will teach him how to preſerve them upon all events. And I dare hold a wager that the Duke of Marlborough, in all his campaigns, was never known to loſe his baggage. I am heartily glad to hear of that unconditional offer you mention; becauſe I have been taught to believe there is little good-nature to be had from that quarter: And, if the offer were ſincere, I know not why it has not ſucceeded, ſince every thing is granted that can be aſked for, unleſs there be an exception only for generous and good-natured actions. When I think of you with relation to Sir Roger, I imagine a youth of ſixteen marrying a woman of thirty for love; ſhe decays every year, while he grows up to his prime; and, when it is too late, he wonders how he could think of ſo unequal a match, or what is become of the beauty he was ſo fond of. —— I am told he outdoes himſelf in every quality for which we uſed to quarrel with him. I do not think, that leiſure of life, and tranquillity of mind, which fortune and your own wiſdom hath given you, could be better employed than in drawing up very exact memoirs of thoſe affairs, wherein, *to my* knowledge, you had the moſt difficult

difficult and weighty part: And I have often thought, in comparing periods of time, there never was a more important one in England than that which made up the four laſt years of the late Queen. Neither do I think any thing could be more entertaining, or uſeful, than the ſtory of it fully and exactly told, with ſuch obſervations, in ſuch a ſpirit, ſtyle, and method as you alone are capable of performing it. One reaſon why we have ſo few memoirs written by principal actors, is becauſe much familiarity with great affairs makes men value them too little; yet ſuch perſons will read Tacitus and Comines with wonderful delight. Therefore I muſt beg two things; firſt, that you will not omit any paſſage becauſe you think it of little moment; and, ſecondly, that you will write to an ignorant world, and not ſuppoſe your reader to be only of the preſent age, or to live within ten miles of London. There is nothing more vexes me in old hiſtorians, than when they leave me in the dark in ſome paſſages which they ſuppoſe every one to know. It is this lazineſs, pride, or incapacity of great men, that hath given way to the impertinents of the nation where you are, to peſter us with memoirs

full

full of trifling and romance. Let a Frenchman talk twice with a miniſter of ſtate, he deſires no more to furniſh out a volume; and I, who am no Frenchman, deſpairing ever to ſee any thing of what you tell me, have been ſome time providing materials for ſuch a work, only upon the ſtrength of having been always amongſt you, and uſed with more kindneſs and confidence, than it often happens to men of my trade and level. But I am heartily glad of ſo good a reaſon to think no further that way, although I could ſay many things which you will never allow yourſelf to write. I have already drawn your character at length in one tract, and a ſketch of it in another. But I am ſenſible that when Cæſar deſcribes one of his own battles, we conceive a greater idea of him from thence, than from all the praiſes any other writer can give him.

I read your Paraphraſe with great pleaſure, and the goodneſs of the poetry convinces me of the truth of your philoſophy. I agree, that a great part of our wants is imaginary, yet there is a different proportion, even in real want, between one man *and another*. A King, deprived of his *kingdom*, would be allowed to live in real

want,

want, although he had ten thouſand a year; and the caſe is parallel in every degree of life. When I reaſon thus on the caſe of ſome abſent friends, it frequently takes away all the quiet of my mind. I think it indecent to be merry, or take ſatisfaction in any thing; while thoſe who preſided in councils, or armies, and by whom I had the honour to be beloved, are either in humble ſolitude, or attending, like Hannibal, in foreign courts, *donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.* My health (a thing of no moment) is ſomewhat mended; but, at beſt, I have an ill head and an aching heart. Pray God ſend you ſoon back to your country in peace and honour, that I may once more ſee him *cum quo morantem ſæpe diem fregi*, &c.

LETTER XXX.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

My Lord, December 19, 1719.

I First congratulate with you upon growing rich; for I hope our friend's information is true. *Omne ſolum diti patria.* Euripides *makes the* Queen Jocaſta aſk her

exiled ſon, how he got his victuals? But, who ever expected to ſee you a trader, or dealer in ſtocks? I thought to have ſeen you where you are, or perhaps nearer: But *diis aliter viſum.* It may be with one's country as with a lady: If ſhe be cruel and ill-natured, and will not receive us, we ought to conſider that we are better without her. But, in this caſe, we may add, ſhe has neither virtue, honour, nor juſtice. I have gotten a mezzotinto (for want of a better) of Ariſtippus, in my drawing-room: The motto at the top is, *Omnis Ariſtippum, &c.* and at the bottom, *Tantâ fœdus cum gente ferire, commiſſum juveni.* But, ſince what I heard of Miſſiſippi, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that Plato followed merchandize three years, to ſhew he knew how to grow rich as well as to be a philoſopher: And, I gueſs, Plato was then about forty, the period which the Italians preſcribe for being wiſe, in order to be rich at fifty. *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* I have known ſomething of courts and miniſters longer than you, who knew them ſo many thouſand times better; but I do not remember to have ever heard of or ſeen one great *genius,* who had long ſucceſs in the miniſtry:

try: And, recollecting a great many, in my memory and acquaintance, thoſe who had the ſmootheſt time were, at beſt, men of middling degree in underſtanding. But, if I were to frame a romance of a great miniſter's life, he ſhould begin it as Ariſtippus has done; then be ſent into exile, and employ his leiſure in writing the memoirs of his own adminiſtration; then be recalled, invited to reſume his ſhare of power, act as far as was decent; at laſt, retire to the country, and be a pattern of hoſpitality, politeneſs, wiſdom, and virtue. Have you not obſerved, that there is a lower kind of diſcretion and regularity, which ſeldom fails of raiſing men to the higheſt ſtations in the court, the church, and the law? It muſt be ſo: For Providence, which deſigned the world ſhould be governed by many heads, made it a buſineſs within the reach of common underſtandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never obſerve one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? Whereas, if he had uſed a razor, or a pen-knife, he had odds againſt him of ſpoiling *a whole ſheet*. I have twenty

times compared the motion of that ivory implement to thoſe talents that thrive beſt at court. Think upon Lord Bacon, Williams, Strafford, Laud, Clarendon, Shafteſbury, the laſt Duke of Buckingham*; and, of my own acquaintance, the Earl of Oxford and yourſelf: All great geniuſes in their ſeveral ways; and, if they had not been ſo great, would have been leſs unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was Lord Sommers, whoſe timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer, and the conſciouſneſs of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman, or a gentleman-uſher. But, of late years, I have even refined upon this thought: For I plainly ſee, that fellows of low intellectuals, when they are gotten at the head of affairs, can fally into the higheſt exorbitances, with much more ſafety, than a man of great talents can make the leaſt ſtep out of the way. Perhaps it is for the ſame reaſon, that men are more afraid of attacking a vicious than a mettleſome horſe: But I rather think it owing to that inceſſant envy, wherewith the common rate of mankind *purſues* all ſuperior natures to their own.

* Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

And

And, I conceive, if it were left to the choice of an aſs, he would rather be kicked by one of his own ſpecies than a better. If you will recollect that I am towards ſix years older than when I ſaw you laſt, and twenty years duller, you will not wonder to find me abound in empty ſpeculations: I can now expreſs in an hundred words what would formerly have coſt me ten. I can write epigrams of fifty diſtichs, which might be ſqueezed into one. I have gone the round of all my ſtories three or four times with the younger people, and begin them again. I give hints how ſignificant a perſon I have been, and no body believes me: I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to deſire I would ſhew them ſome things I have written, but cannot ſucceed; and wreak my ſpite, in condemning the taſte of the people and company where I am. But it is with place, as it is with time. If I boaſt of having been valued three hundred miles off, it is of no more uſe than if I told how handſome I was when I was young. The worſt of it is, that lying is of no uſe; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true. If I can prevail on any one to perſonate a hearer

and admirer, you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is ſure to have the firſt glaſs out of the bottle, and the beſt bit I can carve. —— Nothing has convinced me ſo much that I am of a little ſubaltern ſpirit, *inopis atque puſilli animi*, as to reflect how I am forced into the moſt trifling amuſements, to divert the vexation of former thoughts, and preſent objects. —— Why cannot you lend me a ſhred of your mantle, or, why did you not leave a ſhred of it with me when you was ſnatched from me? ——— You ſee I ſpeak in my trade, although it is growing faſt a trade to be aſhamed of.

I cannot but wiſh that you would make it poſſible for me to ſee a copy of the papers you are about; and I do proteſt it neceſſary that ſuch a thing ſhould be in ſome perſon's hands beſides your own, and I ſcorn to ſay how ſafe they would be in mine. Neither would you diſlike my cenſures, as far as they might relate to circumſtantials. I tax you with two minutes a day, until you have read this letter, although I am ſenſible you have not half ſo much from buſineſs more uſeful and entertaining.

My

My letter which miſcarried * was, I believe, much as edifying as this, only thanking and congratulating with you for the delightful verſes you ſent me. And I ought to have expreſſed my vexation, at ſeeing you ſo much better a philoſopher than myſelf; a trade you were neither born nor bred to: But I think it is obſerved, that gentlemen often dance better than thoſe who live by the art. You may thank Fortune that my paper is no longer, *&c.*

LETTER XXXI.

To the BISHOP of MEATH.

MY LORD, June 5, 1721.

I HAVE received an account of your Lordſhip's refuſing to admit my proxy at your viſitation, with ſeveral circumſtances of perſonal reflexions on myſelf, although my proxy atteſted my want of health; to confirm which, and to lay before you the juſtice and Chriſtianity of your proceeding, above a hundred perſons of quality and diſtinction can witneſs, that, ſince Friday the

* He means Letter XXIX, which he hath endorſed on the back as having miſcarried.

26th of May, I have been tormented with an ague, in as violent a manner as poſſible, which ſtill continues, and forces me to make uſe of another hand in writing to you. At the ſame time, I muſt be plain to tell you, that if this accident had not happened, I ſhould have uſed all endeavours to avoid your viſitation, upon the public promiſe I made you three years ago, and the motives which occaſioned it; becauſe I was unwilling to hear any more very injurious treatment and appellations given to my brethren or myſelf; and, by the grace of God, I am ſtill determined to abſent myſelf on the like occaſions, as far as I can poſſibly be diſpenſed with by any law, while your Lordſhip is in that dioceſe and I a member of it. In which reſolution I could not conceive but your Lordſhip would be eaſy: Becauſe, although my preſence might poſſibly contribute to your real (at leaſt future) intereſt, I was ſure it could not to your preſent ſatisfaction.

If I had had the happineſs to have been acquainted with any one clergyman in the dioceſe, of your Lordſhip's principles, I ſhould have deſired him to repreſent me with hopes of better ſucceſs: But I wiſh you would ſometimes think it convenient to

diſtinguiſh

diſtinguiſh men as well as principles, and not to look upon every perſon, who happens to owe you canonical obedience, as if *

I have the honour to be Ordinary over a conſiderable number of as eminent divines as any in this kingdom, who owe me the ſame obedience as I owe to your Lordſhip, and are equally bound to attend my viſitation; yet neither I, nor any of my predeceſſors, to my knowledge, did ever refuſe a regular proxy.

I am only ſorry that you, who are of a country famed for good-nature, have found a way to unite the haſty paſſion of your own † countrymen, with the long, ſedate reſentment of a Spaniard: But I have an honourable hope, that this proceeding has been more owing to party than complexion. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt humble ſervant.

* The remainder of this paragraph he has left to the Biſhop's own conjecture.

† The Biſhop was a Welchman; his name Evans.

LETTER XXXII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD, October 11th, 1722.

I OFTEN receive letters franked Oxford, but always find them written and ſubſcribed by your Lordſhip's ſervant, Mynett. His meaning is ſome buſineſs of his own, wherein I am his ſolicitor; but he makes his court by giving me an account of the ſtate of your family, and perpetually adds a clauſe, that your Lordſhip ſoon intends to write to me. I knew you indeed when you were not ſo great a man as you are now, I mean when you were Treaſurer; but you are grown ſo proud ſince your retirement, that there is no enduring you: And you have reaſon, for you never acted ſo difficult a part of life before. In the two great ſcenes of power and proſecution you have excelled mankind; and, in this of retirement, you have moſt injuriouſly forgotten your friends. Poor Prior often ſent me his complaints on this occaſion, and I have returned him mine. I never courted your acquaintance when you governed Europe, but you courted mine; and now you neglect

neglect me, when I uſe all my inſinuations to keep myſelf in your memory. I am very ſenſible, that, next to receiving thanks and compliments, there is nothing you more hate than writing letters: But, ſince I never gave you thanks, nor made you compliments, I have ſo much more merit than any of thoſe thouſands whom you have leſs obliged, by only making their fortunes, without taking them into your friendſhip, as you did me, whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner to be forgotten, either by the world or myſelf; for which never man was more proud or leſs vain.

I have now been ten years ſoliciting for your picture; and, if I had ſolicited you for a thouſand pounds, (I mean of your own money, not the public) I could have prevailed in ten days. You have given me many hundred hours, can you not now give me a couple? Have my mortifications been ſo few, or are you ſo malicious to add a greater than I ever yet ſuffered? Did you ever refuſe me any thing I aſked you? And will you now begin? In my conſcience, I believe, and, by the whole conduct of your life, I have reaſon to believe, that you are too poor to bear the expence.

expence. I ever told you that I was the richer man of the two; and I am now richer by five hundred pounds, than I was at the time when I was boasting at your table of my wealth, before Diamond Pitt.

I have hitherto taken up with a scurvy print of you, under which I have placed this lemma:

—— Veteres actus primamque juventam
Prosequar? ad sese mentem præsentia ducunt.

And this I will place under your picture, whenever you are rich enough to send it me. I will only promise, in return, that it shall never lose you the reputation of poverty; which, to one of your birth, patrimony, and employments, is one of the greatest glories of your life, and so shall be celebrated by me.

I intreat your Lordship, if your leisure and your health will permit, to let me know when I can be a month with you at Brampton-castle; because I have a great deal of business with you that relates to posterity. Mr. Mynett has, for some time, led me an uncomfortable life with his ill accounts of your health; but, God be thanked, his style is of late much altered for the better.

My

My hearty and conſtant prayers are perpetually offered up for the preſervation of you and your excellent family. Pray, my Lord, write to me; or you never loved me, or I have done ſomething to deſerve your diſpleaſure. My Lord and Lady Harriot, my Brother and Siſter *, pretend to attone by making me fine preſents; but I would have his Lordſhip know, that I would value two of his lines more than two of his manors, *&c.*

LETTER XXXIII.

To His Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND.

MY LORD, April 28th, 1724.

MANY of the principal perſons in this kingdom, diſtinguiſhed for their loyalty to his preſent Majeſty, hearing that I had the honour to be known to your Excellency, have for ſome time preſſed me very earneſtly, ſince you were declared Lord-Lieutenant

* The members of the Saturday's Club all called one another Brothers, and conſequently their wives were Siſters to the ſeveral members.

of this kingdom, to repreſent to your Excellency the apprehenſions they are under concerning Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence to paſs in Ireland. Your Excellency knows the unanimous ſentiments of the parliament here upon that matter: And, upon enquiry, you will find, that there is not one perſon, of any rank or party, in this whole kingdom, who does not look upon that patent as the moſt ruinous project that ever was contrived againſt any nation. Neither is it doubted, that, when your Excellency ſhall be thoroughly informed, your juſtice and compaſſion for an injured people will force you to employ your credit for their relief.

I have made bold to ſend you incloſed two ſmall tracts on this ſubject, one written (as it is ſuppoſed) by the Earl of Abercorn; the other is entitled to a Weaver, and ſuited to the vulgar, but thought to be the work of a better hand.

I hope your Excellency will forgive an old humble ſervant, and one who always loved and eſteemed you, for interfering in matters out of his province; which he would never have done, if many of the greateſt perſons here had not, by their importunity, drawn him out of his retire-

ment, to venture giving you a little trouble, in hopes to ſave their country from utter deſtruction, for which the memory of your government will be bleſſed by poſterity.

I hope to have the honour of ſeeing your Excellency here, and do promiſe neither to be a frequent viſiter nor troubleſome ſolicitor, but ever, with the greateſt reſpect, *&c.*

LETTER XXXIV.

To the ſame.

MY LORD, June 9th, 1724.

IT is above a month ſince I took the boldneſs of writing to your Excellency, upon a ſubject where the welfare of this kingdom is highly concerned.

I writ at the deſire of ſeveral conſiderable perſons here, who could not be ignorant that I had the honour of being well known to you.

I could have wiſhed your Excellency had condeſcended ſo far, as to let one of your under-clerks have ſignified to me that a letter was received.

I have

I have been long out of the world, but have not forgotten what uſed to paſs among thoſe I lived with, while I was in it: And I can ſay, that, during the experience of many years, and many changes in affairs, your Excellency, and one more, who is not worthy to be compared to you, are the only great perſons that ever refuſed to anſwer a letter from me, without regard to buſineſs, party, or greatneſs; and, if I had not a peculiar eſteem for your perſonal qualities, I ſhould think myſelf to be acting a very inferior part in making this complaint.

I never was ſo humble, as to be vain upon my acquaintance with men in power, and always rather choſe to avoid it when I was not called. Neither were their power or titles ſufficient, without merit, to make me cultivate them; of which I have witneſſes enough left, after all the havock made among them by accidents of time, or by changes of perſons, meaſures, and opinions.

I know not how your own conceptions of yourſelf may alter, by every new high ſtation, but mine muſt continue the ſame, or alter for the worſe.

I often

I often told a great Miniſter, whom you well know, that I valued him for being the ſame man through all the progreſs of power and place. I expected the like in your Lordſhip; and ſtill hope that I ſhall be the only perſon who will ever find it otherwiſe.

I pray God to direct your Excellency in all your good undertakings, and eſpecially in your government of this kingdom.

I ſhall trouble you no more; but remain, with great reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Excellency's

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER XXXV.

To the ſame.

My Lord, July 9th, 1724.

I Humbly claim the privilege of an inferior, to be the laſt writer; yet with great acknowledgments for your condeſcenſion in anſwering my letters. I cannot but complain of you for putting me

in the wrong. I am in the circumſtances of a waiting-woman, who told her lady, that nothing vexed her more than to be caught in a lie. But, what is worſe, I have diſcovered in myſelf ſomewhat of the bully; and that, after all my rattling, you have brought me down to be as humble as the moſt diſtant attender at your levee. It is well your Excellency's talents are in few hands; for, if it were otherwiſe, we, who pretend to be free ſpeakers, in quality of philoſophers, ſhould be utterly cured of our forwardneſs; at leaſt, I am afraid there will be an end of mine, with regard to your Excellency. Yet, my Lord, I am ten years older than I was when I had the honour to ſee you laſt, and conſequently ten times more teſty. Therefore I foretel, that you, who could ſo eaſily conquer ſo captious a perſon, and of ſo little conſequence, will quickly ſubdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

MY LORD, *&c.*

LETTER XXXVI.

To EDWARD Earl of OXFORD.

On his Father's Death.

MY LORD, July, 1724.

ALTHOUGH I had, for two years paſt, inured myſelf to expect the death of my Lord your Father, from the frequent accounts of the bad condition of his health; yet the news of it ſtruck me ſo ſenſibly, that I had not ſpirit enough to condole with your Lordſhip, as I ought to have done, for ſo great a loſs to the world and yourſelf. It is true, indeed, you no longer wanted his care and tenderneſs, nor his example, to incite you to virtue; but his friendſhip and converſation you will ever want, becauſe they are qualities ſo rare in the world, and in which he ſo much excelled all others. It hath pleaſed me, in the midſt of my grief, to hear that he preſerved the greatneſs, and calmneſs, and intrepidity of his mind to his laſt minutes: For it was fit that ſuch a life ſhould termi-

nate with equal luſtre to the whole progreſs of it.

I muſt now beg leave to apply to your Lordſhip's juſtice. He was often pleaſed to promiſe me his picture; but his troubles, and ſickneſs, and want of opportunity, and my abſence, prevented him. I do therefore humbly inſiſt, that your Lordſhip will pleaſe to diſcharge what I almoſt look upon as a legacy.

I would intreat another and much greater favour of your Lordſhip, that, at your leiſure hours, you would pleaſe to inſpect among your father's papers, whether there be any memorials that may be of uſe towards writing his life; which I have ſometimes mentioned to him, and often thought on, when I little thought to ſurvive him. I have formerly gathered ſeveral hints, but want many memorials, eſpecially of his more early times, which might be eaſily ſupplied. And ſuch a work moſt properly belongs to me, who loved and reſpected him above all men, and had the honour to know him better than any other of my level did.

I humbly beg your Lordſhip's pardon for ſo long a letter upon ſo mournful an occaſion; and expect your juſtice to believe,

that

that I am, and ſhall ever be, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,
Moſt obliged, and
Moſt humble ſervant.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Oxford.

LETTER XXXVII.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord Lieutenant of IRELAND.

My Lord, September 3d, 1724.

BEING ten years older than when I had the honour to ſee your Excellency laſt, by conſequence, if I am ſubject to any ailments, they are now ten times worſe, and ſo it happened. For I have been, this month paſt, ſo peſtered with the return of a noiſe and deafneſs in my ears, that I had not ſpirit to perform the common offices of life, much leſs to write to your Excellency, and leaſt of all to anſwer ſo obliging and condeſcending a letter as that I received

from you. But theſe ugly ten years have a worſe conſequence; that they utterly deſtroy any title to the good opinion you are pleaſed to expreſs of me, as an amuſer of the world and myſelf. To have preſerved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, inſtead of being ſunk for life in a worſe. I imagine France would be proper for me now, and Italy ten years hence. However, I am not ſo bad as they would make me: For, ſince I left England, ſuch a parcel of traſh has been there fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me to be grown the greateſt dunce alive.

There is a gentleman of this kingdom juſt gone for England; it is Doctor George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, the beſt preferment among us, being worth about 1100*l.* a year. He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will, of courſe, attend your Excellency, and be preſented, I ſuppoſe, by his friend my Lord Burlington. And, becauſe I believe you will chuſe out ſome very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with *ſome account* of the man, and his errand.

He

He was a Fellow in the Univerſity here; and, going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a ſect there called the *Immaterialiſts*, by the force of a very curious book upon that ſubject. Doctor Smaldridge, and many other eminent perſons were his proſelytes. I ſent him ſecretary and chaplain, to Sicily, with my Lord Peterborow; and, upon his Lordſhip's return, Doctor Berkeley ſpent above ſeven years in travelling over moſt parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other iſlands. When he came back to England, he found ſo many friends that he was effectually recommended to the Duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made Dean of Derry. Your Excellency will be frighted, when I tell you all this is but an introduction: For I am now to mention his errand. He is an abſolute philoſopher, with regard to money, titles, and power; and, for three years paſt, hath been ſtruck with a notion of founding an univerſity at Bermudas, by a charter from the Crown. He hath ſeduced ſeveral of the hopefulleſt young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the faireſt way of preferment: But, in

England, his conqueſts are greater; and, I doubt, will ſpread very far this winter. He ſhewed me a little tract, which he deſigns to publiſh; and there your Excellency will ſee his whole ſcheme of a life academico-philoſophical, (I ſhall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian ſcholars and miſſionaries; where he, moſt exorbitantly, propoſeth a whole hundred pounds a year for himſelf, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a ſtudent. His heart will break if his deanry be not taken from him, and left to your Excellency's diſpoſal. I diſcourage him by the coldneſs of courts and miniſters, who will interpret all this as impoſſible, and a viſion; but nothing will do. And, therefore, I do humbly entreat your Excellency, either to uſe ſuch perſuaſions as will keep one of the firſt men in this kingdom, for learning and virtue, quiet at home, or aſſiſt him, by your credit, to compaſs his romantic deſign; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great perſon of your excellent education to encourage.

I muſt now, in all humility, intreat one favour of you, as you are Lord Lieutenant,

nant. Mr. Proby, ſurgeon of the army here, laid out the greateſt part of his fortune to buy a captainſhip for his eldeſt ſon. The young man was lately accuſed of diſcovering an inclination to Popery, while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court-martial is tranſmitted to your Excellency. The univerſal opinion here is, that the accuſation was falſe and malicious: And the Archbiſhop of Tuam, in whoſe dioceſe Galway is, upon a ſtrict enquiry, hath declared it to be ſo. But all this is not to ſway with your Excellency, any more than that the father is the moſt univerſally beloved of any man I ever knew in his ſtation. But I intreat, that you will pleaſe to hear the opinion of others, who may ſpeak in his favour; and, perhaps, will tell you, that, as party is not in the caſe, ſo you cannot do any perſonal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland, than in inclining towards lenity to Mr. Proby and his family; although I have reaſon to be confident, that they neither need nor deſire more than juſtice. I beg your Excellency will remember my requeſt to be only that you would hear others, and not think me ſo very weak, as to imagine I could have hopes of giving

the

the leaſt turn to your mind. Therefore I hope, what I have ſaid is pardonable in every reſpect, but that of taking up your time.

My Lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet ſeſſion under your government; but, whether you approve the manner, I can only gueſs. It is by univerſal declarations againſt Wood's coin. One thing I am confident of, that your Excellency will find and leave us under diſpoſitions very different, towards your perſon and high ſtation, from what have appeared towards others.

I have no other excuſe for the length of this letter, but a faithful promiſe that I will never be guilty of the ſame fault a ſecond time. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mrs. PRATT.

MADAM, March 18th, 1724-5.

MRS. FITSMORRICE did the unkindeſt thing ſhe could imagine; ſhe ſends an open note by a ſervant, (for ſhe was too much a prude to write me a letter) directing

recting me to enquire for one Howard maſter of a ſhip, who had brought over a ſcreen to me from Mrs. Pratt. Away I ran to the cuſtom-houſe, where they told me the ſhip was expected every day: But the God of Winds, in confederacy with Mrs. Fitſmorrice to teaze me, kept the ſhip at leaſt a month longer, and left me miſerable in a ſtate of impatience between hope and fear, worſe than a lady who apprehends her cloaths will not be ready againſt the birth-day.

I will not move your good-nature, by repreſenting how many reſtleſs days and nights I have paſſed, with what dreams my ſleep hath been diſturbed, when I ſometimes ſaw the ſhip ſinking, and my ſcreen floating in the ſea, and the mermaids ſtruggling which of them ſhould get it. At laſt Mr. Medlicott *, whoſe heart inclines him to pity the diſtreſſed, gave me notice of it's ſafe arrival. He interpoſed his authority; and, over-ruling the tedious forms of the cuſtom-houſe, ſent me my ſcreen to the Deanry: Where it was immediately opened, on Tueſday the 16th inſtant, three minutes ſeven ſeconds after four o'clock,

* One of the commiſſioners of the cuſtoms.

the

the day being fair but ſomewhat windy, the ſun in Aries, and the moon within 39 hours 8 ſeconds and a half of being full. All which I find, by conſulting Ptolemy, to be fortunate incidents, and that, with due care, my ſcreen will eſcape the mops of the houſemaid, and the greaſy hands of the footmen.

At the opening of the ſcreen, juſt after dinner, ſome company of both ſexes were preſent. The ladies were full of malice, and the men of envy, while I was very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing ſhewed a better judgment than to know how to make a proper preſent, and that no preſent could be more judiciouſly choſen. For no man in this kingdom wanted a ſcreen ſo much as myſelf: And, beſides, ſince I had left the world, it was very kind to ſend the world to me. As for my own part, I confeſs I never expected to be ſheltered by the world, when I have been ſo long endeavouring to ſhelter myſelf from it. See how ill you beſtow your favours, when you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches, inſtead of acknowledgments, for thinking, in the midſt *of* courts, upon an abſent inſignificant *man,* buried in obſcurity. But I know it

is

is as hard to give thanks as to take them: Therefore I ſhall ſay no more, than that I receive your acceptable preſent juſt as I am ſure you deſire I ſhould. But I cannot promiſe that it will add one jot to the love and eſteem I have for you; becauſe it is impoſſible for me to be more than I have always been,

MADAM,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord Lieutenant of IRELAND.

MY LORD, Deanry-houſe, April 17, 1725.

I HAVE been ſo long afflicted with a deafneſs, and at preſent with a giddineſs in my head, (both old diſtempers) that I have not been able to attend your Excellency and my Lady Carteret, as my inclination and duty oblige me; and I am now haſting into the country, to try what exerciſe and better air will do towards my recovery. Not knowing how long I may be abſent, nor how ſoon you may think fit to leave this kingdom, I take this occaſion of returning your Excellency, and

my

my Lady Carteret, my moſt humble acknowledgments for your great civilities towards me, which I wiſh it were in my power to deſerve.

I have only one humble requeſt to make to your Excellency, which I had in my heart ever ſince you were nominated Lord Lieutenant; and it is in favour of Mr. Sheridan. I beg you will take your time for beſtowing on him ſome church-living, to the value of 150 *l. per annum.* He is agreed on all hands, to have done more public ſervice, by many degrees, in the education of lads, than any five of his vocation; and has much more learning than uſually falls to the ſhare of thoſe who profeſs teaching, being perfectly ſkilled in the Greek, as well as Latin tongue, and acquainted with all the antient writers, in poetry, philoſophy, and hiſtory. He is a man of good ſenſe, modeſty, and virtue. His greateſt fault is a wife and four children, for which there is no excuſe, but that a wife is thought neceſſary to a ſchoolmaſter. His conſtitution is ſo weak, that, in a few years, he muſt give up his buſineſs; and probably muſt ſtarve, without *ſome* preferment, for which he is an ill *ſolicitor.* My Lord Biſhop of Elphin hath promiſed

promiſed to recommend this requeſt to your Excellency. And I hope you will pleaſe to believe that it proceeds wholly from juſtice and humanity, for he is neither a dependent nor relation of mine.

I humbly take my leave, and remain, with the utmoſt reſpect,

MY LORD, *&c.*

LETTER XL.

To Mrs. HOWARD. *

MADAM, February 1ſt, 1726-7.

I AM ſo very nice, and my workmen ſo fearful, that there is yet but one piece finiſhed of the two, which you commanded me to ſend to her Royal Highneſs. The other was done; but, the undertaker confeſſing it was not to the utmoſt perfection, hath obtained my leave for a ſecond attempt; in which he promiſes to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although, perhaps, the humour may be quite off both with the Princeſs and you: For ſuch were courts

* Afterwards Counteſs of Suffolk.

when I knew them. I desire you will order her Royal Highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there: And I expect to find you are altered by flattery, or ill company. I am glad to tell you now, that I honour you with my esteem; because, when the Princess grows a crowned head, you shall have no more such compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deserve them. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myself, but will rather provide another shoe for his Royal Highness *, against there shall be occasion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night: While I was caressing one of my Houyhnhnms, he bit my little finger so cruelly, that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cause to some foreknowledge in him, that I was going to write to a Sieve Yahoo, (for so you are pleased to call yourself.) Pray tell Sir Robert Walpole, that, if he does not use me better

* Vide Gulliver's Travels, chap. IV.

next ſummer than he did laſt, I will ſtudy revenge, and it ſhall be *vengeance eccleſiaſtique*. I hope you will get your houſe and wine ready, to which Mr. Gay and I are to have free acceſs when you are at court: For, as to Mr. Pope, he is not worth conſidering on ſuch occaſions. I am ſorry I have no complaints to make of her Royal Highneſs: Therefore, I think, I may let you tell her, That every grain of virtue and good ſenſe, in one of her rank, conſidering the bad education among flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior perſon. Now, if what the world ſays be true, that ſhe excels all other ladies at leaſt a dozen times; then, multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any one can ſay a civiler thing, let him, for I think it too much for me.

I have ſome title to be angry with you, for not commanding thoſe who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be any thing more baſe, than to make me the firſt advances, and then be inconſtant. It is very hard, that I muſt croſs the ſea, and ride two hundred miles, to reproach you in perſon; when, at the

ſame time, I feel myſelf, with the moſt entire reſpect,

MADAM, *&c.*

LETTER XLI.

To the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN. *

MY LORD, May 18th, 1727.

I UNDERSTAND, by ſome letters juſt come to my hands, that, at your Grace's viſitation of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, a proxy was inſiſted on from the Dean, the viſitation adjourned, and a rule entered that a proxy be exhibited within a month. If your Grace can find, in any of your old records or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a Dean of St. Patrick's, you will have ſome reaſon to inſiſt upon it: But, as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the conſequences be what they will, I ſhall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy, if I want any: It is only through them that you viſit me, and my ſub-dean is to anſwer for me. I am neither civilian nor canoniſt: Your Grace may probably be both, with

* Doctor William King,

the

the addition of a dextrous deputy. My proceeding ſhall be only upon one maxim: Never to yield to an oppreſſion, to juſtify which no precedent can be produced. I ſee very well how perſonal all this proceeding is; and how, from the very moment of the Queen's death, your Grace hath thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all ſorts of uneaſineſs, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one ſingle mark of your favour beyond common civilities. And, if it were not below a man of ſpirit to make complaints, I could date them from ſix and twenty years paſt. This hath ſomething in it the more extraordinary, becauſe, during ſome years, when I was thought to have credit with thoſe in power, I employed it to the utmoſt for your ſervice, with great ſucceſs, where it could be moſt uſeful, againſt many violent enemies you then had, however unjuſtly; by which I got more ill-will than by any other action of my life, I mean from my friends. My Lord, I have lived, and by the grace of God will die, an enemy to ſervitude and ſlavery of all kinds: And I believe, at the ſame time, that perſons of ſuch a diſpoſition will be the moſt ready to pay obedience wherever it is due. Your

Grace hath often ſaid, you would never infringe any of our liberties. I will call back nothing of what is paſt: I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a licence to be abſent. Neither my age, health, humour, or fortune, qualify me for little brangles; but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predeceſſors. I thought, and have been told, that I deſerved better from that church and that kingdom: I am ſure I do from your Grace. And, I believe, people on this ſide will atteſt, that all my merits are not very old. It is a little hard, that, the occaſion of my journey hither being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on buſineſs of importance to me, and partly to ſee my friends; I cannot enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your Grace interpoſing to diſturb it. But, I thank God, the civilities of thoſe in power here, who allow themſelves to be my profeſſed adverſaries, make ſome attonement for the unkindneſs of others, who have ſo many reaſons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and, therefore, if conſcience were quite out of the caſe for *me to do* a baſe thing, I will ſet no unworthy examples for my ſucceſſors to follow:

low: And, therefore, repeating it again that I ſhall not concern myſelf upon the proceeding of your Lordſhip, I am, *&c.*

LETTER XLII.

To the Counteſs of SUFFOLK.

MADAM, Twickenam, Auguſt 15, 1727.

I WISH I were a young lord, and you were unmarried: I ſhould make you the beſt huſband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life; and, inſtead of a pea-pein in my face, I have a good ſubſtantial giddineſs and head-ache. The beſt of it is, that, although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no ſecrets that might not be heard five rooms diſtant. Theſe diſorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they uſed to do ſome years ago, will laſt as long as my leave of abſence, which I ſhall not renew: And then the Queen will have the misfortune not to ſee me, and I ſhall go back with the ſatisfaction never to have ſeen her ſince ſhe was Queen, *but when I* kiſſed her hand. And,

although ſhe were a thouſand Queens, I will not loſe my privilege of never ſeeing her but when ſhe commands it. I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love-letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do laſt year: But I would not ſhow it to either of them. I am the greateſt courtier and flatterer you have; becauſe I try your good ſenſe and taſte more than all of them put together, which is the greateſt compliment I could put upon you: And you have hitherto behaved yourſelf tolerably well under it; much better than your Miſtreſs, if what a lady told me was true: That, talking with the Queen about me, her Majeſty ſaid, I was an odd ſort of man. But I forgive her; for it is an odd thing in an honeſt man to ſpeak freely to princes. I will ſay another thing in your praiſe, that goodneſs would become you better than any perſon I know: And, for that very reaſon, there is no body I wiſh to be good ſo much as yourſelf. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XLIII.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND.

MY LORD, January 18, 1727-8.

I WAS informed, that your Excellency having referred to the Univerſity here, ſome regulation of his Majeſty's benefaction for profeſſors; they have, in their anſwer, inſinuated as if they thought it beſt, that the ſeveral profeſſorſhips ſhould be limited to their fellows, and to be held only as they continue to be ſo. I need not inform your Excellency, how contrary ſuch a practice is to that of all the univerſities in Europe. Your Excellency well knows how many learned men, of the two laſt ages, have been invited by princes to be profeſſors in ſome art or ſcience, for which they were renowned; and that the like rule hath been followed in Oxford and Cambridge. I hope your Excellency will ſhew no regard to ſo narrow and partial an opinion, which can only tend to mend fellowſhips, and ſpoil profeſſorſhips: Although I ſhould be ſorry, that any fellow ſhould be thought incapable on that ac-

count, when otherwiſe qualified. And I ſhould be glad that any perſon, whoſe education hath been in this univerſity, ſhould be preferred before another upon equal deſervings. But that muſt be left to thoſe who ſhall be your Excellency's ſucceſſors, who may not always be great clerks: And I wiſh you could, in ſome meaſure, provide againſt having this benefaction made a perquiſite of humour or favour. Whoever is preferred to a biſhoprick, or to ſuch a preferment as ſhall hinder him from reſiding within a certain diſtance of this town, ſhould be obliged to reſign his profeſſorſhip.

As long as you are Governor here, I ſhall always expect the liberty of telling you my thoughts; and I hope you will conſider them, until you find I grow impertinent, or have ſome bias of my own.

If I had not been confined to my chamber, by the continuance of an unconverſable diſorder, I would have exchanged your trouble of reading for that of hearing. I am, *&c.*

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Carteret.

Your

Your friend Walpole hath lately done one of the cruelleſt actions that ever I knew, even in a miniſter of ſtate, theſe thirty years paſt; which, if the Queen hath not intelligence of, may my right hand forget it's cunning.

LETTER XLIV.

To the ſame. *

MY LORD, About May 10, 1728.

I TOLD your Excellency that you were to run on my errands. My Lord Burlington hath a very fine monument of his anceſtor the Earl of Cork, in my cathedral, which your Excellency hath ſeen. I and the chapter have written to him in a body to have it repaired, and I in perſon have deſired he would do it. And I deſired likewiſe, that he would ſettle a parcel of land, worth five pounds a year, (not an annuity) to keep it always in repair. He ſaid he would do any thing to oblige me; but was afraid that, in future times, the five pounds a year would be miſapplied, and ſecured by the

* This letter is not dated, but endorſed "To Lord Lieutenant *Carteret before his* going off."

dean

dean and chapter to their own uſe. I anſwered, that a dean and twenty-four members of ſo great a chapter, who, in livings, eſtates, *&c.* had about 4000 *l.* a year amongſt them, would hardly divide four ſhillings among them to cheat his poſterity; and that we could have no view but to conſult the honour of his family. I therefore command your Excellency to lay this before him, and the affront he hath put upon us, in not anſwering a letter written to him by the dean and chapter in a body.

The great Duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My Lady Holderneſs is my old acquaintance, and I writ to her about a ſmall ſum, to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myſelf; and alſo, there was a letter from the dean and chapter, to deſire ſhe would order a monument to be raiſed for him in my cathedral. It ſeems Mildmay, now Lord F***, her huſband, is a covetous fellow; or, whatever is the matter, we have had no anſwer. I deſire you will tell Lord F***, that, if he will not ſend fifty pounds to make a monument for the old Duke, I and the chapter will erect a ſmall one of ourſelves for ten pounds; *wherein it ſhall* be expreſſed, That the poſ-

terity

terity of the Duke, naming particularly Lady Holderneſs and Mr. Mildmay, not having the generoſity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourſelves. And if, for an excuſe, they pretend they will ſend for his body, let them know it is mine; and, rather than ſend it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a ſkeleton, and put it in my regiſtry-office, to be a memorial of their baſeneſs to all poſterity. This I expect your Excellency will tell Mr. Mildmay, or, as you now call him, Lord F***: And I expect likewiſe, that he will let Sir Conyers Darcy know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although, to do him juſtice, he averred, that Mildmay was ſo avaricious a wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to ſave charges.

I expect likewiſe, that, if you are acquainted with your ſucceſſor, you will let him know how impartial I was in giving you characters of clergymen, without regard to party; and what weight you laid on them: And that, having but one clergyman who had any relation to me, I let him paſs unpreferred. And, laſtly, that you will let your ſaid ſucceſſor know, that you lament the having done nothing for *Mr. Robert Gratton*; and give him ſuch a recom-

a recommendation, that he may have ſomething to mend his fortune.

Theſe are the matters I leave in charge to your Excellency: And I deſire that I, who have done with courts, may not be uſed like a courtier. For, as I was a courtier when you were a ſchoolboy, I know all your arts. And ſo God bleſs you, and all your family, my old friends: And remember, I expect you ſhall not dare to be a courtier to me. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XLV.

To Mr. POPE.

SIR, March 6th, 1728-9.

IF I am not a good correſpondent, I have bad health; and that is as good. I paſſed eight months in the country, with Sir Arthur and my Lady Acheſon, and had at leaſt half a dozen returns of my giddineſs and deafneſs, which laſted me about three weeks a piece; and, among other inconveniencies, hindered me from viſiting my chapter, and puniſhing enormities, but did not ſave me the charges of a viſitation-dinner. This diſorder neither hinders my ſleeping, nor much my walking, yet is the

the moſt mortifying malady I can ſuffer. I have been juſt a month in town, and have juſt got rid of it in a fortnight: And, when it is on me, I have neither ſpirits to write, or read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like; which is a reſource you cannot fly to when you are ill. And I like it as little as you: But I can bear a pint better than you can a ſpoonful. You were very kind in your care for Mr. Whalley; but I hope you remembered, that Daniel is a damnable poet, and conſequently a public enemy to mankind. But I deſpiſe the Lords decree, which is a jeſt upon common ſenſe: For, what did it ſignify to the merits of the cauſe, whether George the Old, or the Young, were on the throne?

No: I intended to paſs laſt winter in England, but my health ſaid No: And I did deſign to live a gentleman, and, as Sancho's wife ſaid, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earneſt to come hither in ſpring: If not, pray God you may never be in jeſt. Dr. Delany ſhall attend you at Cheſter, and your apartment is ready; and I have a moſt excellent chaiſe, and about ſixteen dozen of the beſt cyder in the world; and you ſhall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monſtrari*, &c.

And, when I cannot hear, you ſhall have choice of the beſt people we can afford, to hear you, and nurſes enough; and your apartment is on the ſunny ſide.

The next paragraph ſtrikes me dumb. You ſay I am to blame, if I refuſe the opportunity of going with my Lady Bolingbroke to Aix la Chapelle. I muſt tell you, that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I muſt have good ears to catch up the words of ſo nimble a tongued race as the French, having been a dozen years without converſing among them. Mr. Gay is a ſcandal to all luſty young fellows with healthy countenance; and, I think, he is not intemperate in a phyſical ſenſe. I am told he has an aſthma, which is a diſeaſe I commiſerate more than deafneſs, becauſe it will not leave a man quiet either ſleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his Opera * before it is acted; for I defy all your ſubſcriptions to amount to 800 *l.* And yet, I believe, he loſt as much more for want of human prudence.

I told you ſome time ago, that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the Lady of the family where I lived, and upon myſelf; but they never went further: And

* The Second Part of the Beggar's Opera.

my Lady Acheſon made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or ſuffered them to be copied. They were ſometimes ſhewn to intimate friends, to occaſion mirth, and that was all. So that I am vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have ſome confuſed notion of ſeeing a paper called Sir Ralph the Patriot, but am ſure it was bad or indifferent; and, as to the Lady at Quadrille, I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the ſame with a paper of verſes called the Journal of a Dublin Lady, which I writ at Sir Arthur Acheſon's; and, leaving out what concerned the family, I ſent it to be printed in a paper which Dr. Sheridan had engaged in, called the Intelligencer, of which he made but ſorry work, and then dropt it. But the verſes were printed by themſelves, and moſt horridly mangled in the preſs, and were very mediocre in themſelves; but did well enough in the manner I mentioned, of a family-jeſt. I do ſincerely aſſure you, that my frequent old diſorder, and the ſcene where I am, and the humour I am in, and ſome other reaſon which time hath ſhewn, and will ſhew more if I live; have lowered my

ſmall

ſmall talents with a vengeance, and cooled my diſpoſition to put them in uſe. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleaſed; and, for want of riches, people grow every day leſs ſolicitous to pleaſe me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a ſupper, and his wife a ſhilling, to play with me an hour at back-gammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and eſpecially of titles, I am not within; or, at leaſt, am deaf a week or two after I am well. But, on Sunday-evenings, it coſts me ſix bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray, come over in April, if it be only to convince you that I tell no lies, and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs. Brent, my houſe-keeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle *, ſays ſhe will be your nurſe; and the beſt phyſicians we have ſhall attend you without fees: Although, I believe, you will have no occaſion but to converſe with one or two of them to make them proud.

Your letter came but laſt poſt, and you ſee my punctuality. I am unlucky at

* See Vol. VI. p. 138.

every

every thing I ſend to England. Two bottles of uſquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble ſervice to my Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Maſham, and his Lady my dear friend, and Mr. Pultney, and the Doctor, and Mr. Lewis, and our ſickly friend Gay, and my Lady Bolingbroke; and very much to Patty *, who I hope will learn to love the world leſs, before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my Lord Peterborow being ill. I am exceedingly his ſervant, and pray God recover his health. As for your courtier Mrs. Howard, and her Miſtreſs, I have nothing to ſay, but that they have neither memory nor manners; elſe I ſhould have ſome mark of the former from the latter, which I was promiſed above two years ago: But, ſince I made them a preſent, it would be mean to remind them. I am told poor Mrs. Pope is ill: Pray God preſerve her to you, or raiſe you up as uſeful a friend.

This letter is an anſwer to Mr. Ford, whoſe hand I miſtook for yours, having not heard from him this twelve-month. Therefore you are not to ſtare; and it muſt not be loſt, for it talks to you only.

* Patty Blount.

Again, forgive my blunders: For, reading the letter by candle-light, and not dreaming of a letter from Mr. Ford, I thought it muſt be yours, becauſe it talks of our friends.

The letter talks of Gay, and Mr. Whalley, and Lord Bolingbroke, which made me conclude it muſt be yours: So all the anſwering part muſt go for nothing.

LETTER XLVI.

To a certain ESQUIRE.

SIR, January 3d, 1729-30.

SEEING your frank on the outſide, and your addreſs in the ſame hand, it was obvious who was the writer. And, before I opened it, a worthy friend being with me, I told him the contents of the difference between us. That, your tythes being generally worth five or ſix pounds *per annum*, and, by the terror of Squireſhip, frighting my agent to take what you graciouſly thought fit to give, you wronged me of half my duty every year. That, having held from your father an iſland worth three pence a year, which I planted *and* paid two ſhillings annually for; and

being out of poſſeſſion of the ſaid iſland ſeven or eight years, there could not poſſibly be above four ſhillings due to you; for which you have thought proper to ſtop three or four years tythe, at your own rate of two pounds five ſhillings a year, (as I remember) and ſtill continue to ſtop it, on pretence that the ſaid iſland was not ſurrendered to you in form; although you have cut down more plantations of willows, and abeles, than would purchaſe a dozen ſuch iſlands. I told my friend, that this talent of Squires prevailed very much formerly in the country: That, as to yourſelf, from the badneſs of your education, againſt all my advices and endeavours, and from the caſt of your nature, as well as another circumſtance which I ſhall not mention; I expected nothing from you that became a gentleman: That I had expoſtulated this ſcurvy matter very gently with you: That I conceived this letter was an anſwer. That, from the prerogative of a good eſtate, however gotten, and the practice of lording over a few Iriſh wretches, and from the natural want of better thinking, I was ſure your anſwer would be extremely rude and ſtupid, full of very bad language in all ſenſes. That,

a bear in a wilderneſs will as ſoon fix on a philoſopher as on a cottager: And a man, wholly void of education, judgment, or diſtinction of perſons, has no regard, in his inſolence, but to the paſſion of fear: And, how heartily I wiſhed, that to make you ſhew your humility, your quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons, than the Dean of St. Patrick's.

All this happened before my opening your letter; which, being read, my friend told me I was an ill gueſſer. That you affirmed you deſpiſed me only as a clergyman by your own confeſſion; and that you had reaſon, becauſe clergymen pretend to learning, wherein you value yourſelf as what you are an utter ſtranger to.

I took ſome pains in providing and adviſing about your education; but, ſince you have made ſo ill uſe of my rules, I cannot deny, that according to your own principles, your uſage of me is juſt. You are wholly out of my danger: The weapons I uſe will do you no hurt; and to that which would keep nicer men in awe you are inſenſible. A needle againſt a ſtone-wall can make no impreſſion. Your faculty lies in making bargains: Stick to *that*. Leave your children a better eſtate than

than your father left you; as he left you much more than your grandfather left him. Your father and you are much wiſer than I, who gave among you fifty years purchaſe for land, for which I am not to ſee one farthing. This was intended as an encouragement to a clergyman to reſide among you, whenever any of your poſterity ſhall be able to diſtinguiſh a man from a beaſt. One thing I deſire you will be ſet right in: I do not deſpiſe all ſquires. It is true, I deſpiſe the bulk of them. But pray take notice, that a ſquire muſt have ſome merit before I ſhall honour him with my contempt: For I do not deſpiſe a fly, a maggot, or a mite.

If you ſend me an anſwer to this, I ſhall not read it, but open it before company, and in their preſence burn it; for no other reaſon but the deteſtation of bad ſpelling, no grammar, and that pertneſs which proceeds from ignorance and an invincible want of taſte.

I have ordered a copy of this letter to be taken, with an intention to print it, as a mark of my eſteem for you; which, however, perhaps I ſhall not purſue: For I could willingly excuſe our two names from ſtanding in the ſame paper, ſince I

am confident you have as little deſire of fame as I have to give it you.

I wiſh many happy new years to you and your family, and am, with truth,

Your friend and humble ſervant.

Let me add ſomething ſerious: That, as it is held an imprudent thing to provoke valour; ſo, I confeſs, it was imprudent in me to provoke rudeneſs: Which, as it was my own ſtanding rule never to do, except in caſes where I had power to puniſh it, ſo my error proceeded from a better opinion of you than you have thought fit to make good. For, with every fault in your nature, your education, and your underſtanding, I never imagined you ſo utterly devoid of knowing ſome little diſtinction between perſons.

LETTER XLVII.

To Lady WORSLEY.

MADAM, April 19th, 1730.

MY Lady Carteret (if you know ſuch a Lady) commands me to purſue my own inclination; which is, to honour myſelf

ſelf with writing you a letter; and thereby endeavouring to preſerve myſelf in your memory, in ſpite of an acquaintance of more years, than in regard to my own reputation, as a young gentleman, I care to recollect. I forgot whether I had not ſome reaſons to be angry with your Ladyſhip, when I was laſt in England. I hope to ſee you very ſoon the youngeſt great-grandmother in Europe: and fifteen years hence (which I ſhall have nothing to do with) you will be at the amuſement of "Riſe up "daughter," &c. You are to anſwer this letter, and to inform me of your health and humour; and, whether you like your daughter better or worſe, after having ſo long converſed with the Iriſh world, and ſo little with me. Tell me what are your amuſements at preſent; cards, court, books, viſiting, or fondling (I humbly beg your Ladyſhip's pardon, but it is between ourſelves) your grand-children? My Lady Carteret hath been the beſt Queen we have known in Ireland theſe many years; yet is ſhe mortally hated by all the young girls, becauſe (and it is your fault) ſhe is handſomer than all of them together. Pray, do not inſult poor Ireland on this occaſion, for it would have been exactly the ſame

thing in London. And therefore I ſhall adviſe the K—g, when I go next to England, to ſend no more of her ſort, (if ſuch another can be found) for fear of turning all his loyal female-ſubjects here againſt him.

How is our old friend Mrs. Barton? (I forget her new name.) I ſaw her three years ago, at court, almoſt dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her; while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I firſt met them: Which, conſidering myſelf, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wiſh you may have grace to find it.

My Lady Carteret hath made me a preſent, which I take to be malicious, with a deſign to ſtand in your place. Therefore I would have you to provide againſt it by another, and ſomething of your own work, as hers is. For you know I always expect advances and preſents from Ladies. Neither was I ever deceived in this laſt article by any of your ſex but the Q—n, whom I taxed three years ago with a preſent of ten pounds value. Upon taking my leave, ſhe ſaid ſhe intended a medal for me, but it was not finiſhed. I afterwards ſent her, on her own commands, about five and thirty pounds worth of ſilk, for herſelf and the Princeſſes; but never received the medal

medal to this day. Therefore, I will truſt your ſex no more. You are to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to my old friend Sir Robert Worſley. I hope my friend Harry is well, and fattening in the ſun, and continuing a batchelor to enrich the poor Worſley family.

I command you to believe me to be, with the greateſt truth and reſpect, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

My Lord, November 10th, 1730.

I Was poſitively adviſed by a friend, whoſe opinion hath much weight with me, and who hath a great veneration for your Lordſhip, to venture a letter of ſolicitation: And it is the firſt requeſt of this kind that I ever made ſince the public changes, in times, perſons, meaſures, and opinions, drove me into diſtance and obſcurity.

There is an honeſt man, whoſe name is Launcelot; he hath been long a ſervant to my Lord Suſſex: He married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a leaſe which the

Duke

Duke of Grafton ſuffered to expire about three years ago, ſunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promiſes from the Duke of Dorſet, while his Grace held that office which is now in your Lordſhip *, but they all failed, after the uſual fate that the bulk of court-ſuiters muſt expect.

I am very ſenſible that I have no manner of claim to the leaſt favour from your Lordſhip, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleaſed to treat me with much humanity, and with more diſtinction than I could pretend to deſerve. I am likewiſe conſcious of that demerit which I have largely ſhared with all thoſe who concerned themſelves in a court and miniſtry, whoſe maxims and proceedings have been ever ſince ſo much exploded. But your Lordſhip will grant me leave to ſay, that, in thoſe times, when any perſons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable conſequence, they never failed to ſucceed in any reaſonable requeſt they made for a friend. And, when I ſometimes

* The Earl of Cheſterfield was then Lord Steward of his Majeſty's houſehold.

added

added my poor ſolicitations, I uſed to quote to the then miniſters a paſſage in the Goſpel, *The poor* (meaning their own dependents) *you have always with you*, &c.

This is the ſtrongeſt argument I have to entreat your Lordſhip's favour for Mr. Launcelot, who is a perfect honeſt man, and as loyal as you could wiſh. His wife, my near relation, hath been my favourite from her youth, and as deſerving as it is poſſible for one of her level. It is underſtood, that ſome little employments about the Court may be often in your Lordſhip's diſpoſal; and that my Lord Suſſex will give Mr. Launcelot the character he deſerves: And then let my petition be (to ſpeak in my own trade) a drop in the bucket.

Remember, my Lord, that, although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my requeſt is but of a few lines.

I ſhall not congratulate with your Lordſhip upon any of your preſent great employments, or upon the greateſt that can poſſibly be given to you; becauſe you are one of thoſe very few who do more honour to a Court, than you can poſſibly receive from it: Which I take to be a greater compliment to any Court than it is to your *Lordſhip. I am,*

MY LORD, &c.

LETTER XLIX.

To the Counteſs of SUFFOLK.

MADAM, November 21, 1730.

I Do now pity the leiſure you have to read a letter from me, and this letter ſhall be a hiſtory. Firſt, therefore, I call you to witneſs that I did not attend on the Q—n till I had received her own repeated meſſages; which, of courſe, occaſioned my being introduced to you. I never aſked any thing, till, upon leaving England the firſt time, I deſired from you a preſent worth a guinea, and from her Majeſty one worth ten pounds, by way of a memorial. Your's I received; and the Q—n, upon my taking leave of her, made an excuſe that ſhe had intended a medal for me; which, not being ready, ſhe would ſend it me the Chriſtmas following: Yet this was never done, nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and, by her commands, attended her as I had done before. I muſt now tell you, Madam, that I will receive no *medal* from her Majeſty, nor any thing leſs *than her* picture at half length, drawn by

Jervas; and, if he takes it from another original, the Q——n ſhall ſit at leaſt twice for him to touch it up. I deſire you will let her Majeſty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her diſpleaſure. But this is a uſual thing with princes as well as miniſters, upon every falſe repreſentation; and ſo I took occaſion to tell the Q——n, upon the quarrel Mr. Walpole had with our friend Gay, the firſt time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Againſt you I have but one reproach: That, when I was laſt in England, and juſt after the preſent King's acceſſion, I reſolved to paſs that ſummer in France, for which I had then a moſt lucky opportunity; from which thoſe who ſeemed to love me well diſſuaded me, by your advice: And, when I ſent you a note, conjuring you to lay aſide the character of a courtier and a favourite upon that occaſion, your anſwer poſitively directed me not to go in that juncture; and you ſaid the ſame thing to my friends, who ſeemed to have power of giving me hints, that I might reaſonably hope for a ſettlement in England. Which, God knows, was no very great ambition, conſidering the ſtation I ſhould leave here,

of

of greater dignity, and which might have eaſily been managed to be diſpoſed of as the Q——n pleaſed. If theſe hints came from you, I affirm you then acted too much like a courtier. But I forgive you, and eſteem you as much as ever. You had your reaſons, which I ſhall not enquire into; becauſe I always believed you had ſome virtues, beſides all the accompliſhments of mind and perſon that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the Q——n for ſacrificing my friend Gay to the miſtaken piques of Sir Robert Walpole, about a libel written againſt him, although he were convinced at the ſame time of Mr. Gay's innocence, and although, as I ſaid before, I told her Majeſty the whole ſtory. Mr. Gay deſerved better treatment amongſt you, upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent unregarded Fables, dedicated to Prince William, which I hope his Royal Highneſs will often read for his inſtruction. I wiſh her Majeſty would a little remember what I largely ſaid to her about Ireland, when, before a witneſs, ſhe gave me leave, and commanded me to tell *here* what ſhe ſpoke to me upon that ſubject; and ordered me, that, if I lived to

ſee

ſee her in her preſent ſtation, to ſend her our grievances, promiſing to read my letter, and do all good offices in her power for this miſerable and moſt loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never ſo near as now. As to myſelf, I repeat again, that I never aſked any thing more than a trifle, as a memorial of ſome diſtinction which her Majeſty graciouſly ſeemed to make between me and every common clergyman: But that trifle was forgotten, according to the uſual method of princes, although I was taught to think myſelf upon a foot of pretending to ſome little exception.

As to yourſelf, Madam, I moſt heartily congratulate with you for being delivered from the toil, the envy, the ſlavery, and vexation of a favourite, where you could not always anſwer the good intentions that I hope you had. You will now be leſs teized with ſolicitations, one of the greateſt evils in life. You poſſeſs an eaſy employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit: And, if it ſhall pleaſe God to eſtabliſh your health, I believe and hope you are too wiſe to hope for more Mr. Pope hath always been an advocate for your ſincerity, and even I, in the character I gave you of

yourſelf,

yourſelf, allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favourite. Yet, I confeſs, I never heartily pledged your health as a toaſt upon any other regards than beauty, wit, good ſenſe, and an unblemiſhed character. For, as to friendſhip, truth, ſincerity, and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myſelf about them; becauſe I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals, which are altogether uſeleſs at courts. I am content that you ſhould tell the Q——n all I have ſaid of her, and in my own words, if you pleaſe.

I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourſelf, if it had been good manners, in the height of your credit, to put you in mind of it's mortality. For, you are not the firſt, by at leaſt three ladies, whom I have known to undergo the ſame turn of fortune. It is allowed that ladies are often very good ſcaffoldings, and I need not tell you the uſe that ſcaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanic. I ſhould have begun this letter by telling you, that I was encouraged to write it by my beſt friend, and one of your great admirers; who told me, that, from ſomething that had paſſed

between

ween you, he thought you would not eive it ill. After all, I know no perſon our ſex, for whom I have ſo great an em, as I do and believe I ſhall always tinue to bear for you, I mean a pri- : perſon; for I muſt except the Q——n, it is not an exception of form: Becauſe ave really a great veneration for her at qualities, although I have reaſon to plain of her conduct to me; which I ld not excuſe although ſhe had fifty gdoms to govern. I have but room to clude with my ſincere profeſſions of ng, with true reſpect,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient

Humble ſervant.

LETTER L.

To Lady SANTRY.

MADAM, 1730. At a conjecture.

[Y reaſon for waiting on you, ſome time ago, was grounded on the eſteem ways had for you; which continued the ſame, although I had hardly the t acquaintance with your Lord, nor

was at all desirous to cultivate it, becau
I did not at all approve of his conduct.
two or three days after I saw you at
Compton Dornvile's house, all my acquai
ance told me how full the town was
the visit I had made you; and of the en
treatment you received from me, w
relation to your son. I will not belie
your Ladyship was so weak as to spre
this complaint yourself, but I lay it who
to those two young women who were th
in the same room, I suppose as visito
But, if you were really discontented, a
thought to publish your discontent in
gravating words, I must cut off at least n
tenths of the friendship I had for y
and list you in the herd of Irish lad
whose titles, or those of their husban
with me never have the weight of a f
ther, or the value of a pebble. I imagi
you had so much sense as to underst
that all I said was intended for the
vice both of you and your son. I h
often spoken much more severely to p
sons of much higher quality than y
son, and in a kingdom where to be a l
is of importance; and I have recei
hearty thanks, as well as found amu
ment. One thing I shall observe, u

your account; which is, Never to throw away any more advice upon any Iriſh lord, or his mother; becauſe I thought you would be one of the laſt to deceive me.

I called four times at the houſe where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which, I ſuppoſe, you would have me think you are angry; whereas I am the perſon who ought to complain, becauſe all I ſaid to you proceeded from friendſhip, and a deſire of reforming your ſon. But that deſire is now utterly at an end.

LETTER LI.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

My Lord, January 5, 1730-1.

I Return your Lordſhip my moſt humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter, and deſire your juſtice to believe, that, in writing to you a ſecond time, I have no deſign of giving you a ſecond trouble. My only end at preſent is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like thoſe of plays,

LETTER LIV.

To Mr. POPE. *

Dear Sir, July 20th, 1731.

I WRIT you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your laſt that I received yeſterday, with the incloſed from me to the Q——n. You hinted ſomething of this in a former letter: I will tell you ſincerely how the affair ſtands. I never was at Mrs. Barber's houſe in my life, except once that I chanced to paſs by her ſhop, was deſired to walk in, and went no further, nor ſtaid three minutes. Doctor Delany hath been long her protector; and he, being many years my acquaintance, deſired my good offices for her, and brought her ſeveral times to the Deanry. I knew ſhe was poetically given, and, for a woman, had a ſort of genius that way. She appeared very modeſt and pious, and I believe was ſincere, and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to England was on the ſcore of her trade, being a woollen-drapier, until Doctor Delany ſaid, ſhe had a deſign of printing her poems by ſubſcription, and

* *Occaſioned by the preceding counterfeit letter.*

deſired

deſired I would befriend her: Which I did chiefly by your means. The Doctor ſtill urging me on, upon whoſe requeſt I writ to her two or three times, becauſe ſhe thought that my countenancing of her might be of uſe. Lord Carteret very much befriended her, and ſhe ſeems to have made her way not ill. As for thoſe three letters you mention ſuppoſed all to be written by me to the Q----n, on Mrs. Barber's account, eſpecially the letter which bears my name; I can only ſay, that the apprehenſions one may be apt to have of a friend doing a fooliſh thing, is an effect of kindneſs; and God knows who is free from playing the fool ſome time or other. But in ſuch a degree, as to write to the Q----n, who hath uſed me ill without any cauſe, and to write in ſuch a manner as the letter you ſent me, and in ſuch a ſtyle, and to have ſo much zeal for one almoſt a ſtranger, and to make ſuch a deſcription of a woman, as to prefer her before all mankind, and to inſtance it as one of the greateſt grievances of Ireland, that her Majeſty hath not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-drapier's wife declined in the world, becauſe ſhe hath a knack at *verſifying*; was to ſuppoſe, or fear, a folly ſo

tranſ-

tranſcendent, that no man could be guilty of who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you ſent incloſed is not my hand; and why I ſhould diſguiſe, and yet ſign my name, ſhould ſeem unaccountable: Eſpecially when I am taught, and have reaſon to believe, that I am under the Q—'s diſpleaſure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a ſtone over the burying-place of the Duke of Schomberg, in my cathedral: Which, however, I was aſſured by a worthy perſon, who ſolicited that affair laſt ſummer with ſome relations of the Duke, that her Majeſty, on hearing the matter, ſaid they ought to erect a monument. Yet I am told aſſuredly, that the K—g, not long ago, on the repreſentation and complaint of the Pruſſian Envoy (with a hard name), who hath married a granddaughter of the Duke, ſaid publicly in the drawing-room, That I had put up that ſtone out of malice, to raiſe a quarrel between his Majeſty and the King of Pruſſia*. This perhaps may be falſe, becauſe it is abſurd: For I thought it was a Whiggiſh action to honour Duke Schomberg, who was ſo inſtrumental in the Revolution, and was Stadtholder of Pruſſia, and otherwiſe in the

* See his Epitaph, Vol. VII. p. 382.

ſervice

ſervice of that electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will obſerve, the letter you ſent me concluded, " Your Majeſty's loyal " ſubject;" which is abſolutely abſurd; for we are only ſubjects to the King, and ſo is her Majeſty herſelf. I have had the happineſs to be known to you above twenty years; and I appeal, whether you have known me to exceed the common indiſcretions of mankind; or that, when I conceived myſelf to have been ſo very ill uſed by her Majeſty, whom I never attended but on her own commands, I ſhould turn ſolicitor to her for Mrs. Barber? If the Q----n had not an inclination to think ill of me, ſhe knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I ſhould be ſuch a coxcomb. I am puſhed on by that unjuſt ſuſpicion to give up ſo much of my diſcretion, as to write next poſt to my Lady Suffolk on this occaſion, and to deſire ſhe will ſhew what I write to the Q----n; although I have as much reaſon to complain of her as of her Majeſty, upon the ſcore of her pride and negligence, which make her fitter to be an Iriſh lady than an Engliſh one. You told me ſhe complained that I did not write to her: When I did, upon your ad*vice,* and a letter that required an anſwer,

ſhe

ſhe wanted the civility to acquit herſelf. I ſhall not be leſs in the favour of God, or the eſteem of my friends, for either of their Majeſty's hard thoughts, which they only take up from miſrepreſentations. The firſt time I ſaw the Q——n, I took occaſion, upon the ſubject of Mr. Gay, to complain of that very treatment which innocent perſons often receive from princes and great miniſters; that they too eaſily receive bad impreſſions; and, although they are demonſtrably convinced that thoſe impreſſions had no grounds, yet they will never ſhake them off. This I ſaid upon Sir Robert Walpole's treatment of Mr. Gay about a libel, and the Q——n fell entirely in with me, yet now falls into the ſame error. As to the lett * * *

LETTER LV.

To the Counteſs of SUFFOLK. *

MADAM, July 24th, 1731.

I GIVE you joy of your new title, and of the conſequences it may have, or hath had on your riſing at Court, whereof I know nothing but by common fame: For you remember how I propheſied of your behaviour, when you ſhould come to be a great lady, at the time I drew your character; and hope you have kept it. I writ to you ſome time ago by the advice of Mr. Pope: I writ to you civilly; but you did not anſwer my letter, although you were not then a Counteſs; and if you were, your neglect was ſo much the worſe. For your title hath not increaſed your value with me, and your conduct muſt be very good, if it will not leſſen you. Neither ſhould you have heard from me now, if it were not on a particular occaſion. I find from ſeveral inſtances that I am under the Q——n's diſpleaſure; and, as it is uſual among princes, without any manner of *reaſon*. I am told there were three letters

* *Occaſioned by the counterfeit letter to the Queen.*

ſent to her Majeſty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and ſoliciting for a ſubſcription to her poems. It ſeems the Q----n thinks that theſe letters were written by me; and I ſcorn to defend myſelf, even to her Majeſty, grounding my ſcorn upon the opinion I had of her juſtice, her taſte, and good ſenſe; eſpecially when the laſt of thoſe letters, whereof I have juſt received the original from Mr. Pope, was ſigned with my name: And why I ſhould diſguiſe my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Laſt poſt I writ my whole ſentiments on the matter to Mr. Pope; who tells me, that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters; which, indeed, was but bare juſtice in you both, for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the eſteem I had for you. I deſire you would aſk the Q—n, whether, ſince the time I had the honour to be known to her, I ever did one ſingle action, or ſaid one ſingle word to diſoblige her? I never aſked her for any thing: And you well know, that, when I had an intention to go to France, about the time that the late K—g died, I deſired your opinion, (not as you were a

courtier) whether I ſhould go or no; and that you abſolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look diſaffected, and for other reaſons, wherein I confeſs I was your dupe, as well as ſomebody's elſe: And, for want of that journey, I fell ſick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the Q——n hath blamed me for putting a ſtone, with a Latin inſcription, over the Duke of Schomberg's burying-place in my cathedral; and that the K—g ſaid publicly, I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the King of Pruſſia. But the public prints, as well as the thing itſelf, will vindicate me: And the hand the Duke had in the Revolution made him deſerve the beſt monument. Neither could the King of Pruſſia juſtly take it ill, who muſt needs have heard that the Duke was in the ſervice of Pruſſia, and Stadt-holder of it, as I have ſeen in his titles. The firſt time I ſaw the Q——n, I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great miniſters, (it was on a particular occaſion) That, when they receive an ill account of any perſon, although they afterwards have the greateſt *demonſtration* of the falſehood, yet will *they* never be reconciled: And, although

the Q——n fell in with me upon the hardſhip of ſuch a proceeding, yet now ſhe treats me exactly in the ſame manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her Majeſty or to you; and as little to the K—g, whom I never ſaw, but when I had the honour to kiſs his hand. I am ſenſible that I owe a great deal of this uſage to Sir Robert Walpole; whom yet I never offended, although he was pleaſed to quarrel with me very unjuſtly: For which I ſhewed not the leaſt reſentment, (whatever I might have in my heart) nor was ever a partaker with thoſe who have been battling him for ſome years paſt *. I am contented that the Q——n ſhould ſee this letter; and would pleaſe to conſider how ſevere a cenſure it is to believe I ſhould write three to her, only to find fault with her miniſtry, and recommend Mrs. Barber; whom I never knew until ſhe was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to ſub-

* It is true, there are but two or three paſſages in Swift's Works that could, in the leaſt, offend Sir R. W. before this period; but inſtantly after, even in this very year 1731, he attacks him with a good deal of ſeverity. Vide his Poems.

ſcribers, which by her writings I thought ſhe deſerved. Her Majeſty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until ſhe was Q——n, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: For the miſeries of this kingdom ſhe appeared then to be much concerned. I deſired the friend who introduced me to be a witneſs of her Majeſty's promiſe. Yet that liberty I never took, although I had too many occaſions; and is it not wonderful, that I ſhould be ſuſpected of writing to her in ſuch a ſtyle, in a counterfeit hand, and my name ſubſcribed, upon a perfect trifle, at the ſame time that I well knew myſelf to be very much out of her Majeſty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not ſo very much awed with Majeſty as others, having known Courts more or leſs from my early youth. And I have more than once told the Q——n, that I did not regard her ſtation half ſo much, as the good underſtanding I heard and found to be in her: Neither did I ever once ſee the late K--g, although her Majeſty was pleaſed to chide me on that account, for my ſingularity. In this I am a good Whig, by thinking it ſufficient to be a dutiful ſubject, without any perſo-

nal

nal regard for Princes, further than as their virtues deſerve; and, upon that ſcore, had a moſt particular reſpect for the Q——n, your Miſtreſs. One who aſks nothing may talk with freedom, and that is my caſe. I have not ſaid half that was in my heart, but I will have done: And, remembering that you are a Counteſs, will borrow ſo much ceremony, as to remain, with great reſpect,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER LVI.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, January, 1732-3.

ALTHOUGH I have but juſt received the honour of your Ladyſhip's letter, yet as things ſtand, I am determined, againſt my uſual practice, to give you no reſpite, but to anſwer it immediately; becauſe you

have provoked me with your Lady Suffolk. It is ſix years laſt ſpring ſince I firſt went to viſit my friends in England, after the Queen's death. Her preſent Majeſty heard of my arrival, and ſent at leaſt nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for ſeveral reaſons not hard to gueſs; and, among others, becauſe I had heard her character from thoſe who knew her well. At laſt I went, and ſhe received me very graciouſly. I told her the firſt time, that I was informed ſhe loved to ſee odd perſons; and that, having ſent for a wild Boy from Germany, ſhe had a curioſity to ſee a wild Dean from Ireland. I was not much ſtruck with the honour of being ſent for, becauſe I knew the ſame diſtinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to to be compared. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs. Howard, now Lady Suffolk, was uſually the perſon who ſent for me, both at Leiceſter-houſe and Richmond. Mr. Pope (with whom I lived) and Mr. Gay were then great favourites of Mrs. Howard, eſpecially the latter, who was then one of her led-captains. He had wrote a very ingenious book of Fables, for the uſe of her younger ſon, and

and ſhe often promiſed to provide for him. But, ſometime before, there came out a libel againſt Mr. Walpole, who was informed that it was written by Mr. Gay; and, although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the Princeſs. Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and ſo were all the people in power. He invited me and ſome of my friends to dine with him at Chelſea. After dinner I took an occaſion to ſay, what I had obſerved of princes and great miniſters, That, if they heard an ill thing of a private perſon, who expected ſome favour, although they were afterwards convinced that the perſon was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay. I afterwards ſaid the ſame thing to the Princeſs, with the ſame intention, and ſhe confeſſed it a great injuſtice. But Mr. Walpole gave it another turn: For he ſaid to ſome of his friends, and particularly to a Lord, a near relation of yours, That I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myſelf: It ſeems for my conduct in her late Majeſty's reign, in which no man was more innocent;

cent; and, particularly, more officious to do good offices to many of that party, which was then out of power, as it is well known. Mrs. Howard was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr. Gay; at leaſt, ſhe ſaw him often, and profeſſed herſelf his friend: But Mr. Walpole could hardly be perſuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a ſecond year, of commiſſioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her Highneſs, on coming hither, ſhe was very gracious; told me the medals ſhe had promiſed me were not ready, but ſhe would ſend them to me. However, by her commands, I ſent her ſome plaids for herſelf and the Princeſſes, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. Next ſpring, I came again to England, was received the ſame way; and, as I had many hints given me that the Court at Leiceſter-Fields would endeavour to ſettle me in England, (which I did not much regard) the late King died. I went, by Mrs. Howard's commands, to kiſs their new Majeſties hands, and was particularly diſtinguiſhed by the Q——n. In a few weeks, the Q—n ſaid to Mrs. Howard, (alluding to one of Mr. Gay's Fables) that ſhe would take up the Hare; and bade her

r to put her in mind, in ſettling the fa-
ily, to find ſome employment for Mr.
ay: But, in the event, it proved only an
fer to be a gentleman-uſher to a girl of
o years old, which all his friends (and I
ong the reſt) adviſed him not to accept,
d accordingly he excuſed himſelf with
e utmoſt reſpect. This I and every body
e were ſure muſt have been a manage-
ent of Mr. Walpole. As to myſelf, in a
w weeks after the King's death, I found
yſelf not well, and was reſolved to take
ſtep to Paris for my health, having an
portunity of doing it with ſome ad-
ntages and recommendations. But my
ends adviſed me firſt to conſult Mrs.
oward; becauſe, as they knew leſs of
urts than I, they were ſtrongly poſſeſſed
at the promiſes made me might ſucceed,
ce a change was all I deſired. I writ to
r for her opinion; and particularly de-
ed, that, ſince I had long done with
urts, I conjured her not to uſe me like
courtier, but give me her ſincere advice;
hich ſhe did, both in a letter and to ſome
ends. It was by all means not to go: It
ould look ſingular, and perhaps diſaffect-
; and, to my friends, enlarged upon the
od *intentions of* the Court towards me.

I ſtaid;

I ſtaid; my health grew worſe: I left Mr. Pope's houſe; went to a private lodging near Hammerſmith: And, continuing ill, I writ to Mrs. Howard, with my duty to the Q——n, took coach for Cheſter, recovered in my journey, and came over hither: Where, although I have ever ſince lived in obſcurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any ground except miſinformation, to lie under her Majeſty's diſpleaſure, as I have been aſſured by more than two honourable perſons of both ſexes; and Mr. Gay is in the ſame condition. For theſe reaſons, as I did always, ſo I do ſtill think Mrs. Howard, now my Lady Suffolk, to be an abſolute courtier. Let her ſhew you the character I writ of her, and whereof no one elſe hath a copy: And I take Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of ſimpletons. In my anſwer to the laſt letter which my Lady Suffolk honoured me with, I did, with great civility, diſcharge her from ever giving herſelf another trouble of that kind. I have a great eſteem for her good ſenſe and taſte. She would be an ornament to any Court: And I do not in the leaſt pity her for not being a female miniſter, which I never looked on as an advantageous

advantageous character to a great and wiſe lady; of which I could eaſily produce inſtances. Mr. Pope, beſide his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour; and is, conſequently, apt to be too great a believer of aſſurances, promiſes, profeſſions, encouragements, and the like words of courſe. He aſks nothing, and thinks, like a philoſopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honeſt and ſincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor miniſters are either able to judge or inclined to encourage: Which, however, I do not take for ſo high a reach of politicks as they uſually ſuppoſe. For, however inſignificant wit, learning, and virtue may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on it's ſide. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not ſo wiſe as I thought you to be. But I will never offend again with ſo much length. I write only to juſtify myſelf. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and ſo am I to this day: But nature hath not given you leave to be virulent. As to myſelf, I am of the old Whig principles,

ciples, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your Ladyſhip ſays not one ſyllable, to inform me whether you approve of what I ſent you to be written on the monument, nor whether you would have it in Latin or Engliſh. I am ever, with true reſpect and high eſteem,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's, &c.

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered; and his preferment is by turns in the Crown and the Primate, but the next vacancy will not be in the Crown's diſpoſal.

LETTER LVII.

To the BISHOP of CLOGHER.*

MY LORD, July, 1733.

I HAVE been often told by ſome of our common acquaintance, that you have ſometimes expreſſed your wonder that I never waited on you for ſome years paſt, as I uſed to do for many years before; and that you could not gueſs the reaſon, be-

* Dr. John Stearne.

cauſe,

uſe, to your knowledge, you never once obliged me. As nothing is more com-
on than dropping acquaintance by the ual occurrences of life, without any ult on either ſide, I never intended to ſay think any thing of the matter, until a e proceeding of yours, which no way lates to me, put me upon a deſire of ding matter to juſtify you to your friends re, as well as to myſelf; becauſe I al-ays wiſhed you well, and becauſe I have en more than once inſtrumental to your rvice. When I firſt came acquainted with u, we were both private clergymen in neighbourhood: You were afterwards ancellor of St. Patrick's; then was cho-n Dean, in which election I was the moſt ſy of all your ſolicitors. When the com-omiſe was made between the Govern-ent and you, to make you eaſy, and Dr. nge Chancellor, you abſolutely and fre-ently promiſed to give me the curacy St. Nicholas Without: But you thought , by concert with the Archbiſhop, to hold yourſelf, and apply the revenue to build nother church; againſt which it became e to ſay nothing, being a party concerned d injured, although it was generally *ught by others*, as well as myſelf, that it

it was an ill and dangerous precedent to build a church with the revenue of the miniſter. I deſire no thanks for being inſtrumental in your next promotion, becauſe, as things then ſtood, I conſulted my own advantage. However, upon the Queen's death, when I had done for ever with Courts, I returned to reſide at my poſt, yet with ſome kind of hopes of getting ſome credit with you; very unwiſely: Becauſe, upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly, That I would always reſpect you, but never hope for the leaſt friendſhip from you. But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your houſe; and, ſince you were a biſhop, have once or twice recommended perſons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: Which availed ſo little, that thoſe very perſons had the greateſt ſhare of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being inſtrumental to place merit and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and, as I was ever averſe from mingling with multitudes and ſtrangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hoſpitality, rather than purchaſe a ſhare of it at ſo dear a rate.

a rate. This is the hiſtory of my conduct with regard to your Lordſhip: And it is now a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner. For, otherwiſe, when thoſe two abominable bills, for enſlaving and beggaring the clergy, (which took their birth from Hell) were upon the anvil, if I had found your Lordſhip's name among the biſhops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to diſcover ſuch marks of indignation, horror, and deſpair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a perſon of your ſtation. For, I call God to witneſs, that I did then, and do now, and ſhall for ever firmly believe, that every biſhop, who gave his vote for either of theſe bills, did it with no other view (bating further promotion) than a premeditated deſign, from the ſpirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy, their ſlaves and vaſſals until the Day of Judgment, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for thoſe who will anſwer now, as they muſt at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want *of conſideration*, hope of future promo-

tion, (an argument not to be conquered) or the perſuaſion of cunninger brethren than themſelves; when I ſaw a biſhop, whom I had known ſo many years, fall into the ſame *ſnare*, which word I uſe in partiality to your Lordſhip. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almoſt the whole bench, to deſtroy the church, I reſolved to have no more commerce with perſons of ſuch prodigious grandeur, who I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiſs their ſlipper. It is happy for me that I know the perſons of very few biſhops, and it is my conſtant rule never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that ſuch a ſight would ſtrike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your Lordſhip of a deſire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from ſome of whom I received the following account. That you have the great tythes of two livings in your dioceſe, which were let to ſome fanatic knight, whoſe name I forget. It ſeems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourſelf, which was to give up thoſe tythes to the two incumbents, (the Fanatic's leaſe *being* near out) either for a very ſmall re-

ſerved

ſerved rent, or entirely, provided you could do ſo without leſſening the revenue of the ſee. And the condition was, that your tenants among them ſhould raiſe the rents 150 *l.* which was what the Fanatic paid you for both the ſaid pariſhes. It is affirmed, that Sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants, much approving ſo generous a propoſal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when ſuddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the leaſe to the ſame Fanatic for 300 *l.* fine. The reaſons of this ſingular action are ſaid to be two: The firſt is, That you declared you wanted power to reſiſt the temptation of ſuch a fine; the other, That you were diſſuaded from it by ſome of your brethren, as an example very dangerous, and of ill conſequence, if it ſhould be followed by others. This laſt I do not in the leaſt wonder at, becauſe ſuch advice is of the ſame leaven with the two enſlaving and beggaring bills. I profeſs to your Lordſhip, that I have no other motive in deſiring to be ſatisfied upon this point, than a reſolution to juſtify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, *&c.*

LETTER LVIII.

To the Duke of DORSET.

MY LORD, January, 1733-4.

IT hath been my great misfortune, that, ſince your Grace's return to this kingdom, I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and gratitude for your favours, as well as the honour of having been ſo many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been purſued by two old diſorders, a giddineſs and deafneſs, which uſed to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a neceſſity to write what I would rather have choſen to ſay in your Grace's preſence.

On Monday laſt week, towards evening, there came to the Deanry one Mr. Betteſworth; who, being told by the ſervants that I was gone to a friend's houſe, went thither to enquire for me, and was admitted into the ſtreet-parlour. I left my company in the back room, and went to him. He began with aſking me, whether I were author of certain verſes, wherein he was reflected on*? The ſingularity of the man,

* See theſe verſes, Vol. VII. p. 252. See alſo Vol. XIII. p. 389.

in

in his countenance, manner, action, ſtyle, and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once ſeen him, about two or three years ago, at Mr. Ludlow's country-houſe. But I could not recollect his name, and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore deſired to know who, and what he was; ſaid I had heard of ſome ſuch verſes, but knew no more. He then ſignified to me, that he was a ſerjeant at law, and a member of parliament. After which he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphaſis; ſaid, I was miſtaken in one thing, for he aſſured me he was no booby, but owned himſelf to be a coxcomb. However, that being a point of controverſy wherein I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verſes, he inſiſted, that, by his taſte and ſkill in poetry, he was as ſure I writ them as if he had ſeen them fall from my pen. But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me, That, ſince I would not own the verſes, and that ſince he could not get ſatisfaction by any courſe of law, he would get it by his pen, and ſhew the world what a man I was.

When he began to grow over-warm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the houſe, from the room adjoining; and the Serjeant, going on with leſs turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he hath ſince reported; and, likewiſe, that he had a ſharp knife in his pocket, ready to ſtab or maim me. But the Maſter and Miſtreſs of the houſe, who knew his character, and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a ſufficient defence in ſuch a caſe, as they afterwards told me. He hath ſince related to five hundred perſons of all ranks, above five hundred falſehoods of this converſation, of my fears and his own brutalities, againſt all probability as well as fact; and ſome of them, as I have been aſſured, even in the preſence of your Grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peeviſh enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad, for his own ſake, that he proceeded no further; for, the leaſt uproar would have called his

neareſt

neareſt neighbours * firſt to my aſſiſtance, and next, to the manifeſt danger of his life. And I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever ſince he hath amuſed himſelf with declaring, in all companies, eſpecially before biſhops, and lords, and members of parliament, his reſolutions for vengeance, and the ſeveral manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of ſome judicious friends that your Grace owes the trouble of this letter. For, though I may be diſpirited enough by ſickneſs and years, yet I have little reaſon to apprehend any danger from that man; and thoſe who ſeem to have moſt regard for my ſafety, are no more apprehenſive than myſelf, eſpecially ſuch as beſt know his character. For his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things except his words, his rhetorical action, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly

* Dr. Swift was then at the Reverend Mr. Worral's houſe, which happened to be within three or four doors of Mr. Betteſworth's.

harmleſs; and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt, but, if he will be ſo good as to continue ſtedfaſt in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and intereſts of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the univerſity, and the reſt of the kingdom.

What I have ſaid to your Grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preſerve myſelf in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour. I am, with the higheſt reſpect, *&c.*

LETTER LIX.

To Miſs HOADLEY. *

MADAM, June 4th, 1734.

WHEN I lived in England, once every year I iſſued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, ſenſe, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, ſhould make the firſt advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was univerſally obeyed.

* Daughter of Dr. John Hoadley, Archbiſhop of Dublin.

When

When (much againſt my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I publiſhed the ſame edict; only, the harveſt here being not altogether ſo plentiful, I confined myſelf to a ſmaller compaſs. This made me often wonder how you came ſo long to neglect your duty; for, if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witneſſes againſt you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was diſcovered by the ſqueaking; and, therefore, you have been ſo politic as to ſend me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your preſent of butter was made with the ſame deſign, as a known court-practice, to greaſe my fiſt that I might keep ſilence. Theſe are great offences, contrived on purpoſe to corrupt my integrity. And beſides I apprehend, that, if I ſhould wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your ſide, and give out that I made them firſt; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept ſo many years in two kingdoms, at leaſt make it a point of controverſy. However, I have two ways to be revenged: Firſt, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the ſole daughter and child of his Grace of Dublin, are

ſo mean as to deſcend to underſtand houſe-wifery, which every girl of this town, who can afford ſixpence a month for a chair, would ſcorn to be thought to have the leaſt knowledge in: And this will give you as ill a reputation, as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a hiſtory, or handling a needle, or walking in a field at Tallough. My other revenge ſhall be this: When my Lord's gentleman delivered his meſſage, after I put him ſome queſtions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand: I ſaid it properly belonged to me; and, when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to ſwear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly ſpelt, and good plain ſenſe. You now may ſee I have you at mercy; for, upon the leaſt offence given, I will ſhew the paper to every female ſcrawler I meet, who will ſoon ſpread about the town, that your writing and ſpelling are ungenteel and unfaſhionable, more like a parſon than a lady.

I ſuppoſe, by this time, you are willing to ſubmit; and, therefore, I deſire you may ſtint me to two China-bowls of butter a week; for my breakfaſt is that of a ſickly man, rice-gruel, and I am wholly a ſtranger

a ſtranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl laſt night, and I think my ſecond is almoſt entire. I hope and believe my Lord Archbiſhop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little Engliſh country-management: And I lay it upon you, Madam, to bring houſewifery in faſhion among our ladies; that, by your example, they may no longer pride themſelves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with the trueſt reſpect and eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient and
Obliged, *&c.*

I deſire to preſent my moſt, *&c.* to his Grace and the Ladies.

LETTER LX.

To the Duke of CHANDOIS.

MY LORD, August 31, 1734.

ALTHOUGH I have long had the honour to be an old humble ſervant to your Grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written

written you a letter, at leaſt ſince her Majeſty's death. For this reaſon, your Grace will reaſonably wonder to find a man wholly forgotten, begin a commerce by making a requeſt. For which I can offer no other excuſe, than that frequent application to me, by many worthy and learned perſons of this city and kingdom; who, having heard that I was not unknown to you, ſeldom failed any opportunity of preſſing me to ſolicite your Grace, of whoſe generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a preſent of thoſe antient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late Earl of Clarendon, during his government here, and are now in your Grace's poſſeſſion. They can be of no uſe in England, and the ſight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuoſi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wiſh they were of great intrinſic value, ſo as to be ſold on the Exchange for 1000 *l.* becauſe you would then part with them at the firſt hint, merely to gratify your darling paſſion of generoſity and munificence: And yet, ſince they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the

reſt of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them, at the humble requeſt of many very deſerving perſons in this city and univerſity. In return for which bounty, the memory of it ſhall be preſerved in that honourable manner, which ſo generous a patron of learning as your Grace will certainly be pleaſed with. And, at their requeſt alone, I deſire your compliance, without the leaſt mention of myſelf as any way inſtrumental.

I intreat your Grace's pardon for this interruption, and remain, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's, &c.

LETTER LXI.

To the Duke of DORSET.

My Lord, January 14th, 1734-5.

I Am aſſured that your Grace will have ſeveral repreſentations of an affair relating to the univerſity here, from ſome very conſiderable perſons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuſe the applica-

tion

tion made me by a very worthy perſon of that Society, who was commiſſioned by ſome principal members of the body to deſire my good offices to your Grace; becauſe they believed you thought me an honeſt man, and becauſe I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their requeſt related wholly to a dreadful apprehenſion they lie under, of Dr. Whitcomb's endeavour to procure a diſpenſation for holding his fellowſhip along with that church-preferment beſtowed on him by your Grace. The perſon ſent to me on this meſſage, gave me a written paper, containing the reaſons why they hope your Grace will not be prevailed upon to grant ſuch a diſpenſation. I preſume to ſend you an abſtract of theſe reaſons; becauſe I may boldly aſſure your Grace, that party or faction have not the leaſt concern in the whole affair; and, as to myſelf, it happens that I am an entire ſtranger to Dr. Whitcomb.

It is alledged, that this preferment given to the Doctor conſiſts of a very large pariſh, worth near ſix hundred pounds a year, in a very fine country thirty miles from Dub*lin:* That it abounds very much with Pa-

piſts, and conſequently a moſt important cure, requiring the Rector's reſidence, beſides ſome other aſſiſtant; which, being ſo rich, it might well afford.

That as to ſuch diſpenſations, they find in their college-books but three or four inſtances ſince the Revolution, and theſe in caſes very different from the preſent. For thoſe few livings, which had diſpenſations to be held with a fellowſhip, were ſinecures of ſmall value, not ſufficient to induce a fellow to leave his college; and, in the body of thoſe diſpenſations, is inſerted a reaſon for granting them, That they were ſuch livings as could be no hindrance in the diſcharge of a fellow's duty.

That diſpenſations are very hurtful to their ſociety, becauſe they put a ſtop to the ſucceſſion of fellowſhips, and thereby give a check to that emulation, induſtry, and improvement in learning, which the hopes of gaining a fellowſhip will beſt incite young ſtudents with.

That, if this diſpenſation ſhould take place, it may prove a precedent for the like practice in future times; which will be very injurious to the ſociety, by encouraging fellows to apply for diſpenſa-

tions,

tions, when they have intereſt enough to get preferments, by which the ſenior fellows will be ſettled in the college for life; and thus, for want of a ſucceſſion any other way than by death or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent ſtudents will be wholly loſt.

That a junior fellowſhip is of very ſmall value, and to arrive at it requires good ſenſe, as well as long and cloſe ſtudy; to which young ſtudents are only encouraged by hopes of ſucceeding, in a reaſonable time, to be one of the ſeven ſeniors; which hopes will be quite cut off, when thoſe ſeniors are perpetuated by diſpenſations.

That the fellows, at their admittance into their fellowſhips, take a ſolemn oath never to accept of any church-preferment above a certain value and diſtance from Dublin, as long as they continue fellows: To which oath the accepting of a diſpenſation by Dr. Whitcomb is directly contrary, in both particulars of value and diſtance.

That, at this time, there is a ſet of very hopeful young men in long and cloſe *ſtudy*, to ſtand for the firſt vacant *fellowſhip*, who will be altogether diſcouraged, and

and drop their endeavours in the purſuit of learning, by being diſappointed in their hopes of Doctor Whitcomb's leaving the college, and opening a way for one of them to ſucceed in a fellowſhip.

Theſe, my Lord, are the ſum of the reaſons brought me by a very worthy perſon, a fellow of that college, and recommended by ſome of the moſt deſerving in that body; and I have ſhortned them as much I could.

I ſhall only trouble your Grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this ſubject.

The univerſity, and in ſome ſenſe the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgment for the honour your Grace hath done them, in truſting the care of one of your ſons to be educated in the college of Dublin, which hopes to be always in your Grace's favour; and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deſerve at Court, will ever deſire to be protected in their rights.

Your Grace will pleaſe to know, that a fellowſhip in this univerſity differs much in ſome very important circumſtances from

moſt of thoſe in either of the univerſities in England.

My Lord George will tell your Grace, that a fellowſhip here is obtained with great difficulty, by the number of candidates, the ſtrict examination in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is alſo diſpoſed of with much ſolemnity: The examiners take an oath at the altar to give their vote according to their conſciences.

The univerſity is patron of ſome church-preferments, which are offered to the ſeveral fellows downwards to the loweſt in holy orders.

I beg your Grace to conſider, That, there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their ſons to merchandize: That not many great employments, in church or law, fall to the ſhare of perſons born here: That the laſt reſource of younger ſons is to the church; where, if well befriended, they may chance to riſe to ſome reaſonable ſpiritual maintenance, although we do not want inſtances of ſome clergymen, well born and of good reputation, who have been, and ſtill are curates for thirty years; which

which hath been a great diſcouragement to others, who have no other means left to provide for their children.

Your Grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your moſt deſerved favour with his Majeſty, to make Doctor Whitcomb eaſier in his preferment, by ſome addition, that no perſon or ſociety can have the leaſt pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your perſon and virtues, that you will pleaſe to let Doctor Whitcomb content himſelf for a while with that rich preferment, (one of the beſt in the kingdom) until it ſhall lie in your way further to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowſhip, he took an oath never to accept a church-living thus circumſtantiated, and hold it with his fellowſhip, it will be thought hardly reconcileable to conſcience to receive a diſpenſation.

I humbly entreat your Grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you, wherein I have no ſort of intereſt, except that which proceeds from an earneſt deſire, that your Grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without incur-

ring the leaſt cenſure from the world, or giving the leaſt cauſe of diſcontent to any deſerving perſon. I am, &c.

LETTER LXII.

To **** *****, Eſq;

SIR, March 19th, 1734.

I HAD, ſome days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never ſaw; but, by the name ſubſcribed, I found it came from a younger ſon of yours, I ſuppoſe your ſecond. He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition he is in, by the ſeverities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyiſh follies, when he was firſt brought up to town, at fourteen years old; but he appeals to Dr. Sheridan for the improvement he made in the Doctor's ſchool, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his claſs; by which it appears that he paſſed for one of the four beſt ſcholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very ſmall hand

what good advice and maturer years would do towards amendment; and, in the mean time, give him no cauſe to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is content to ſtand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, ſhall be an aggravation to me to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one and twenty years; and what he alledges ſeems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, phyſic, or divinity; although, in his letter, he pretends to have ſtudied the firſt, on your promiſe to ſend him to the Temple: But, your mind altering, and you rather chuſing to ſend him to Leyden, he applied himſelf to ſtudy phyſic, and made ſome progreſs in it; but, for many months, he hath heard nothing more from you; ſo that now he is in utter deſpair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in William-ſtreet, with only the liberty to dine at your houſe, and no further care taken of him.

Sir,

Sir, although I have ſeldom been in your company, it is many years ſince I had the honour of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modeſty, good-nature, and candour. As to your Lady, I never ſaw her but once, and then but for a few minutes: She hath the character of being a very polite and accompliſhed perſon; and therefore, very probably, her ſon's rough, overweening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very diſguſtful to her. Your ſon deſires me in his letter, to apply to ſome friends who have moſt credit with you, that you will pleaſe to put him into ſome way of life; and he wiſhes that thoſe friends would be ſo generous to join in contributing ſome allowance to ſupport him at Leyden. I think it would have been well if he had been ſent to ſea in the proper time, or had now a commiſſion in the army. Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter ſent to me under his name, I confeſs myſelf ſo very partial, as to be extremely ſorry if he ſhould not deſerve and acquire *the favour of* you and your lady; in which

caſe, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of ſuch a ſon. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr. King; but, if I can learn from thoſe who have, I ſhall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr. Sheridan hath done.

I intreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domeſtic point, where I have no information but from one ſide: But I can faithfully aſſure you, that my regard is altogether for the ſervice and eaſe of you and your lady and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is ſeldom without ſome bent towards virtue, and therefore deſerves ſome indulgence. Moſt of the great villains I have known (which were not a ſmall number) have been brutes in their underſtandings as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I ſhall therefore conclude with the ſincere profeſſion of being, with great eſteem and truth,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER LXIII.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, June 8th, 1735.

I TROUBLE you ſooner than uſual, in acknowledging your letter of May 27th, becauſe there are ſome paſſages in it that ſeem to require a quick anſwer. If I forget the date of mine, you muſt impute it to my ill head; and, if I live two years longer, I ſhall firſt forget my own name, and laſt your Ladyſhip's. I gave my Lady Kerry an account of what you ſaid in relation to her ſon, with which ſhe is fully ſatisfied. I deteſt the Houſe of Lords for their indulgence to ſuch a profligate proſtitute villain as Curle; but am at a loſs how he could procure any letters written to Mr. Pope, although, by the vanity or indiſcretion of correſpondents, the rogue might have pickt up ſome that went from him. Thoſe letters have not yet been ſent hither, therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England, upon the Queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from miniſters for ſeveral years before. *But, as to the* letters I receive from your Ladyſhip,

Ladyſhip, I neither ever did or ever will burn any of them, take it as you pleaſe: For I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and conſequently will give me new pleaſure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept ſome letters merely out of friendſhip, although they ſometimes wanted true ſpelling and good ſenſe, and ſome others whoſe writers are dead. For I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am ſometimes too nice; for I burnt all my Lord **** letters, upon receiving one where he uſed theſe words to me, *All I pretend to is a great deal of ſincerity:* Which, indeed, was the chief virtue he wanted. Of thoſe from my Lord **** I burnt all but one, which I keep as a moſt admirable original of Court promiſes and profeſſions. I confeſs alſo that I have read ſome paſſages in many of your letters, to a friend, but without naming you, only that the writer was a lady, which had ſuch marks of good ſenſe, that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your Ladyſhip very much ſurpriſes me with one paſſage in your letter, which however I do not in the leaſt underſtand; where

where you ſay, You *have been honoured in print by amorous, ſatirical, and gallant letters, where there was no word but your bare name mentioned.* I can aſſure you, this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the leaſt ſyllable of; and wiſh you would explain it. No, Madam, I will never forgive your inſolent niece, without a moſt humble ſubmiſſion under her own hands; which if ſhe will not comply with, I ſhall draw up letters between us, and ſend them to Curle.

I will tell your Ladyſhip a cauſe I have of complaint againſt the Duke of Dorſet. I have written to him about four times ſince he was Lieutenant, and three of my letters were upon ſubjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myſelf; but he was never pleaſed to return me an anſwer. Which omiſſion (for I diſdain to call it contempt) I can account for only by ſome of the following reaſons. He is either extremely buſy in affairs of the higheſt importance; or he is a Duke with a garter; or he is a Lieutenant of Ireland; or he is of a very antient noble extraction; or ſo obſcure a man as I am is not worth his remembrance; or, like the Duke of Chandois,

dois, he is an utter ſtranger to me: And it would grieve me to the ſoul to put them together upon any one article. The laſt letter I writ to his Grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honeſt gentleman; which laſt circumſtance, with ſubmiſſion to your Ladyſhip, is what I ſeldom grant; and the matter deſired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a requeſt made him by a ſenior fellow of this univerſity, upon which I was earneſtly preſſed to write by ſome conſiderable members of the ſame body, which it highly concerned, as well as his Grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their ſtatutes, and of the moſt pernicious conſequence, not only to the univerſity, but the kingdom: And for that reaſon, it is thought, his Grace hath choſen to let it fall, I ſuppoſe by much better cauſes of conviction than mine. I do aſſure you, Madam, that I have not been troubleſome to my Lord Duke in any particular: Since he hath been Governor, my letters have been at moſt but one a year, and my perſonal requeſts not ſo many; nor any one of them for the leaſt intereſt that regarded myſelf. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct

of

of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vaſt numbers of both parties; yet I have utterly waved intermeddling even in this enſlaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have ſome influence to be troubleſome; yet I have long quitted all ſuch thoughts, out of perfect deſpair: Although I have ſometimes wiſhed, that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more conſidered in the diſpoſition of employments, notwithſtanding their misfortune of being born on this ſide the channel; which would gain abundance of hearts both to the Crown and his Grace. My paper is ſo full, that I have not room to excuſe it's length. I remain

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient humble ſervant.

LETTER LXIV.

To Sir CHARLES WOGAN, in SPAIN. *

HONOURED SIR, 1735.

I THINK you are the only perſon alive who can juſtly charge me with ingratitude: Becauſe, although I were utterly unknown to you, and become an obſcure

* See a Character of this Gentleman, Vol. XIV. p. 201.

exile

exile in a moſt obſcure and enſlaved country; you were at the pains to find me out, and ſend me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained ſome very ingenious friends, as well as myſelf; I mean not only your poetry, in Latin and Engliſh, but your poetical hiſtory in proſe of your own life and actions, inſcribed to me; which I often wiſhed it were ſafe to print here, or in England, under the madneſs of univerſal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power *.

I have been often told, that you have a brother † and ſome near relations in this country, and have oftener employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But, I ſuppoſe, on account of their religion, they are ſo prudent to live in privacy: Although the Court hath thought it better in point of politics, and, to keep the good-will of Cardinal Fleury, hath though it proper, to make the Catholics here much more eaſy than their ill-

* Theſe writings are at preſent in the hands of the editor of theſe volumes, all of them under Sir Charles Wogan's own hand.

† Mr. Wogan of Rathcoffee.

willers

villers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can aſſure you, that thoſe wretches here, who call themſelves a Parliament, abhor the clergy of our church more than thoſe of yours, and have made an univerſal aſſociation to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have further thanks to give you for your generous preſent of excellent Spaniſh wine, whereof I have been ſo choice, that my butler tells me there are ſtill ſome bottles left *. I did very often aſk ſome merchants here, who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford ſomething that might be acceptable in Spain, but could not get any ſatisfaction. The price, I am ſure, would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my deſire: To which you anſwered in a diſintereſted manner, That you only deſired my works. It is true indeed that a printer † here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which paſſed for mine, as well as ſeveral ſingle papers in verſe and proſe, that he could get from my friends, and

* Dr. Swift, in grateful remembrance of Sir Charles Wogan, *uſed to call this* Spaniſh wine his Hero wine.

† *Mr. Faulkner.*

deſired my leave to publiſh them in four volumes. He reaſoned, That printers here had no property in their copies: That mine would fall into worſe hands: That he would ſubmit to me and my friends what to publiſh or omit. On the whole, I would not concern myſelf; and ſo they have appeared abroad, as you will ſee them in thoſe I make bold to ſend you. I muſt now return to mention wine. The laſt ſeaſon for it was very bad in France, upon which our merchants have raiſed the price twenty *per cent.* already, and the preſent weather is not like to mend it. Upon this I have told ſome merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy: That, when the warmth of ſummer happens to fail in the ſeveral wine-countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and thoſe in the South of Italy, will be at leaſt as ripe as thoſe of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would deſire our merchants to deal this year in thoſe warmer climates: Becauſe I hear that in Spain French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spaniſh grape may fail for want of its uſual ſhare of ſun. In this point I would have your opinion; wherein,

f you agree, I will make Mr. Hall, an ho-
eſt Catholic merchant here, who deals in
paniſh wine, to bring me over as large a
argo as I can afford, of wines as like French
laret as he can get. For my diſorders,
ith the help of years, make wine abſo-
utely neceſſary to ſupport me. And, if
ou were not a perſon of too conſiderable
rank, (and now become half a Spaniard)
would try to make you deſcend ſo low,
s to order ſome merchants there to conſign
o ſome of ours, directed to me, ſome good
uantity of wine that you approve of; ſuch
s our claret-drinkers here will be content
ith. For, when I give them a pale wine,
called by Mr. Hall *Caſſalia)* they ſay it will
o for one glaſs, and then (to ſpeak in their
anguage) call for Honeſt Claret.

LETTER LXV.

To BISHOP HORTE. *

My Lord, May 12th, 1736.

I Have two or three times begun a letter to your Lordſhip, and as often laid it aſide; until, by the unaſked advice of

* Dr. Joſiah Horte, Biſhop of Kilmore.

ſome friends of yours, and of all my own, I reſolved at laſt to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer, who ſuffered ſo much upon your Lordſhip's account, confined to a dungeon among common thieves, and others with infectious diſeaſes, to the hazard of his life; beſides the expence of above twenty-five pounds, and beſides the ignominy to be ſent to Newgate like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do alſo very highly and perſonally concern me. For, your Lordſhip declaring your deſire to have that Paper looked for, he did at my requeſt ſearch his ſhop, and unfortunately found it: And, although he had abſolutely refuſed before to print it, becauſe my name as the author was fixed to it; which was very legible, notwithſtanding there was a ſcratch through the words; yet, at my deſire, he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you ſent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents: But your friends were the only perſons who gave out the report of it's having been your performance. I read your Lordſhip's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue that he is, in theſe dealings, the adventurer, and

muſt run the hazard of gain or loſs. Indeed, my Lord, the caſe is otherwiſe. He ſells ſuch papers to the running boys for farthings apiece, and is a gainer by each, leſs than half a farthing; and it is ſeldom he ſells above a hundred, unleſs they be of ſuch as only ſpread by giving offence, and conſequently endanger the printer both in loſs of money and liberty, as it was the caſe of that very paper: Which, although it be written with ſpirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected Betteſworth, would ſcarce have cleared above a ſhilling to Faulkner; neither would he have done it at all, but at my urgency, which was the effect of your Lordſhip's commands to me. But, as your Lordſhip hath ſince been univerſally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me, ſo it is as generally known that you never gave him the leaſt conſideration for his loſſes, diſgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every perſon of my acquaintance, whom I ſee at home or abroad: And particularly from one perſon too high to name, who told me all the particulars; and I heartily wiſhed, upon your account, that I could have aſſured him that the

poor man had received the leaſt mark of your juſtice, or, if you pleaſe to call it ſo, your generoſity, which I would gladly inform that great perſon of before he leaves us.

Now, my Lord, as God, aſſiſting your own good management of a very ample fortune, hath made you extremely rich, I may venture to ſay, that the printer hath a demand, in all conſcience, juſtice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his diſgraces, his loſſes, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of ſome weight, becauſe I was an innocent inſtrument, drawn in by your Lordſhip, againſt Faulkner's will, to be an occaſion of his ſufferings: And, if you ſhall pleaſe to recompence him in the manner that all people hope or deſire, it will be no more in your purſe than a drop in the bucket. And, as ſoon as I ſhall be informed of it, I ſhall immediately write to that very great perſon, in ſuch a manner as will be moſt to the advantage of your character: For which, I am ſure, he will rejoice, and ſo will all your friends; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to ſilence.

Your Lordſhip hath too good an underſtanding to imagine, that my principal re-

gard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewiſe mingled with pity to the innocent ſufferer. And I hope you will conſider, that this caſe is not among thoſe, where it is a mark of magnanimity to deſpiſe the cenſure of the world: Becauſe all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a ſparing temper, upon an occaſion where common juſtice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude with aſſuring your Lordſhip again, that what I have written was chiefly for your Lordſhip's credit and ſervice: Becauſe I am, with great truth,

Your Lordſhip's moſt, *&c.*

LETTER LXVI.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, June 15th, 1736.

I WRITE this letter to your Ladyſhip, in the employment you have choſen of being a go-between the Duke of Dorſet and me. I muſt preface this letter with an honeſt declaration, That I never propoſed any one

thing to his Grace wherein I did not chiefly conſult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your Ladyſhip from a child; and yet, excepting great perſonal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church-preferment for any friend, except one too inconſiderable to mention. I writ to, and told my Lord Duke, that there was a certain family here, called the Grattans, and that they could command ten thouſand men: Two of them are parſons, (as you Whigs call them) another is Lord Mayor of this city, and was knighted by his Grace a month or two ago. But there is another couſin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be John Jackſon, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own ſmall eſtate, four miles from this town, and in his own pariſh: But he hath four children. He only wants ſome little addition of 100 *l.* a-year: For he hath laid out 800 *l.* to build upon his own ſmall eſtate in his own pariſh, which he cannot leave, and we cannot ſpare him. He hath lain a weight upon my ſhoulders *for many* years; and I have often mentioned him to my Lord Duke as a moſt deſerving

ſerving perſon. His Grace hath now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. Ward, who died this morning, had a deanry of ſmall value: It was a hedge-deanry; (my Lord Duke will tell you what I mean) we have many of them in Ireland: But, as it doth not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great eaſe to him. He is no party-man, but a loyal ſubject. It is the deanry of Cloyne: He is well acquainted with the Biſhop, who is Dr. Berkeley. I have reaſons enough to complain of my Lord Duke, who abſolutely refuſed to provide for a moſt worthy man whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: And therefore, if he will not conſent to give this poor deanry to Mr. John Jackſon, I will fall out with him for ever. I deſire your Ladyſhip to let the Duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a news-paper to me the other day, wherein your ſaucy niece is mentioned as married, with forty-five thouſand pounds to her fortune. I deſire to preſent her with my moſt humble ſervice, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your Ladyſhip ſtill preſerves your health and good humour.

Your virtues I am in no pain about, for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth, as well as by conſtant practice. I pray God preſerve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happineſs hereafter.

I will (notwithſtanding your commands to the contrary) be ſo bold to tell you, that I am, with the greateſt reſpect and eſteem,

MADAM, your Ladyſhip's
Moſt obedient, and
Obliged humble ſervant.

LETTER LXVII.

To Mr. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN, March 30, 1737.

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Loyd, which he will deliver to you, ſigned by the magiſtrates and chief inhabitants of Coleraine. It ſeems your ſociety hath raiſed the rents in that town, and of your lands about it, within *three* years paſt, to four times the value *of* what the tenants formerly paid; which

is beyond what I have ever heard, even among the moſt ſcrewing landlords of this kingdom: And the conſequence hath already been, that many of your tenants in that town and the lands about it, are preparing to the plantations of America, for the ſame reaſons that are driving ſome thouſands of families in the North to the ſame plantations, I mean the oppreſſion of landlords. My dear friend, you are to conſider, That no ſociety can or ought, in prudence or juſtice, let their lands at ſo high a rate as a ſquire, who lives upon his eſtate, and is able to diſtrain at an hour's warning. All bodies corporate muſt give eaſy bargains, ſo as to be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are ſubject. Thus biſhops, deans, and chapters, as well as other corporations, ſeldom or never let their lands even ſo high as half the value; and when they raiſe thoſe rents which are unreaſonably low, it is by degrees. I have inſtances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as that of my chapter, although my own lands, as Dean, are let four fifths under their value. On the other ſide, there is no reaſon why an honourable ſociety ſhould rent their eſtate for a trifle. And therefore

I told

I told Mr. Loyd my opinion: That if you could be prevailed on juſt to double the rent and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner. For I am as much convinced as I can be of any thing human, that this wretched oppreſſed country muſt neceſſarily decline for ever. If, by a miracle, things ſhould mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increaſe of rent; but not by ſuch leaps as you are now taking: For you ought to remember the fable of the Hen who laid every ſecond day a golden egg, upon which her miſtreſs killed her to get the whole lump together. I am told that one condition in your charter is, to plant a colony of Engliſh in thoſe parts. If that be ſo, you are too wiſe to let it be a colony of Iriſh beggars. I would not have ſaid thus much in an affair, and about perſons to whom I am a ſtranger, if I had not been long aſſured of the poor condition thoſe people in and about Coleraine have lain under ſince that enormous raiſing of their rents. The bearer, whom I never ſaw until yeſterday, ſeems to be a gentleman of truth and good ſenſe. Yet, *if he* hath miſrepreſented this matter to *me, I ſhall* never be his advocate again.

My health is very indifferent: ſpirits I have none left. I decline every day. I hope and hear it is better with you. May you live as long as you deſire: For I have loſt ſo many friends without getting any new, that I muſt keep you as a ſample of the former. I am, my dear friend,

Your's, *&c.*

LETTER LXVIII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

My Lord, June 14, 1737.

I Had the honour of a letter from your Lordſhip, dated April the 7th, which I was not prepared to anſwer until this time. Your Lordſhip muſt needs have known, that the Hiſtory you mention of the four laſt years of the Queen's reign, was written at Windſor, juſt upon finiſhing the peace; at which time your father and my Lord Bolingbroke had a miſunderſtanding with each other, that was attended with very bad conſequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanry, (after the peace was made) I could not ſtay here above a fortnight, being recalled by an hundred

hundred letters to haſten back, and to uſe my endeavours in reconciling thoſe miniſters. I left them the Hiſtory you mention, which I had finiſhed at Windſor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldneſs encreaſed. I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able: I contrived to bring them to my Lord Maſham's, at St. James's: My Lord and Lady Maſham left us together. I expoſtulated with them both, but could not find any good conſequences. I was to go to Windſor next day with my Lord Treaſurer: I pretended buſineſs that prevented me; expecting they would come to ſome * * * * * * †. But I followed them to Windſor; where my Lord Bolingbroke told me, that my ſcheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the ſame rate: They grew more eſtranged every day. My Lord Treaſurer found his credit daily declining. In May before the Queen died, I had my laſt meeting with them at my Lord Maſham's. He left us together, and therefore I ſpoke very freely to them both; and told them I would retire, for I found all was gone: Lord Boling-

† Here is a blank left for ſome word or other; ſuch as *agreement, reconciliation*, or the like.

broke

broke whiſpered me, I was in the right; your father ſaid, all would do well. I told him that I would go to Oxford on Monday, ſince I found it was impoſſible to be of any uſe. I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkſhire; there ſtaid until the Queen's death: And then to my ſtation here; where I ſtaid twelve years, and never ſaw my Lord your father afterwards. They could not agree about printing the Hiſtory of the four laſt years: And therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publiſh it in London, to the confuſion of all thoſe raſcals who have accuſed the Queen and that miniſtry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Proteſtant ſucceſſion. I was then in the greateſt truſt and confidence with your father the Lord Treaſurer, as well as with my Lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the adminiſtration. I had all the letters from the ſecretary's office, during the treaty of peace: Out of thoſe and what I learned from the miniſtry, I formed that hiſtory which I am now going to publiſh for the information of poſterity, and to controll the moſt impudent falſhoods which have been publiſhed ſince. I wanted no kind of materials. I

knew

knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the moſt virtuous miniſter, and the moſt able that ever I remember to have read of. If your Lordſhip has any particular circumſtances that may fortify what I have ſaid in the Hiſtory, ſuch as letters or other materials, I am content they ſhould be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my Lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the ſcore of preferment, having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almoſt a ſtranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country; although I happened to be dropt here, and was a year old before I left it: and to my ſorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances, and deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Oxford, and your daughter the Ducheſs *. As to the Hiſtory, it is only of affairs which I know very well; and had all the advantages poſſible to know, when you were in ſome ſort but a lad. One great deſign of it, is to do juſtice to the miniſtry at that time, and to refute

* Ducheſs of Portland.

all

all the objections againſt them, as if they had a deſign of bringing in Popery and the Pretender; and further to demonſtrate, that the preſent ſettlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my Lord your father. I can never expect to ſee England: I am now too old and too ſickly, added to almoſt a perpetual deafneſs, and giddineſs. I live a moſt domeſtic life: I want nothing that is neceſſary; but I am in a curſed, factious, oppreſſed, miſerable country; not made ſo by nature, but by the ſlaviſh, helliſh principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it. Farewell, my Lord. I have tired you and myſelf. I deſire again to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Oxford, and the Ducheſs your daughter. Pray God preſerve you long and happy. I ſhall diligently enquire into your conduct from thoſe who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right; let me hear that you perſevere ſo. Your taſk will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily weary of it already; and ſo ſhould be in England, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enſlaved country. I am, with the trueſt love and reſpect,

My Lord, Your Lordſhip's
Moſt obedient and obliged, &c.

LETTER LXIX.

To ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; *

DEAR FRIEND, July 23, 1737.

WHILE any of thoſe who uſed to write to me were alive, I always inquired after you. But, ſince your ſecretaryſhip in the Queen's time, I believed you were ſo glutted with the office, that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an abſent uſeleſs acquaintance: And I find I owe yours to my Lord Oxford. The Hiſtory you mention was written above a year before the Queen's death. I left it with the Treaſurer and Lord Bolingbroke, when I firſt came over to take this deanry. I returned in leſs than a month, but the miniſtry could not agree about the printing it: It was to conclude with the peace. I ſtaid in London above nine months; but, not being able to reconcile the quarrels between thoſe two, I went to a friend in Berkſhire, and, on the Queen's death, came hither for good and all. I am confident you read that Hiſtory, as this Lord Oxford did, as he owns in his two letters,

* *Formerly* private ſecretary to the Earl of Oxford.

the

the laſt of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the Queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were univerſally condemned. This I knew would be done; and the chief cauſe of my writing was, not to let ſuch a Queen and miniſtry lie under ſuch a load of infamy, or poſterity be ſo ill informed, *&c.* Lord Oxford is in the wrong to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his miniſtry; which is ſo drawn, that his greateſt admirers will rather cenſure me for partiality; neither can he tell me any thing material out of his papers, which I was not then informed of. Nor do I know any body but yourſelf who could give me more light than what I then received: For I remember I often conſulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the original delivered to Lord Oxford or to you; for the perſon who hath it will not truſt it out of his hands; but, I believe, would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands, although perhaps that may be

too late *. If my health would have
mitted me, for ſome years paſt, to h
ventured as far as London, I would h
ſatisfied both my Lord and you. I bel
you know that Lord Bolingbroke is
buſy in France, to write the hiſtory of

* As, a little before this period, the great abilities
Swift had begun to fail, he had, in order to gratify ſo
his acquaintance, called for the Hiſtory of the fou
years of the Queen's reign once or twice out of his fr
hands, and lent it abroad; by which means part of th
tents of it were whiſpered about the town, and ſevera
pretended to have read it, who perhaps had never ſee
line of it. And this cauſed it to be apprehended, th
the Dean ſhould frequently lend the Hiſtory, a copy
might be taken ſome time or other. Whereupon Mrs. W
way, the next time the Dean put the original into her h
told him plainly, That, if ſhe ever again ſhould tak
charge of that manuſcript, he ſhould never lend it ag
any man alive; and that if he ſhould, at any time her
call for it again, and inſiſt upon having it in his own
ſion, ſhe would never take the charge of it more: An
cordingly, ſhe took it upon theſe conditions, and has
fully kept it from that day to this; the hiſtory which i
abroad having been printed from a ſpurious manuſcript,
as it is ſuppoſed, from a copy of the original which ha
ſent to England, by the late Earl of Corke and Orrer
the Dean's friends to peruſe. Mr. Nugent, the preſent
ſentative in parliament for the city of Briſtol, who re
original in Mrs. Whiteway's parlour in the year 1739
if he pleaſe, vouch the authenticity of this fact, as he
not have the pleaſure of reading that Hiſtory (which th
was deſirous enough to lend him) at his own lodgings.

n time, and how much he grew to hate
Treaſurer you know too well; and I
w how much Lord Bolingbroke hates
very memory. This is what the pre-
Lord Oxford ſhould be in moſt pain at,
about me. I have had my ſhare of af-
ion ſufficient, in the loſs of Dr. Arbuth-
and poor Gay and others; and I
rtily pity poor Lord Maſham. I would
know whether his ſon be a valuable
ng man; becauſe I much diſliked his
cation. When I was laſt among you,
William Wyndham was in a bad ſtate
ealth: I always loved him, and rejoice
hear from you the figure he makes.
I know ſo little of what paſſeth, that
ver heard of Lady Blandford, his pre-
t wife.

ord Bath uſed to write to me, but hath
pped it ſome years. Pray, is Charles
d yet alive? For he hath dropped me
; or perhaps my illneſs hath hindered
from provoking his remembrance:
I have been long in a very bad condi-
n. My deafneſs, which uſed to be oc-
ional, and for a ſhort time, hath ſtuck
me now ſeveral months without remiſ-
n; ſo that I am unfit for any converſa-
n, except one or two Stentors of either

ſex, and my old giddineſs is likewiſe become chronical, although not in equal violence with my former ſhort fits.

I was never ſo much deceived in any Scot, as by that execrable Lord K****, whom I loved extremely, and now deteſt beyond expreſſion.

You ſay ſo little of yourſelf, that I know not whether you are in health or ſicklyneſs, only that you lead a mere animal life; which, with nine parts in ten, is a ſign of health. I find you have not, like me, loſt your memory; nor I hope your ſenſe of hearing, which is the greateſt loſs of any, and more comfortleſs than even being blind; I mean in the article of company. Writing no longer amuſeth me, for I cannot think. I dine conſtantly at home, in my chamber, with a grave houſekeeper, whom I call *Sir Robert*, and ſometimes receive one or two friends and a female couſin, with ſtrong high tenor voices. I am, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER LXX.

To Miſs RICHARDSON.

MADAM, January 28, 1737-8.

I MUST begin my correſpondence by letting you know that your uncle is the moſt unreaſonable perſon I was ever acquainted with; and, next to him, you are the ſecond, although I think impartially that you are worſe than he. I never had the honour and happineſs of ſeeing you, nor can ever expect it, unleſs you make the firſt advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's ſteps, by maliciouſly bribing a uſeleſs man, who can never have it in his power to ſerve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendſhip with Alderman Barber, who is governour of the London-ſociety about your parts; whereupon Mr. Richardſon came to the Deanry, although it was not in my power to do him the leaſt good office further than writing to the Alderman. However, your uncle came to me *ſeveral times*; and I believe, after ſeveral

invitations, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him; but he had revenge in his breaſt, and you ſhall hear how he gratified it. Firſt, he was told that my ill ſtomach, and a giddineſs I was ſubject to, forced me, in ſome of thoſe fits, to take a ſpoonful of uſquebagh: He diſcovered where I bought it, and ſent me a dozen bottles, which coſt him three pounds. He next was told, that, as I never drank malt-liquors, ſo I was not able to drink Dublin-claret without mixing it with a little ſweet Spaniſh wine: He found out the merchant with whom I deal by the treachery of my butler, and ſent to me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid ſix pounds. But what can I ſay of a man, who, ſome years before I ever ſaw him, was loading me every ſeaſon with ſalmons, that ſurfeited myſelf and all my viſiters? Whereby it is plain, that his malice reached to my friends as well as to myſelf. At laſt, to complete his ill deſigns, he muſt needs force his niece into the plot; becauſe, it can be proved, that you are his prime miniſter, and ſo ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings; that you have been his partaker and ſeconder in miſchief, by ſend-

ing

ing me half a dozen of ſhirts, although I never once gave you the leaſt cauſe of diſpleaſure. And, what is yet worſe, the few ladies that come to the Deanry aſſure me, they never ſaw ſo fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happineſs they were not ſtockings, for then you would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, Madam, I muſt deal ſo plain, as to repeat, that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to ſuch a degree, that if my health and a good ſummer can put it in my power to travel to Summer-Seat, I muſt take that journey on purpoſe to expoſtulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have ſeen ſome perſons who live in your neighbourhood, from whom I have enquired into your character; but I found you had bribed them all by never ſending them any ſuch dangerous preſents: For they ſwore to me, that you were a lady adorned with all perfections, ſuch as virtue, prudence, wit, humour, excellent converſation, and even good houſewifery; which laſt is ſeldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take ſo ill your manner of treating me, that I ſhall *not believe one* ſyllable of what they ſaid,

until I have it by a letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man, and much leſs dare to write, for fear (as their expreſſion is) of being expoſed. So that when I ſee any of your ſex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies, and aſk pardon. And therefore, becauſe princes are ſaid to have long hands, I wiſh I were a prince with hands long enough to beat you at this diſtance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cauſe to change, in any ſingle article, the opinion and idea I have of your perſon and qualities. May you very long continue the delight of your uncle and your neighbours round, who deſerve your good-will, and of all who have merit enough to diſtinguiſh you. I am, with great reſpect and the higheſt eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient and

Moſt obliged humble ſervant.

LETTER LXXI.

To Mr. ALDERMAN BARBER.

My dear and honoured Friend, Aug. 8, 1738.

I HAVE received yours of July 27th, and two days ago had a letter from Mr. Pope, with a dozen lines from my Lord Bolingbroke, who tells me he is juſt going to France, and I ſuppoſe deſigns to continue there as long as he lives. I am very ſorry he is under a neceſſity of ſelling Dawley: Pray, let me know whether he be tolerably eaſy in his fortunes; for he hath theſe ſeveral years, lived very expenſively. Is his Lady ſtill alive? And hath he ſtill a country-houſe and an eſtate of hers to live on? I ſhould be glad to live ſo long, as to ſee his Hiſtory of his own Times, which would be a work very worthy of his Lordſhip, and will be a defence of that miniſtry, and a juſtification of our late glorious Queen, againſt the malice, ignorance, falſehood, and ſtupidity of our preſent times and managers. I very much like Mr. Pope's laſt poem, entitled MDCCXXXVIII, called Dialogue II.; but I live ſo obſcurely, and know ſo little of what paſſes in London,

London, that I cannot know the names of perſons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the Duke of Ormond lives ſo well at eaſe and in ſo good health, as well as with ſo valuable a companion. His Grace hath an excellent conſtitution at ſo near to fourſcore. Mr. Dunkin is not in town, but I will ſend to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my Lord and Lady Oxford, but his way of managing his fortune is not to be endured. I remember a raſcally butcher, one Morley, a great land-jobber and knave, who was his Lordſhip's manager, and hath been the principal cauſe of my Lord's wrong conduct, in which you agree with me in blaming his weakneſs and credulity. I deſire you will pleaſe, upon occaſion, to preſent my humble ſervice to my Lord and Lady Oxford, and to my Lord Bathurſt. I juſt expected the character you give of young * * * * *. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr. Ford is alive; perhaps walking preſerves him.

I very much lament your aſthma. I believe temperance and exerciſe have preſerved me from it. I ſeldom walk leſs than four miles, ſometimes ſix, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if

if it rains, I walk as much through the houſe, up and down ſtairs: And, if it were not for this cruel deafneſs, I would ride through the kingdom, and half through England; pox on the modern phraſe, *Great Britain*, which is only to diſtinguiſh it from Little Britain, where old cloaths and old books are to be bought and ſold. However, I will put Dr. Sheridan (the beſt ſcholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible aſthma. I wiſh you were rich enough to buy and keep a horſe, and ride every tolerable day twenty miles. Mr. Richardſon is, I think, ſtill in London. I aſſure you he is very grateful to me, and is too wiſe and diſcreet to give any juſt occaſion of complaint, by which he muſt be a great loſer in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not written ſo much this many a day. I have tired myſelf much; but, in revenge, I will tire you.

I am, Dear Mr. Alderman, with very great eſteem,

Your moſt obedient and
Moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER LXXII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Twitnam, Oct. 12, 1738.

I COULD gladly tell you every week the many things that paſs in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendſhip to me; but I am not ſo willing to put you to the trouble of ſhewing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occaſions. Yet, this once, I am unable to refuſe the requeſt of a very particular and very deſerving friend; one of thoſe whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had ſworn never to love a man more, ſince the ſorrow it coſt me to have loved ſo many, now dead, baniſhed, or unfortunate. I mean Mr. Lyttelton, one of the worthieſt of the riſing generation. His nurſe has a ſon, whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurſe, and ſo does Lyttelton: He loves, and is loved through the whole chain of relations, dependents, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any perſon to pleaſe me, or to ſerve mine:

I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whoſe name is William Lamb, and he is the bearer of this letter. I preſume he is qualified for that which he deſires; and I doubt not, if it be conſiſtent with juſtice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling you —— What? —— what I cannot tell, the kindneſs I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty wiſhes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or the beſt ſoftenings of the want of either, quiet and reſignation. You loſe little by *not hearing* ſuch things as this idle and baſe generation has to tell you: You loſe not much by *forgetting* moſt of what *now* paſſes in it. Perhaps, to have a memory that retains the paſt ſcenes of our country, and forgets the preſent, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the *evil* of *the day* be not intolerable (though ſufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we *may*, at leaſt we *ſhould*, nay we *muſt* (whether patiently or impatiently) bear it, and make the beſt of what we cannot make better, but may make worſe. To hear that this is your ſituation, and your temper, and that peace attends you at

home,

home, and one or two true friends, who are tender about you, would be a great eaſe to me to know, and know from yourſelf. Tell me who thoſe are whom you now love or eſteem, that I may love and eſteem them too; and, if ever they come into England, let them be my friends. If, by any thing I can here do, I can ſerve you, or pleaſe you, be certain it will mend my happineſs; and that no ſatisfaction any thing gives me here will be ſuperior, if equal to it.

My dear Dean, whom I never will forget, or think of with coolneſs, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and reſpect. Lord Orrery, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Oxford, Lord Maſham, Lewis, Mrs. P. Blount, (allow one woman to the liſt, for ſhe is as conſtant to old friendſhips as any man;) and many young men there are, nay all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can ſuffer, nothing of you can be obſcured, or locked up from eſteem and admiration, except what is at the Deanry; juſt as much of you only as God made mortal.

mortal. May the reſt of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honeſt men may expect and need not doubt; while (knowing nothing more) they know, that their Maker is merciful. Adieu.

Your's ever,

A. POPE.

LETTER LXXIII.

To the Honourable the SOCIETY of the GOVERNOUR and ASSISTANTS, London, for the NEW PLANTATION in Ulſter, within the Realm of Ireland, at their Chamber in Guild-hall, London.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN, By conjecture, 1738.

I HEARTILY recommend to your very Worſhipful Society, the Reverend Mr. William Dunkin, for the living of Colerain, vacant by the death of Dr. Squire. Mr. Dunkin is a gentleman of great learning and wit, true religion, and excellent morals. It is only for theſe qualifications that I recommend him to your patronage; and I am confident that you will never repent the choice of ſuch a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your com-

mands. You have my beſt wiſhes, and all my endeavours for your proſperity: And I ſhall, during my life, continue to be, with the trueſt reſpect and higheſt eſteem,

WORTHY SIRS,

Your moſt obedient and
Moſt humble ſervant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER LXXIV.

To Mr. POPE.

May 10th, 1739, at a conjecture.

YOU are to ſuppoſe, for the little time I ſhall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and eſpecially of any thing that was told me laſt night, or this morning. I have one favour to entreat from you. I know the high eſteem and friendſhip you bear to your friend Mr. Lyttelton, whom you call the riſing genius of this age. His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage, have been early ſpread even among us. I find he is ſecretary to the Prince of Wales, and his Royal Highneſs hath been for ſeveral years Chancellor of the Univerſity in Dublin. All this is a prelude

prelude to a requeſt I am going to make you. There is in this city one Alexander M'Aulay, a lawyer of great diſtinction for ſkill and honeſty, zealous for the liberty of the ſubject, and loyal to the Houſe of Hanover; and particularly to the Prince of Wales, for his Highneſs's love to both kingdoms.

Mr. M'Aulay is now ſoliciting for a ſeat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Doctor Coghill, a civilian, who was one of the perſons choſen for this univerſity: And, as his Royal Highneſs continues ſtill Chancellor of it, there is no perſon ſo proper to nominate the repreſentative as himſelf. If this favour can be procured, by your good-will and Mr. Lyttelton's intereſt, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to repreſent this univerſity.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. Lamb; he hath at preſent but half a vicarſhip: The value of it is not quite 50 *l. per annum.* You writ to me in his favour ſome months ago; and, if I outlive any one vicar-choral, Mr. Lamb ſhall certainly have a full place, becauſe he very well deſerves it: And I am obliged to you very much *for recommending* him.

LETTER LXXV.

To Mr. LYTTELTON.*

SIR, June 5th, 1739.

YOU treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr. Lamb, which deſerves mine and my chapter's thanks, for recommending ſo uſeful a perſon to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. Deane Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr. Pope, that he might have the happineſs to ſee and know ſo great a genius in poetry, and ſo agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (ſeveral years older than you) was much ſurpriſed to ſee his junior in ſo high a ſtation, as Secretary to his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, and to find himſelf treated by you in ſo kind a manner. In one article you are greatly miſtaken. For, however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the Prince your Maſter's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

* Now Lord Lyttelton.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court-politics: For, in a letter I writ to Mr. Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr. M'Aulay to your favour and protection, as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the Prince, to prevail with the university to chuse him for a member to represent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr. Coghill deceased.

I have been just now informed, that some of the Fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance, to the Prince of Wales, pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. Tisdal, and therefore have desired his Royal Highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request indeed, to demand from their Chancellor what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement. Their whole proceeding, on this occasion, against their Chancellor, heir of the Crown, is universally condemned here, and seems to be the last effort of such men; who, without duly considering, make rash promises, not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldneſs to deſire, that his Royal Highneſs may know from you the profound reſpect, honour, eſteem, and veneration, I bear towards his princely virtues. All my friends on your ſide the water repreſent him to me in the moſt amiable light; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms, when it ſhall pleaſe God to make him the Reſtorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuſe you highly for your ill-treatment of me, by wiſhing yourſelf in the number of my friends: But you ſhall be pardoned, if you pleaſe to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You ſhall therefore make it up in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me loſe my memory in every thing but friendſhip and gratitude: And you, whom I have never ſeen, will never be forgotten by me, until I am dead. I am, Honourable Sir, with the higheſt reſpect,

Your moſt obedient and
Obliged humble ſervant.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Dr. PARNEL to Dr. SWIFT,

ON HIS

BIRTH-DAY, November 30, MDCCXIII.

URG'D by the warmth of Friendſhip's ſacred flame,
But more by all the glories of thy fame;
By all thoſe offſprings of thy learned mind,
In judgment ſolid, as in wit refin'd,
Reſolv'd I ſing: Tho' lab'ring up the way
To reach my theme, O Swift, accept my lay.
Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Thro' Contemplation's airy fields I rove;
Where pow'rful Fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter ſky;
Freſh paints the meadows, bids green ſhades aſcend, [tend;
Clear rivers wind, and op'ning plains ex-
Then fills it's landſcape thro' the vary'd parts
With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts:
Superiour Forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more ſerenely fair.

Of theſe two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conſpire to raiſe thee to the point of fame.
Ye Future Times, I heard the ſilver ſound!
I ſaw the Graces form a circle round!
Each, where ſhe fix'd, attentive ſeem'd to root,
And all, but Eloquence herſelf, was mute.
High o'er the reſt I ſee the Goddeſs riſe,
Looſe to the breeze her upper garment flies:
By turns, within her eyes the Paſſions burn,
And ſofter Paſſions languiſh in their turn:
Upon her tongue Perſuaſion, or Command;
And decent Action dwells upon her hand.
From out her breaſt ('twas there the treaſure lay)
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day.
Then gaz'd, and read the charms ſhe could inſpire,
And taught the liſt'ning audience to admire,
How ſtrong thy flight, how large thy graſp of thought,
How juſt thy ſchemes, how regularly wrought;
How ſure you wound when Ironies deride,
Which muſt be ſeen, and feign to turn aſide.
'Twas thus exploring ſhe rejoic'd to ſee
Her brighteſt features drawn ſo near by thee;

Then

Then here, ſhe cries, let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy where they can't excel.
She ſpake. Applauſe attended on the cloſe:
Then Poeſy, her ſiſter-art, aroſe;
Her fairer ſiſter, born in deeper eaſe,
Not made ſo much for bus'neſs, more to pleaſe.
Upon her cheek ſits Beauty, ever young;
The Soul of Muſic warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleaſing Ardour glows,
And from her heart the ſweeteſt Temper flows:
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air:
She ſhakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And, from the Spheres, ſhe takes a pitch to ſing.
Thrice happy Genius his, whoſe Works [have hit
The lucky point of bus'neſs and of wit.
They ſeem like ſhow'rs, which April months prepare
To call their flow'ry glories up to air:
The drops deſcending, take the painted bow,
And dreſs with ſunſhine, while for good they flow.
To me retiring oft, he finds relief
In ſlowly-waſting care, and biting grief:

From

From me retreating oft, he gives to view
What eaſes care and grief in others too.
Ye fondly grave, be wiſe enough to know,
" Life ne'er unbent were but a life of woe."
Some full in ſtretch for greatneſs, ſome for gain,
On his own rack each puts himſelf to pain.
I'll gently ſteal you from your toils away,
Where balmy winds with ſcents ambroſial play;
Where, on the banks as cryſtal rivers flow,
They teach immortal amarants to grow:
Then, from the mild indulgence of the ſcene,
Reſtore your tempers ſtrong for toils again.
She ceas'd: Soft muſic trembled in the wind,
And ſweet delight diffus'd thro' ev'ry mind:
The little Smiles, which ſtill the Goddeſs grace,
Sportive aroſe, and ran from face to face.
But chief (and in that place the Virtues bleſs)
A gentle band their eager joys expreſs:
Here Friendſhip aſks, and Love of Merit longs
To hear the Goddeſſes renew their ſongs;

Here

Here great Benevolence to Man is pleas'd;
Theſe own their Swift, and grateful hear-
him prais'd. [part,
You gentle band, you well may bear your
You reign Superior Graces in his heart.
O SWIFT! if fame be life, (as well we
know.
That Bards and Heroes have eſteem'd it ſo)
Thou canſt not wholly die; thy works will
ſhine
To future times, and Life in Fame be thine.

To Lord HARLEY, ſince Earl of OXFORD, on his MARRIAGE.

Written in the Year MDCCXIII.

AMONG the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley, gen'rous Youth, admit
What friendſhip dictates more than wit.
Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent obſervation taught)
A ſpirit ſo inform'd as yours
Could never proſper in amours.
The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and nat'ral parts,
Whoſe harp could ſavage beaſts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd, [yield;
The Nymph had ſoon been brought to
Or, had Embroider'd Mars purſu'd,
The Nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thouſand footſteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew.
For ſuch is all the ſex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light:
They fly, and none can overtake
But ſome gay coxcomb, or a rake.

How

How then, dear Harley, could I gueſs
That you ſhould meet, in love, ſucceſs?
For, if thoſe antient Tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you:
Yet Daphne never ſlack'd her pace,
For wit and learning ſpoil'd his face.
And, ſince the ſame reſemblance held
In gifts, wherein you both excell'd,
I fancy'd ev'ry nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's ſon.
Then where, ſaid I, ſhall Harley find
A virgin of ſuperior mind,
With wit and virtue to diſcover,
And pay the merit of her Lover?
This character ſhall Ca'ndiſh claim,
Born to retrieve her ſex's fame.
The chief among that glitt'ring crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are inſolent and vain)
Madly aſpir'd to wear her chain:
But Pallas, guardian of the Maid,
Deſcending to her Charge's aid,
Held out Meduſa's ſnaky locks,
Which ſtupify'd them all to ſtocks.
The Nymph, with indignation, view'd
The dull, the noiſy, and the lewd:
For Pallas, with celeſtial light,
Had purify'd her mortal ſight;

Shew'd her the Virtues all combin'd,
Freſh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terreſtrial nymphs, by formal arts,
Diſplay their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method ſet,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting ſkill and pow'r to chuſe,
Their only pride is to refuſe.
But, when a Goddeſs would beſtow
Her love on ſome bright youth below,
Round all the earth ſhe caſts her eyes;
And then, deſcending from the ſkies,
Makes choice of him ſhe fancies beſt,
And bids the raviſh'd youth be bleſs'd.
Thus the bright Empreſs of the Morn
Choſe, for her ſpouſe, a mortal born:
The Goddeſs made advances firſt,
Elſe what aſpiring hero durſt?
Tho', like a virgin of fifteen,
She bluſhes when by mortals ſeen;
Still bluſhes, and with ſpeed retires,
When Sol purſues her with his fires.
Diana thus, Heav'n's chaſteſt queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her ſilver chariot came,
And to the Shepherd own'd her flame.
Thus Ca'ndiſh, as Aurora bright,
And chaſter than the Queen of Night,
Deſcended from her ſphere to find
A Mortal of ſuperior kind.

EPIGRAM on Mr. HARLEY being ſtabbed by GUISCARD.

Written by Biſhop ATTERBURY.

DEVOTUM ut cordi ſenſit ſub pectore ferrum
Immoto Harlæus ſaucius ore ſtetit,
Dum tamen huic lætâ gratatur voce Senatus,
Confuſus ſubitò pallor in ore ſedit:
O pudor! O virtus! partes quam dignus utraſque
Suſtinuit, vultu diſpare, laude pari.

On Biſhop BURNET's being ſet on Fire in his Cloſet.

By DOCTOR PARNEL.

FROM that dire æra, bane to Sarum's pride,
Which broke his ſchemes, and laid his friends aſide,
He talks and writes that Pop'ry will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will burn.
What touch'd himſelf was almoſt fairly prov'd,
(Oh, far from Britain be the reſt remov'd!)
For, as of late he meant to bleſs the age
With flagrant Prefaces of party-rage,
O'er-wrought with paſſion and the ſubject's weight,
Lolling, he nodded in his elbow-ſeat,
Down fell the candle; Greaſe and Zeal conſpire,
Heat meets with heat, and Pamphlets burn their Sire.
Here crawls a Preface on its half-burn'd maggots,
And there an Introduction brings it's fagots;
Then roars the Prophet of the Northern Nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming ſpeech on Moderation.
Unwarn'd by this, go on the realm to fright,
Thou Briton, vaunting in thy ſecond-ſight;
In ſuch a Miniſtry you ſafely tell,
How much you'd ſuffer, if Religion fell.

DIRECTIONS

FOR MAKING

A BIRTH-DAY SONG.

Written in the Year M DCC XXIX.

TO form a juſt and finiſh'd piece,
Take twenty Gods of Rome or Greece,
Whoſe godſhips are in chief requeſt,
And fit your preſent ſubject beſt:
And, ſhould it be your Hero's caſe,
To have both male and female race,
Your buſineſs muſt be to provide
A ſcore of Goddeſſes beſide.

Some call their monarchs ſons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Becauſe they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his ſon:
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him ſon of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely ſhall conſent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their ſenſe, 'twixt me and you,
It may be *literally* true.

Next, as the laws of verſe require,
He muſt be greater than his ſire;
For Jove, as ev'ry ſchool-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depoſe:
And ſure no Chriſtian poet breathing
Would be more ſcrup'lous than a Heathen?
Or, if to blaſphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.

Your Hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a---s;
Behold his glitt'ring faulchion mow
Whole ſquadrons at a ſingle blow:
While Victory, with wings outſpread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head.
His milk-white ſteed upon it's haunches,
Or pawing into dead mens paunches:
As Overton has drawn his ſire,
Still ſeen o'er many an ale-houſe fire.
Then from his arm hoarſe thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty muſtard bowls:
For thunder ſtill his arm ſupplies,
And light'ning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conſcience,
And ſerve to echo rattling nonſenſe.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your ſong.

Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To ſing of wars chuſe peaceful times.

What

What tho', for fifteen years and more,
Janus hath lock'd his temple-door;
Tho' not a coffee-houſe we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this ſide Sweden,
Nor London-Journals, nor the Poſtmen,
Tho' fond of warlike lies as moſt men;
Thou ſtill with battles ſtuff thy head full,
For, muſt thy hero not be dreadful?
Diſmiſſing Mars, it next muſt follow
Your conqu'ror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mecænas;
But that he ſtruts, and that he ſquints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can ſhine both day and night.
The firſt, perhaps, may once an age
Inſpire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal, ev'ry day,
Not only can inſpire, but pay.
Then make this new Apollo ſit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
" How from his altitude he ſtoops
" To raiſe up Virtue when ſhe droops;
" On Learning how his bounty flows,
" And with what juſtice he beſtows:
" Fair Iſis, and ye banks of Cam!
" *Be witneſs if* I tell a flam.

" What prodigies in Arts we drain,
" From both your ſtreams, in G—'s reign.
" As from the flow'ry bed of Nile," ——
But here's enough to ſhew your ſtyle.
Broad inuendos, ſuch as this,
If well applied, can hardly miſs:
For, when you bring your ſong in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint;
(It muſt be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled;)
And will be ſo much more your debtor,
Becauſe he never knew a letter.
And, as he bears his wit and ſenſe,
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic ſtrains,
A guinea ſhall reward your pains.
For patrons never pay ſo well,
As when they ſcarce have learn'd to ſpell.
Next call him Neptune: With his trident
He rules the ſea; you ſee him ride in't;
And, if provok'd, he ſoundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have ſeiz'd the Spaniſh plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports beſiege 'em,
But that he would not diſoblige them;
And made the raſcals pay him dearly
For thoſe affronts they give him yearly.

'Tis

'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we ſcrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in ſatiric wit.
But you ſome white-lead ink muſt get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your int'reſt lies to learn the knack
Of whit'ning what before was black.
Thus your encomium, to be ſtrong,
Muſt be apply'd directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praiſe,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A ſquinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his gen'rous mind:
And, when we ſtarve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleaſing princes:
For, princes love you ſhould deſcant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But ſongſters muſt omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why then, your hero muſt be told,

In him ſuch virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent,
That, with no title to inherit,
He muſt have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly falſe and partly true;
And, take it right, it means no more
Than G[illegible]e and W[illegible]m claim'd before.
Should ſome obſcure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the Youth of Pella,
When all your liſt of Gods is out,
Preſume to ſhew his mortal ſnout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Becauſe he had the world ſubdu'd;
Oh, let him not debaſe your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.
Of Gods I only quote the beſt,
But you may hook in all the reſt.
Now, Birth-day Bard, with joy proceed
To praiſe your Empreſs and her breed.
Firſt of the firſt, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the ſkies;
The Graces, and their miſtreſs Venus,
Muſt venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees, when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor ſhall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam;

Sir,

Six thouſand years has liv'd the Goddeſs,
Your Heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Beſides, you ſongſters oft have ſhown
That ſhe hath Graces of her own:
Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Juſt three, and ev'ry Grace a daughter.
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their ſnowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their Engliſh-German couſins:
Beſides a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
Now ſee her ſeated in her throne
With genuine luſtre, all her own:
Poor Cynthia never ſhone ſo bright,
Her ſplendor is but borrow'd light;
And only with her Brother linkt
Can ſhine, without him is extinct.
But Caroline ſhines the clearer
With neither ſpouſe nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our iſles,
Tho' George is gone a thouſand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heav'nly race;
And ſees a ſon in ev'ry God,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-ſhaking nod.
Now ſing his little Highneſs ****, Goddy
Who ſtruts like any king already:

With ſo much beauty, ſhew me any maid
That could reſiſt this charming Ganymede?
Where majeſty with ſweetneſs vies,
And, like his father, early wiſe.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And ſwear his line ſhall rule the nation
For ever —— 'till the conflagration.
But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little D—ke behind;
A Cupid in his face and ſize,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make ſome proviſion for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whoſe pocket valiant Willy put,
Will ſoon ſubdue the realm of Lilliput.
A ſkilful critic juſtly blames [names.
Hard, tough, crank, gutt'ral, harſh, ſtiff
The ſenſe can ne'er be too jejune,
But ſmooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunſwic are too rough:
Heſſe Darmſtadt makes a rugged ſound,
And Guelp the ſtrongeſt ear will wound.

In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I muſt except the Rhine,
Becauſe it clinks to Caroline.
Hail! Queen of Britain, Queen of rhymes!
Be ſung ten hundred thouſand times!
Too happy were the poets crew,
If their own happineſs they knew:
Three ſyllables did never meet
So ſoft, ſo fliding, and ſo ſweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels ſtand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring conſonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young! —— in ſong.
What tho' the royal carcaſe muſt,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to duſt?
Thoſe elements her name compoſe,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
Tho' Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet ſtill you muſt conſult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like ſteel,
But Albion's Cliffs are out at heel;

And

And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic Lion roar.
Give up the phraſe of Haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia ſoundly maul:
Reſtore the ſhips by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to ſave his bacon.
Naſſau, who got the name of Glorious
Becauſe he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you ſhare his fate,
And bear the new ſucceſſor's frown;
Or, whom you once ſang up, ſing down.
Reject with ſcorn that ſtupid notion,
To praiſe your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought ſo odd,
That princes ſhould believe in God;
But follow the ſecureſt rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choiceſt wit at Court,
And gives the maids of honour ſport.
For, ſince they talkt with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That ſound Divine the truth hath ſpoke all,
And pawn'd his word, Hell is not local.

This

This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains ſold, or meanings double.
Suppoſing now your ſong is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to ſome Italian tune:
Then print it in the largeſt letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Preſent it boldly on your knee,
And take a Guinea for your fee.

On the HERMITAGE at RICHMOND.

LEWIS, the living learned fed,
And rais'd the ſcientific head:
Our frugal Queen, to ſave her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION drawn from the above Epigram, and ſent to the DRAPIER.

SINCE Anna, whoſe bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And ſince our good Queen to the wiſe is ſo juſt,
To raiſe heads for ſuch as are humbled in duſt
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted:
Prithee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

Dr. SWIFT's ANSWER.

HER Majeſty never ſhall be my exalter;
And yet ſhe would raiſe me, I know,
— by a halter.

BILLET to the COMPANY of PLAYERS.

THE incloſed Prologue is formed upon the ſtory of the Secretary's not ſuffering you to act, unleſs you would pay him 300 *l. per annum*, upon which you got a licence from the Lord Mayor to act as ſtrollers.

The Prologue ſuppoſes, that, upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country-ſtrollers came and hired the Play-houſe, and your cloaths, *&c.* to act in.

The PROLOGUE.

OUR ſet of ſtrollers, wand'ring up and down,
Hearing the Houſe was empty, came to town;
And, with a licence from our good Lord May'r,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a play'r:
Him we perſuaded with a mod'rate bribe,
To ſpeak to Elrington, and all the tribe,
To let our company ſupply their places,
And hire us out their ſcenes, and cloaths, and faces.

Is

Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look ſharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were ſervants to the king,
We, humble ſtrollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think upon the whole,
Rather than ſtarve, a better man would ſtrole.

Stay, let me ſee — Three hundred pounds a year,
For leave to act in town? 'Tis plaguy dear.
Now, here's a warrant; Gallants, pleaſe to mark,
For three thirteens and ſixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
The public ſhould beſtow the actors ſix.
A ſcore of guineas, given under-hand,
For a good word or ſo, we underſtand.
To help an honeſt lad that's out of place,
May coſt a crown or ſo; a common caſe:
And, in a crew, 'tis no injuſtice thought
To ſhip a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of ſervants paying wages?

I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part.
I told him what it was to be a ſtroller,
How free we acted, and had no controller:
In ev'ry town we wait on Mr. May'r,
Firſt get a licence, then produce our ware:
We ſound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
Huzza! the ſchool-boys roar, the play'rs are come!
And then we cry, to ſpur the bumkins on,
Gallants, by Tueſday next we muſt be gone.
I told him, in the ſmootheſt way I could,
All this and more, yet it would do no good.
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has ſhone with Betterton and Weeks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who choſe to leave his deareſt pledges here,
Owns all your favours; here intends to ſtay,
And, as a ſtroller, act in ev'ry play:
And the whole crew this reſolution takes,
To live and die all ſtrollers for your ſakes;
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your diſpleaſure is their only ſhame.

A pox

A pox on Elrington's majeſtic tone!
Now to a word of bus'neſs in our own.

Gallants, next Thurſday night will be our laſt,
Then, without fail, we pack up for Belfaſt,
Loſe not your time, nor our diverſions miſs,
The next we act ſhall be as good as this.

THE

YAHOO'S OVERTHROW;

OR,

The KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD, upon Serjeant Kite's inſulting the Dean.

To the Tune of *Derry down.*

JOLLY boys of St. Kevans, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told be-fore,
How B—th, that booby, and S—l in grain,
Hath inſulted us all by inſulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we ev'ry one know,
But this ſkip of a Lawyer, where the De'el did he grow?
How greater's his merit at four Courts or Houſe,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louſe?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do ſhow,
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:

His rhet'ric, bombaſt, ſilly jeſts, are by far
More like to lampooning than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at ſpeaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all ſorts but ap-plauſe;
Has, with noiſe and odd geſtures, been prat-ing ſome years,
What honeſter folks never durſt for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of all ſizes and ſorts, the Fanatical crew
Are his Brother Proteſtants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbant's the ſame,
What the De'el is't to him whence they came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolſton, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the taylor,
Are Chriſtians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a Chriſtian as good as the reſt of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

only the rights of the clergy debates,
eir rights! their importance! We'll ſet
on new rates
their tythes at half-nothing, their
prieſthood at leſs: [gueſs.
ıat's next to be voted with eaſe you may
Knock him down, &c.

length his Old Maſter (I need not him
name) [a ſhame;
this damnable Speaker had long ow'd
ıen his ſpeech came abroad, he paid him
off clean,
leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

kindled, as if the whole Satire had been
e oppreſſion of Virtue, not wages of Sin:
began as he bragg'd, with a rant and
a roar; [how he ſwore.
bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he ſwore
Knock him down, &c.

o' he cring'd to his Deanſhip in very low
ſtrains, [brains,
others he boaſted of knocking out
d ſlitting of noſes, and cropping of cars,
ıile his own aſs's Zaggs were more fit
for the ſhears.
Knock him down, &c.

On this Worrier of Deans whene'er we can hit, [to ſlit;
We'll ſhew him the way how to crop and
We'll teach him ſome better addreſs to afford [a ſword.
To the Dean of all Deans, tho' he wears not
Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him thro' Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore, [before;
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted
We'll oil him with kennel, and powd'r him with grains,
A modus right fit for inſulters of Deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends, [and be friends:
To the Dean he ſhall go; they ſhall kiſs,
But how? Why, the Dean ſhall to him diſcloſe [noſe.
A face for to kiſs, without eyes, ears, or
Knock him down, &c.

If you ſay this is hard, on a man that is reckon'd
That ſerjeant at law, whom we call Kite the Second,

You

You miſtake; for a Slave, who will coax
his ſuperiors, [poſteriors.
May be proud to be licking a great man's
Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his paſſion
or pride? [hide:
Tho' his ſoul he deſpiſes, he values his
Then fear not his tongue, or his ſword, or
his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down,—keep him down.

ON THE

ARCHBISHOP of CASHEL, and BETTESWORTH.

DEAR Dick, prithee tell by what paſſion you move? [love;
The world is in doubt, whether hatred or
And, while at good Caſhel you rail with ſuch ſpite,
They ſhrewdly ſuſpect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, tho' ſo loudly you vapour, [Drapier.
His ſpite cannot wound, who attempted the
Then, prithee reflect, take a word of advice; [a trice:
And, as your old wont is, change ſides in
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very beſt way; [ſay,
And ſay of the man what all honeſt men
But if, ſtill obdurate, your anger remains,
If ſtill your foul boſom more rancour contains;
Say then more than they; nay, laviſhly flatter, [ſpatter,
'Tis your groſs panegyrics alone can be-
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to ſpeak plain, [clean.
Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they

Or

ON THE

IRISH-CLUB.

Written in the Year M DCC XXIX.

YE paultry underlings of ſtate,
Ye ſenators, who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who, for a dinner, ſell a vote;
Ye pack of penſionary Peers,
Whoſe fingers itch for poets ears;
Ye biſhops far remov'd from ſaints,
Why all this rage? Why theſe complaints?
Why againſt Printers all this noiſe?
This ſummoning of blackguard boys?
Why ſo ſagacious in your gueſſes?
Your *effs* and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *eſſes?*
Take my advice; to make you ſafe,
I know a ſhorter way by half.
The point is plain: Remove the cauſe;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be ſometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely deſpiſe Champagne at Court,
And chuſe to dine at home with Port:

Let Princes, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor ſell what they ſo dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true ſatyric muſe
Virtue or innocence abuſe;
And 'tis againſt poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

Dr. SWIFT. to Himself, ON SAINT CECILIA's DAY.

GRave Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to paſs,
That you, who know muſic no more than an aſs,
That you, who ſo lately were writing of Drapiers, ſcrapers?
Should lend your Cathedral to players and
To act ſuch an opera once in a year,
So offenſive to ev'ry true Proteſtant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and ſinging,
Will ſure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
No Proteſtant prelate, his Lordſhip, or Grace,
Durſt there ſhew his Right or Moſt Reverend face:
How would it pollute their croſiers and rochets,
To liſten to minims, and quavers, and crotchets?

The reſt is wanting.

To

TO

STELLA.

MARCH 13, MDCC XXIII-IV.

[Written on the Day of her Birth, but not on the Subject, when I was ſick in bed.]

TORMENTED with inceſſant pains,
Can I deviſe poetic ſtrains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verſe on Stella's native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve ſhe ever ſaw the light.
Ungrateful; ſince to her I owe
That I theſe pains can undergo.
She tends me, like an humble ſlave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutiſh paſſions break,
With gall in ev'ry word I ſpeak,
She, with ſoft ſpeech, my anguiſh chears,
Or melts my paſſions down with tears:
Although 'tis eaſy to deſcry
She wants aſſiſtance more than I;
Yet ſeems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own.

When, among ſcholars, can we find
So ſoft, and yet ſo firm a mind?
All accidents of life conſpire
To raiſe up Stella's virtue higher;
Or elſe, to introduce the reſt
Which had been latent in her breaſt.
Her firmneſs who could e'er have known,
Had ſhe not evils of her own?
Her kindneſs who could ever gueſs,
Had not her friends been in diſtreſs?
Whatever baſe returns you find
From me, Dear Stella, ſtill be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Tho' I continue ſtill a brute.
But when I once am out of pain,
I promiſe to be good again:
Meantime your other juſter friends
Shall for my follies make amends:
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

ON THE

GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

By Dr. DELANY.

AMPHORA, quæ mœſtum linquis, lætumque reviſes
Arentem dominum, ſit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depoſitum ſerves, neve opprime marmor,
Amphora non meruit tam pretioſa mori.

EPITAPH on the GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

By the ſame.

HÔC tumulata jacet proles Lenæa ſepulchro,
Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet,
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo:
Bis natum referunt te quoque Bacche Pater.

To Mr. DELANY.

Written NOVEMBER 10, MDCCXVIII.

TO you, whoſe virtues, I muſt own
With ſhame, I have too lately known;
To you, by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have ſought,
Had not ill Fate, perverſe and blind,
Plac'd you in life too far behind;
Or, what I ſhould repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before:
To you the Muſe this verſe beſtows,
Which might as well have been in proſe:
No thought, no fancy, no ſublime,
But ſimple topics told in rhyme.

Talents for converſation fit,
Are humour, breeding, ſenſe, and wit:
The laſt, as boundleſs as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd:
For, ſure, by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can deſcribe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite,
That gives ſurpriſe, and this delight.

Humo

Humour is odd, groteſque, and wild,
Only by affectation ſpoil'd:
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.

Our converſation to refine,
Humour and wit muſt both combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein ſometimes the French excel.
Voiture, in various lights, diſplays
That irony which turns to praiſe:
His genius firſt found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A ſatire where he moſt commends.

But, as a poor pretending beau,
Becauſe he fain would make a ſhow,
Nor can arrive at ſilver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the diff'rence lay abſtruſe
'Twixt raillery and groſs abuſe;
To ſhew their parts, will ſcold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.

Such

Such is the clan of boiſt'rous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but to gibe;
Who firſt run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horſe-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence The Club.
I mean your Butler, Dawſon, Car,
All ſpecial friends, and always jar.

The mettled and the vicious ſteed
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Lee
As rudeneſs is to repartee.

If what you ſaid, I wiſh unſpoke,
'Twill not ſuffice, it was a joke:
Reproach not, tho' in jeſt, a friend
For thoſe defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, ſhape, or ſenſe,
If nam'd with ſcorn, gives juſt offence.

What uſe in life to make men fret,
Part in worſe humour than they met?
Thus all ſociety is loſt,
Men laugh at one another's coſt;

And

And half the company is teaz'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For, all buffoons have moſt in view
To pleaſe themſelves by vexing you.

You wonder now to ſee me write
So gravely on a ſubject light;
Some part of what I here deſign
Regards a Friend * of your's and mine;
Who, neither void of ſenſe nor wit,
Yet ſeldom judges what is fit,
But ſallies oft beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeaſurable rounds.

When jeſts are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for ſhame,
Yet ſtill you think your friend to blame.
For, though men cry they love a jeſt,
'Tis but when others ſtand the teſt:
And, would you have their meaning known?
They love a jeſt that is their own.

You muſt, although the point be nice,
Beſtow your friend ſome good advice:

* He means Dr. Sheridan.

One hint from you will ſet him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, obſerve with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to ſpare;
Nor, indiſtinctly, to ſuppoſe
All ſubjects like Dan Jackſon's noſe:
To ſtudy the obliging jeſt
By reading thoſe who teach it beſt;
For proſe I recommend Voiture's,
For verſe (I ſpeak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the ſecret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more ſhall then accuſe
The flirts of his ill-manner'd muſe.

If he be guilty, you muſt mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

AN

INVITATION to DINNER,

FROM

DOCTOR SHERIDAN to DOCTOR SWIFT.

Written in the Year M DCC XXVII.

I'VE ſent to the ladies * this morning, to warn 'em [farnam;
To order their chaiſe, and repair to † Rath-
Where you ſhall be welcome to dine, if your Deanſhip [la's leanſhip ‡.
Can take up with me, and my friend Stel-
I've got you ſome ſoals, and a freſh bleeding bret, [net:
That's juſt diſengag'd from the toils of a
An excellent loin of fat veal to be roaſted,
With lemons, and butter, and ſippets well toaſted:
Some larks that deſcended, miſtaking the ſkies, [her eyes;
Which Stella brought down by the light of

* Mrs. Johnſon [Stella] and her friend Mrs. Dingley.

† A village near Dublin, where Dr. Sheridan had a country-houſe.

‡ Stella was at this time in a very declining ſtate of health. She died the January following.

AND

And there, like Narciſſus, they gaz'd till they dy'd,
And now they're to lie in ſome crumbs that are fry'd.
My wine will inſpire you with joy and delight,
'Tis mellow, and old, and ſparkling, and bright;
An emblem of one that you love I ſuppoſe,
Who gathers more lovers the older ſhe grows *.
Let me be your Gay, and let Stella be Pope,
We'll wean you from ſighing for England I hope:
When we are together there's nothing that is dull,
There's nothing like Durfey, or Smedley, or Tiſdall. †
We've ſworn to make out an agreeable feaſt,
Our dinner, our wine, and our wit to your taſte.

Your anſwer in half an hour, tho' you are at Prayers; you have a pencil in your pocket.

* He means Stella, who was certainly one of the moſt amiable women in the world.

† A gentleman of wit and learning, who had written ſome very ſarcaſtic verſes upon Sheridan.

DINGLEY, and BRENT.*

A SONG.

To the Tune of *Ye Commons and Peers.*

DINGLEY and Brent
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was ſpoken;
Whatever was ſaid,
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own ſilly joking.

Should Solomon wiſe
In majeſty riſe,
And ſhew them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jeſt,
And pleaſe all the reſt,
Comes Dingley, and aſks you, What was it?
And curious to know,
Away ſhe will go
To ſeek an old rag in the cloſet.

* Dr. Swift's houſe-keeper.

A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT for BEC.*

Written in the Year M DCC XXIII-IV.

RETURNING Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new ſupply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
Who thus diſplays the New-year's-gift.

Firſt, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertneſs, Robin's leaſings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on ev'ry ſide
With Stella's magiſterial pride.
Behold a cage with ſparrows fill'd,
Firſt to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With ſix imagin'd cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus ſends
Concerns by thouſands for your friends:
And here's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.

* Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.

Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Leſt you the town may have leſs trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca * cares to Dublin,
For which he ſends this empty ſack;
And ſo take all upon your back.

* A country houſe of Dr. Sheridan's.

BEC's BIRTH-DAY.

NOVEMBER 8th, D MCC XXVI.

THIS day, dear Bec, is thy nativity,
Had fate a lucky'r one, ſhe'd give it ye:
She choſe a thread of greateſt length
And doubly twiſted it for ſtrength;
Nor will be able with her ſhears
To cut it off theſe forty years.
Then, who ſays care will kill a cat?
Rebecca ſhews they're out in that.
For ſhe, tho' over-run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.

As, if the gout ſhould ſeize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extreameſt parts,
They give the ſick man joy, and praiſe
The gout that will prolong his days:
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, tho' philoſophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,
By arbitrary pow'r convey her
She ne'er conſiders why, or where:

Her hands may meddle, feet may wonder,
Her head is but a mere by-ſtander:
And all her buſtling but ſupplies
The part of wholeſome exerciſe:
Thus, nature hath reſolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives and eke the care.

Long may ſhe live, and help her friends
Whene'er it ſuits her private ends;
Domeſtic buſineſs never mind
'Till coffee has her ſtomach lin'd;
But, when her breakfaſt gives her courage,
Then, think on Stella's chicken porridge;
I mean when Tyger* has been ſerv'd,
Or elſe poor Stella may be ſtarv'd.

May Bec have many an evening nap
With Tyger ſlabb'ring in her lap;
But always take a ſpecial care
She does not overſet the chair;
Still be ſhe curious, never hearken
To any ſpeech but Tyger's barking.

And, when ſhe's in another ſcene,
Stella long dead, but firſt the Dean,
May Fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will pleaſe her better;

* Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog. See Verſes on him, Vol. XIV. p. 151.

Whole

Whole afternoons will ſit beſide her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her;
A goodly ſet as can be found
Of hearty goſſips prating round;
Freſh from a wedding, or a chriſt'ning,
To teach her ears the art of liſt'ning,
And pleaſe her more to hear them tattle
Than the Dean ſtorm, or Stella rattle.

Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to elyſian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her.

MY LADY'S * LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT againſt the DEAN.

JULY 28, 1728.

SURE never did man ſee
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teaz'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight;
To puniſh my ſins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe: †
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean,
The Dean never ſtops,
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite over-run
With rebus and pun.

Before he came here
To ſpunge for good cheer,
I ſat with delight,
From morning till night,

* Lady Acheſon, wife to Sir Arthur Acheſon.
† The Dean uſed to call her by thoſe names.

With two bony thumbs
Could rub my own gums,
Or ſcratching my noſe,
And jogging my toes;
But at preſent, forſooth,
I muſt not rub a tooth:
When my elbows he ſees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And juſt as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I ſink in the ſpleen,
An uſeleſs machine.

If he had his will,
I ſhould never ſit ſtill:
He comes with his whims,
I muſt move my limbs;
I cannot be ſweet
Without uſing my feet;
To lengthen my breath
He tires me to death.
By the worſt of all Squires,
Thro' bogs and thro' briers,

Where a cow would be ſtartled,
I'm in ſpite of my heart led:
And, ſay what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
'Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My ſpirit's quite ſhatter'd,
I return home at night,
And faſt out of ſpite:
For I'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er ſhould be ſaid
I was better for him,
In ſtomach or limb.

But, now to my diet,
No eating in quiet,
He's ſtill finding fault,
Too ſour or too ſalt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick,
But traſh without meaſure
I ſwallow with pleaſure.

Next, for his diverſion,
He rails at my perſon:
What court-breeding this is?
He takes me to pieces.
From ſhoulder to flank
I'm lean and am lank;

My

My noſe, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not ſtay,
But meets it half way:
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked ſticks:
He ſwears my el----bows
Are two iron crows,
Or ſharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my ſmocks:
To 'ſcape them, Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his ſides they would gore
Like the tuſk of a boar.

Now, changing the ſcene,
But ſtill to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he ſees her but once,
He'll ſwear ſhe's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books:
Thro' each line of her face
Her folly can trace;
Which ſpoils ev'ry feature
Beſtow'd her by nature,
But ſenſe gives a grace
To the homelieſt face:

Wiſe books and reflection
Will mend the complexion.
(A civil Divine!
I ſuppoſe meaning mine.)
No Lady who wants them
Can ever be handſome.

I gueſs well enough
What he means by this ſtuff:
He haws and he hums,
At laſt out it comes.

What, Madam? No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You're now in your prime,
Make uſe of your time.
Conſider, before
You come to threeſcore,
How the huſſies will fleer
Where'er you appear:
That filly old puſs
Would fain be like us,
What a figure ſhe made
In her tarniſh'd brocade?

And then he grows mild:
Come, be a good child:
If you are inclin'd
To poliſh your mind,

Be ador'd by the men
'Till threeſcore and ten,
And kill with the ſpleen
The jades of ſixteen,
I'll ſhew you the way:
Read ſix hours a-day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.

Thus was I drawn in,
Forgive me my ſin.
At breakfaſt he'll aſk
An account of my taſk.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miſs but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am ſerious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Muſt come in my ſight;
But, inſtead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Eſſays,
And pore ev'ry day on
That naſty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confin'd.

But, while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will ſwear,
Is at ſtudy or pray'r.
He's all the day ſaunt'ring,
With labourers bant'ring,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among us
And bribes with mundungus.)
Hail fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Whoſe maſter, whoſe man;
Who makes the beſt figure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the beſt
At cracking a jeſt.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzacks and walks;
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boaſts of his feats,
His grottos and ſeats;
Shews all his gew-gaws,
And gapes for applauſe?
A fine occupation
For one in his ſtation!

A hole where a rabbit
Would ſcorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour,
He calls it a bow'r.

But, Oh, how we laugh,
To ſee a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green ſeat;
Or run helter-ſkelter
To his arbor for ſhelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing.
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers,
And thorns, to make fires;
But yet are ſo kind
To leave ſomething behind:
No more need be ſaid on't,
I ſmell when I tread on't.

Dear friend, Doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmſley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it ſo,

That I'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No 'Squire to be found
The neighbourhood round,
(For, under the roſe,
I would rather chuſe thoſe:)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity,
To eaſe a poor Lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be ſeen
No more in the ſpleen:
May Walmſley give wine,
Like a hearty divine;
May Whaley diſgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face;
And may your three ſpouſes
Let you lie at friends houſes.

TO

DEAN SWIFT.

By Sir ARTHUR ACHESON.

Written in the Year MDCCXXVIII.

GOOD cauſe have I to ſing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier:
He, that of ev'ry ear's the charmer,
Now condeſcends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his ſtrains;
Lives ſuch a Bard on Britiſh plains?
No; not in all the Britiſh Court;
For none but witlings there reſort,
Whoſe names and works (tho' dead) are
Immortal by the Dunciad; [made
And ſure, as monument of braſs,
Their fame to future times ſhall paſs,
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of Brazen Knight they vainly ſung:
A ſubject for their genius fit;
He dares defy both ſenſe and wit.
What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the leaſt pretence
To common law, or common ſenſe;

A biſhop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons ſhine:
Nay, he can make what's greater far,
A middle-ſtate 'twixt peace and war;
And ſay, there ſhall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill! at leaſt,
That court and courtiers have no taſte:
You never elſe had known the Dean,
But, as of old, obſcurely lain;
All things gone on the ſame dull track,
And Drapier's-hill been ſtill Drumlack;
But now your name with Penſhurſt vies,
And wing'd with fame ſhall reach the ſkies.

THE

DEAN's REASONS

FOR

Not BUILDING at DRAPIER's HILL.*

I WILL not build on yonder mount:
And, ſhould you call me to account,
Conſulting with myſelf, I find,
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
No fault of mine, the ſcheme is ended:
Nor can you tax me as unſteady,
I have a hundred cauſes ready:
All riſen ſince that flatt'ring time,
When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.

I am, as now too late I find,
The greateſt cully of mankind:
The loweſt boy in Martin's ſchool
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form ſo wild a viſion,
To ſeek, in deſerts, Fields Elyſian?
To live in fear, ſuſpicion, variance,
With Thieves, Fanatics, and Barbarians?

* See Note, Vol. VII. p. 139.

But here my Lady will object;
Your Deanſhip ought to recollect,
That, near the Knight of Gosford * plac't,
Whom you allow a man of taſte,
Your intervals of time to ſpend
With ſo converſible a friend,
It would not ſignify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.

'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a us'rer's plumbs;
Though I ſhould ſee him twice a day,
And am his neighbour croſs the way;
If all my rhetoric muſt fail
To ſtrike him for a pot of ale?

Thus, when the learned and the wiſe
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And, from deſerving friends, with-hold
Their gifts, as miſers do their gold;
Their knowledge, to themſelves confin'd,
Is the ſame avarice of mind:
Nor makes their converſation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's Knight,
Who keeps his wiſdom out of ſight;
Whoſe uncommunicative heart,
Will ſcarce one precious word impart:

* Sir Arthur Acheſon's Great-grandfather was Sir Archibald of Gosford, in Scotland.

Still rapt in ſpeculations deep,
His outward ſenſes faſt aſleep;
Who, while I talk, a ſong will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the ſkies tranſports his mind,
And leaves a lifeleſs corpſe behind.

But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To underſtand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who ſend my mind (as I believe) leſs
Than others do, on errands ſleeveleſs;
Can liſten to a tale humdrum,
And, with attention, read Tom Thumb;
My ſpirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphyſics ſmatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dreams of worlds intelligible;
And think all notions too abſtracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourſe of minds can be
Betwixt the Knight ſublime and me?
If when I talk, as talk I muſt,
It is but prating to a buſt.

Where friendſhip is by Fate deſign'd,
It forms an union in the mind:

VIII.

Never more will I ſuppoſe
You can taſte my verſe or proſe;

IX.

You no more at me ſhall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

X.

You ſhall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI.

Shew your poverty of ſpirit,
And in dreſs place all your merit;
Give yourſelf ten thouſand airs,
That with me ſhall break no ſquares.

XII.

Never will I give advice
'Till you pleaſe to aſk me thrice;
Which, if you in ſcorn reject,
'Twill be juſt as I expect.

Thus we both ſhall have our ends,
And continue ſpecial friends.

ROBIN and HARRY*.

ROBIN, to beggars, with a curſe,
Throws the laſt ſhilling in his purſe;
And, when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue muſt call another day.

Grave Harry, when the poor are preſſing,
Gives them a penny, and God's bleſſing;
But, always careful of the main,
With two-pence left, walks home in rain.

Robin, from noon to night, will prate,
Runs out in tongue, as in eſtate;
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to ſay.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a ſtory twice;
And, if he always be ſo thrifty,
His fund may laſt till five and fifty.

It ſo fell out, that cautious Harry,
As ſoldiers uſe, for love muſt marry,
And, with his Dame, the ocean croſt,
All for Love, or the World well Loſt.

* Theſe gentlemen were ſons of the famous Dr. Leſlie, and one of them was a colonel in the Spaniſh ſervice. See Vol. VII. p. 168.

Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Juſt big enough to ſhelter two in;
And in his houſe, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum.
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her ſpouſe;
Or darns his hoſe, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and ſix,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A miſtreſs worth five thouſand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her;
And ſell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a meſs of broth.

Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quinteſſence of beaux;
But, when eſpous'd, he ran the fate
That muſt attend the marry'd ſtate;
From gold brocade and ſhining armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt beſmear'd,
Nor twice a week will ſhave his beard.

Old Robin, all his youth a ſloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduaſoy,
A flaxen wig, and waiſtcoat gay,
Powder'd from ſhoulder down to flank,
In courtly ſtyle addreſſes Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life:
Supplying thoſe defects by dreſs,
Which I muſt leave the world to gueſs

THE

FIVE LADIES ANSWER

TO THE

BEAU with the WIG and WINGS at his Head. *

YOU little ſcribbling Beau,
What Dæmon made you write?
Becauſe to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment ſo ſcurvy,
I wiſh we had you here;
We'd turn you topſy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we choſe;
We're ſure a ſingle Parſon
Is worth a hundred Beaux.

And you would make us vaſſals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To ſilver-clocks and taſſels;
You wou'd, you Thing of Things!

* *See a poem on the* Five Ladies at Sots-Hole, Vol. VII. *p. 125, to which this poem is an anſwer.*

Becauſe

Becauſe around your cane
A ring of diamonds is ſet;
And you, in ſome bye-lane,
Have gain'd a paultry grizette:

Shall we, of ſenſe refin'd,
Your trifling nonſenſe bear,
As noiſy as the wind,
As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle,
And vow and ſwear 'tis true;
There's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU's REPLY TO THE FIVE LADIES ANSWER.

WHY, how now dapper Black,
I ſmell your gown and caſſock,
As ſtrong upon your back,
As Tiſdal ſmells of a ſock.

To write ſuch ſcurvy ſtuff!
Fine Ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine Ladies, when they write,
Nor ſcold, nor keep a ſplutter:
Their verſes give delight,
As ſoft and ſweet as butter.

But Satan never ſaw
Such haggard lines as theſe:
They ſtick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk-cheeſe.

A LETTER FROM Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

I'D have you to know, as ſure as you're Dean,
On Thurſday my caſk of Obrien I'll drain:
If my wife is not willing, I ſay ſhe's a quean,
And my right to the cellar, I Gad I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
Go tell her it over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For, ſhould it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Intirely extinguiſh my poetic vein;
And then I ſhould be as ſtupid as Kain,
Who preach'd on three heads, tho' he mention'd but twain.
Now Wardel's in haſte, and begins to complain;
Your moſt humble ſervant, Dear Sir, I remain, T. S——N.

Get Helſham, Walmſley, Delany,
And ſome Grattans, if there be any *,
Take care you do not bid t many.

* *i. e.* In Dublin, for the
the city.

Dr. SWIFT's ANSWER

TO

DOCTOR SHERIDAN.

THE verſes you ſent on the bottling your wine
Were, in ev'ry one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I muſt confeſs, as a Dean and divine,
I think you inſpir'd by the Muſes all nine.
I nicely examin'd them ev'ry line,
And the worſt of them all, like a barn-door, did ſhine.
Oh, that Jove would give me ſuch a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would ſcorn to combine:
I know they have many a wicked deſign;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wiſh, honeſt comrade of mine,
You would really on Thurſday leave St. Catherine *, [like a ſwine.
Where I hear you are cramm'd ev'ry day
With me you'll no more have a ſtomach to dine,

* St. Catherine's, the ſeat of Lady Mountcaſſer, about ſix miles from Dublin.

Nor, after your vittles lie ſleeping ſupine:
So I wiſh you were toothleſs, like Lord Maſ-
ſerine.
But, were you as wicked as leud Aretine,
I wiſh you would tell me which way you
incline. [line,
If, when you return, your road you don't
On Thurſday I'll pay my reſpects at your
ſhrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In ſquare, or in oppoſite circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thurſday be falter than
brine: [from the kine,
I hope you have ſwill'd, with new milk
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the
Rhine; [line.
And Dan ſhall be with us, with noſe aqui-
If you do not come back, we ſhall weep
out our eyn, [ine.
Or may your gown never be good Luther-
The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine:
But, if too many come, your Madam will
whine; [ſpine.
And then you may kiſs the low end of her
But enough of this Poetry Alexandrine:
I hope you will not think this a Paſquine.

A PORTRAIT from the LIFE.

COME ſit by my ſide, while this picture I draw:
In chatt'ring a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the Devil himſelf could not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of buſy and idle.
As rude as a bear, no mule half ſo crabbed;
She ſwills like a ſow, and ſhe breeds like a rabbit:
A houſe-wife in bed, at table a flattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas*, Ford†, Grattan‡, and merry Dan §,
Has this any likeneſs to good Madam Sheridan?

* Doctor Thomas Sheridan.
† Charles Ford of Woodpark, Eſq;
‡ Reverend John Grattan.
§ Reverend Daniel Jackſon.

THE

DEAN AND DUKE.*

James B[illegible]gs and the Dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd; of courſe their friendſhip ends.
But ſure the Dean deſerves a ſharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boaſt he knows the Duke.
Yet, ſince juſt Heav'n the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is loſt by ſtocks,
His wings are clipp'd; he tries no more in vain,
With bands of fidlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The Duke and Dean ſeem near upon a level.
Oh! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humphry, [thy bum free.
From bailiffs' claws thou ſcarce couldſt keep
A Duke to know a Dean! Go, ſmooth thy crown:
Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a Duke thou art; ſo pleas'd the King:
Oh! would his Majeſty but add a ſtring.

* See an Epigram, Vol. VII. p. 389.

A

SATIRICAL ELEGY

On the DEATH of a late

FAMOUS GENERAL.

HIS Grace! impoſſible! what dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that Mighty Warrior fall?
And ſo inglorious, after all!
Well, ſince he's gone, no matter how,
The laſt loud trump muſt wake him now:
And, truſt me, as the noiſe grows ſtronger,
He'd wiſh to ſleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed ſo old
As by the news-papers we're told?
Threeſcore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conſcience he ſhould die.
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the ſnuff;
And that's the reaſon, ſome folks think,
He left behind *ſo great a ſ—k.*
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's ſighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at ſuch times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progreſs of his herſe.

But what of that, his friends may ſay,
He had thoſe honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he dy'd.

Come hither, all ye empty things,
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of Kings;
Who float upon the tide of ſtate,
Come hither, and behold your fate.
Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a Duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he ſprung.

AN

EPITAPH

ON

General G****S and Lady M**TH.

UNDER this ſtone lie Dicky and Dolly;
Doll dying firſt, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick loſt in Doll a wife tender and dear,
But Dick loſt by Doll twelve hundred a year.
A loſs that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick ſigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms croſt;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he loſt:
The firſt vex'd him much, the other vex'd moſt.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick ſigh'd and he cry'd;
To live without both full three days he try'd:
But lik'd neither loſs, and ſo quietly dy'd.

Dick

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray ſhed ſome tears of ſalt water;
For ſo ſad a tale is no ſubject of laughter.

M—th ſmiles for the jointure, tho' gotten ſo late;
The ſon laughs that got the hard-gotten eſtate;
And * Cuff grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to riſe one day,
Both ſolemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here reſt; *ſic tranſit gloria mundi.*

* General G——s's ſon-in-law.

THE

PHEASANT and the LARK.

A FABLE.

By Dr. DELANY.

—— *Quis iniquæ*
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat ſe?
JUVENAL.

IN antient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have con'd the records right)
A Peacock reign'd, whoſe glorious ſway
His ſubjects with delight obey;
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold,
(Fair emblem of that Monarch's guiſe,
Whoſe train at once is rich and wiſe)
And princely rul'd he many regions,
And ſtateſmen wiſe, and valiant legions.

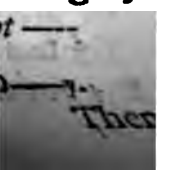
A Pheaſant Lord *, above the reſt,
With ev'ry grace and talent bleſt,
Was ſent to ſway, with all his ſkill,
The ſcepter of a neighb'ring Hill †;

* Lord Carteret, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.
† *Ireland.*

No ſcience was to him unknown,
For all the Arts were all his own:
In all the living learned read,
Tho' more delighted with the dead:
For birds, if antient Tales ſay true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too,
Cou'd read and write in proſe and verſe,
And ſpeak like ***, and build like † Pearce.
He knew their voices, and their wings,
Who ſmootheſt ſoars, who ſweeteſt ſings;
Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true ſublime:
Their merits he could well deſcry.
He had ſo exquiſite an eye;
And when that fail'd, to ſhew them clear,
He had as exquiſite an ear.
It chanc'd as on a day he ſtray'd,
Beneath an Academic ſhade,
He lik'd, amidſt a thouſand throats,
The wildneſs of a ‡ Woodlark's notes,
And ſearch'd, and ſpy'd, and ſeiz'd his game,
And took him home, and made him tame;
Found him on trial true and able,
So chear'd and fed him at his table.

Here ſome ſhrewd critic finds I'm caught,
And cries out, *Better fed th*

† A famous



Then jeſts on Game and Tame, and reads
And jeſts, and ſo my Tale proceeds.

Long had he ſtudy'd in the Wood,
Converſing with the wiſe and good;
His ſoul with harmony inſpir'd,
With love of truth and virtue fir'd:
His Brethren's good and Maker's praiſe,
Were all the ſtudy of his lays;
Were all his ſtudy in retreat,
And now employ'd him with the Great.
His friendſhip was the ſure reſort
Of all the wretched at the Court;
But chiefly merit in diſtreſs
His greateſt bleſſing was to bleſs.----

This fix'd him in his Patron's breaſt,
But fir'd with Envy all the reſt:
I mean that noiſy craving crew,
Who round the Court inceſſant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
To fill the maws of ſons and couſins:
" Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their
" blood,
" To ev'ry thought of common good,
" Confining ev'ry hope and care"
To their own low contracted ſphere.
Theſe ran him down with ceaſeleſs cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,

'Till

'Till his own worth and wit ſupply'd,
Sufficient matter to deride:
" 'Tis Envy's ſafeſt, ſureſt rule,
" To hide her rage in ridicule:
" The vulgar eye ſhe beſt beguiles,
" When all her ſnakes are deck'd with
" ſmiles:"
Sardonic ſmiles, by Rancour rais'd!
" Tormented moſt when ſeeming pleas'd!"
Their ſpight had more than half expir'd,
Had he not wrote what all admir'd;
What morſels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!
How had his ſenſe and learning griev'd
'em,
But that his charity reliev'd 'em!

" At higheſt Worth dull Malice reaches,
" As ſlugs pollute the faireſt peaches:
" Envy defames, as Harpies vile
" Devour the food they firſt defile."

Now aſk the fruit of all his favour ——
" He was not hitherto a ſaver" ——
What then could make their rage run mad?
" Why what he *hop'd*, not what he had.

" What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
" Or racks, or rods, to puniſh hopes?

" Th' in

" Th' inheritance of Hope and Fame
" Is ſeldom earthly Wiſdom's aim;
" Or, if it were, is not ſo ſmall,
" But there is room enough for all."

If he but chance to breathe a ſong
(He ſeldom ſang, and never long)
The noiſy, rude, malignant croud,
Where it was high, pronounc'd it loud:
Plain Truth was Pride, and what was ſillier,
Eaſy and Friendly was Familiar.

Or if he tun'd his lofty lays,
With ſolemn air to Virtue's praiſe,
Alike abuſive and erroneous,
They call'd it Hoarſe and Unharmonious:
Yet ſo it was to ſouls like theirs,
Tuneleſs as Abel to the Bears!

A * Rook with harſh malignant caw
Began, was follow'd by a † Daw;
(Tho' ſome, who would be thought to know,
Are poſitive it was a Crow)
Jack Daw was ſeconded by Tit,
Tom Tit ‡ could write, and ſo he writ,

* Doctor T———r.
† Right Honourable R—— T——gh, Eſq;
‡ Doctor Sh—d—n.

A tribe

A tribe of tuneleſs Praters follow,
The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow,
And twenty more their throats let looſe,
Down to the witleſs waddling Gooſe.

Some pick'd at him, ſome flew, ſome flutter'd,
Some hiſs'd, ſome ſcream'd, and others mutter'd;
The Crow, on carrion wont to feaſt,
The Carrion Crow condemn'd his taſte:
The Rook in earneſt too, not joking,
Swore all his ſinging was but croaking.

Some thought they meant to ſhew their wit,
Might think ſo ſtill, —— "but that they writ"——
Could it be ſpight or envy; —— "No ——
"Who did no ill, could have no foe." ——
So Wiſe Simplicity eſteem'd,
Quite otherwiſe True Wiſdom deem'd;
This queſtion rightly underſtood,
"What more provokes than doing good?
"A ſoul ennobled and refin'd,
"Reproaches ev'ry baſer mind:
"As ſtrains exalted and melodious
"Make every meaner muſic odious,"——

At length the * Nightingale was heard,
For Voice and Wiſdom long rever'd,
Eſteem'd of all the wiſe and good,
The Guardian Genius of the wood:
He long in diſcontent retir'd,
Yet not obſcur'd, but more admir'd,
His Brethren's ſervile ſouls diſdaining,
He liv'd indignant and complaining:
They now afreſh provoke his choler,
It ſeems the Lark had been his ſcholar,
A fav'rite ſcholar always near him,
And oft had wak'd whole nights to hear him:
Enrag'd he canvaſſes the matter,
Expoſes all their ſenſeleſs chatter,
Shews him and them in ſuch a light,
As more enflames, yet quells their ſpight,
They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had rais'd it very high:
Sham'd by the wiſdom of his Notes,
They hide their heads, and huſh their throats.

* Dean Swift.

AN

ANSWER

TO

Doctor DELANY's FABLE

OF THE

PHEASANT and the LARK.

Written in the Year MDCCXXX.

IN antient times the wiſe were able,
In proper terms, to write a fable:
Their tales would always juſtly ſuit
The characters of ev'ry brute.
The aſs was dull, the lion brave,
The ſtag was ſwift, the fox a knave;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound wou'd ſcent, the wolf wou'd prole;
A pigeon wou'd, if ſhown by Æſop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his peaſe up.
Far otherwiſe a great Divine
Has learnt his Fables to refine:
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You ſee him firſt the peacock bring,
Againſt all rules, to be a king;

That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wiſe.
Now, pray, obſerve the Doctor's choice,
A peacock choſe for flight and voice:
Did ever mortal ſee a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his ſinging, Doctor, you know,
Himſelf complain'd of it to Juno.
He ſquals in ſuch a helliſh noiſe,
It frightens all the village boys.
This peacock kept a ſtanding force,
In regiments of foot and horſe;
Had ſtateſmen too of ev'ry kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind.
(And this was thought the higheſt poſt;
For, rule the Rump, you rule the roaſt.)
The Doctor names but one at preſent,
And he of all birds was a pheaſant.
This Pheaſant was a man of wit,
Cou'd read all books were ever writ;
And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he ſays, and I allow,
Were ſcholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricaſſees and olios.
This Pheaſant, by the Peacock's will,
Was Viceroy of a neighbouring hill;

And, as he wandred in his Park,
He chanc'd to ſpy a Clergy Lark;
Was taken with his perſon outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d:
Then in a net the Pheaſant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the Tale is pleaſant,
Himſelf the lark, my Lord the pheaſant:
A lark he is, and ſuch a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:
And tho' he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;
Tho' 'tis a maxim you muſt know,
Who does no ill, can have no foe,
Yet how ſhall I expreſs in words
The ſtrange ſtupidity of birds?
This Lark was hated in the wood,
Becauſe he did his brethren good.
At laſt the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the Doctor by the chin:
We all can find out whom he means,
The worſt of diſaffected Deans:
Whoſe wit at beſt was next to none,
And now that little next is gone.
Againſt the Court is always blabbing,
And calls the Senate-Houſe a Cabbin;
So dull, that but for ſpleen and ſpite,
We ne'er ſhou'd know that he could writ

Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Becauſe himſelf is not preferr'd:
His heart is thro' his Libel * ſeen,
Nor could his malice ſpare the Q--n;
Who, had ſhe known his vile behaviour,
Would ne'er have ſhown him ſo much favour.
A Noble † Lord hath told his pranks,
And well deſerves the nation's thanks.
O would the Senate deign to ſhow
Reſentment on this public Foe;
Our Nightingale might fit a cage,
There let him ſtarve, and vent his rage.
Or would they but in fetters bind,
This enemy of human-kind.
Harmonious Coffee ‡ ſhow thy zeal,
Thou champion for the common-weal:
Nor on a theme like this repine,
For once to wet thy pen divine:
Beſtow that Libeller a laſh,
Who daily vends ſeditious traſh:
Who dares revile the nation's wiſdom,
But in the praiſe of virtue is dumb:
That Scribler laſh, who neither knows
The turn of verſe, nor ſtyle of proſe;

* Vide a Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret, Vol. VII. p. 129.

† Lord Allen, the ſame who is meant by Traulus. Vide Vol. VII. p. 172.

‡ A Dublin Garretteer.

Whoſe malice, for the worſt * of ends,
Wou'd have us loſe our ENGLISH friend
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Jove ſend this Nightingale may fall,
Who ſpends his day and *Night in gall.*
So Nightingale and Lark, adieu;
I ſee the greateſt owls in you
That ever ſcreecht or ever *flew.*

* Vide Vol. VII. p. 41. A new Song on a ſedit pamphlet.

THE

PROGRESS of MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich Divine began to woo
A handſome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an Earl.
Her parents and her friends conſent,
The couple to the temple went:
They firſt invite the Cyprian Queen;
'Twas anſwer'd, She would not be ſeen;
The Graces next, and all the Muſes
Were bid in form, but ſent excuſes.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch,
While Miſtreſs Iris held her train,
The faded bow diſtilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But ſhew'd no more than half her face.

Whate'er thoſe dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was ſpent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promiſe nothing for the night.
The Bridegroom dreſt, to make a figure
Aſſumes an artificial vigour;
A flouriſht night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, ſmiling face;

Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And, thus ſet out, this happy pair,
The Swain is rich, the Nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The Swain is old, the Nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together ſtart;
Scarce run a ſtep before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts, and actions, hopes and fears,
Leſs correſponding than their years.
Her ſpouſe deſires his coffee ſoon,
She riſes to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glaſs conſults her looks;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dreſs theſe parſons wear!
So odd a choice how could ſhe make?
Wiſht him a Col'nel for her ſake.
Then, on her fingers ends, ſhe counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, ſhe heard her uncle ſay,
Is ſixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no diſguiſe;
You ſee the crows' feet round his eyes.

At one ſhe rambles to the ſhops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradeſmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning bus'neſs o'er,
Sits down to dinner juſt at four;
Minds nothing that is done or ſaid,
Her ev'ning work ſo fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukiſh, and his ſtomach gone; [hold,
In thread-bare gown, would ſcarce a louſe
Looks like the chaplain of his houſhold,
Beholds her from the chaplain's place
In French brocades and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never aſks, or aſks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the ſneaking parſon's airs,
Computes, that half a pariſh dues
Will hardly find his wife in ſhoes.

Can'ſt thou imagine, dull Divine,
'Twill gain her love to make her fine?
Hath ſhe no other wants beſide?
You raiſe deſire as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to deſpiſe thee more.

If in her coach ſhe'll condeſcend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoiſt above his noſe,
His odious gown would foil her cloaths,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While ſhe drives on to ſee the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her haſting to the ball:
Her chairmen puſh him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up ſtairs,
And calls the family to pray'rs;
Then goes alone to take his reſt
In bed, where he can ſpare her beſt.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her Ladyſhip is juſt come in,
The maſquerade began at two,
She ſtole away with much ado;
And ſhall be chid this afternoon
For leaving company ſo ſoon:
She'll ſay, and ſhe may truly ſay't,
She can't abide to ſtay out late.

But now, though ſcarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miſcarry'd:
The cauſe, alas, is quickly gueſt,
The town has whiſper'd round the jeſt.

Think

Think on ſome remedy in time,
You find his Rev'rence paſt his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.

For Venus, riſing from the ocean,
Infus'd a ſtrong prolifick potion,
That mixt with Achelaus ſpring,
The *horned* flood, as poets ſing,
Who, with an Engliſh beauty ſmitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the Nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind
For huſbands paſt their youth to find:
The Nymph, who ſtill with paſſion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childleſs wives croud ev'ry morn
To drink in Achelaus horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.

Hither, though much againſt the grain,
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not conſent,
But vow'd his money all was ſpent:
His money ſpent! a clowniſh reaſon!
And muſt my Lady ſlip her ſeaſon?

The Doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.

Here all diverſions of the place
Are proper in my Lady's caſe:
With which ſhe patiently complies,
Merely becauſe her friends adviſe;
His money and her time employs
In muſick, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or, in the *Croſs-bath*, ſeeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there:
Where, if the Dean by chance appears,
It ſhames his caſſock and his years.
He keeps his diſtance in the gallery
'Till baniſh'd by ſome coxcomb's raillery;
For, 'twould his character expoſe
To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So have I ſeen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foſter'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As inſtinct leads them, in a puddle:
The ſober hen, not born to ſwim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.

The Dean, with all his beſt endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a feaver.
A victim to the laſt eſſays
Of vigor in declining days,

He

He dies, and leaves his mourning ma
(What could he leſs?) his whole eſtate.

The widow goes through all her forms;
New Lovers now will come in ſwarms.
Oh, may I ſee her ſoon diſpenſing
Her favours to ſome broken enſign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarniſht lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And ſpend her jointure on his whores:
But, for a parting preſent, leave her
A rooted pox to laſt for ever.

FABU-

FABULA CANIS ET UMBRA.

ORE cibum portans catulus dum ſpectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum ſpecioſa diu damna admiratur, et alte
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non ſimulachrum corripit unà.
Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit ſpecies, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

EPIGRAMS.

Written upon a Window in an Inn.

WE fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardſhips in purſuit of health;
From gen'rous wines and coſtly fare,
And doting in an eaſy chair;
Purſue the Goddeſs Health in vain,
To find her in a country ſcene,
And ev'ry where her ſootſteps trace,
And ſee her marks in ev'ry face;
And ſtill her favourites we meet,
Crouding the roads with naked feet.
But oh! ſo faintly we purſue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

Written upon Windows at Inns, in ENGLAND.

THE glaſs, by lovers nonſenſe blurr'd,
Dims and obſcures our ſight:
So when our paſſions Love hath ſtirr'd,
It darkens Reaſon's light.

Anoth-

Another, written upon a Window where there was no Writing before.

THANKS to my Stars, I once can ſee
A window here from ſcribbling free:
Here no conceited coxcombs paſs,
To ſcratch their paultry drabs on glaſs;
Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to *George* and *James*.

Another at CHESTER.

MY landlord is civil,
But dear as the D—l:
Your pockets grow empty,
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is ſo ſour,
'Twill give you a ſcour:
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with ſtale.
The veal is ſuch carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a ſmelt.

Another, in CHESTER.

THE walls of this Town
Are full of renown,
And ſtrangers delight to walk round 'em:
But, as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and ſellers,
For me, you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

Another, at HOLYHEAD. *

O Neptune! Neptune! muſt I ſtill
Be here detain'd againſt my will?
Is this your juſtice, when I'm come
Above two hundred miles from home?
O'er mountains ſteep, o'er duſty plains,
Half choak'd with duſt, half drown'd with rains;
Only your Godſhip to implore,
To let me kiſs your other ſhore?
A boon ſo ſmall! But I may weep,
Whilſt you're, like Baal, faſt aſleep.

* Theſe Verſes are ſigned *J— K—*, but written, as it is preſumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.

AN

ANSWER

TO A CERTAIN

DOCTOR's COMPLAINT.*

DOCTOR.

Deaf, giddy, helpleſs, left alone;

ANSWER.

Except the firſt, the fault's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burthen grown.

ANSWER.

Becauſe to few you will be ſhown.
Give them good wine, and meat to ſtuff,
You may have company enough.

DOCTOR.

No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANSWER.

Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

* This Poem is printed in Vol. VII. p. 430, but without the Anſwers.

DOCTOR.

At thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANSWER.

Think then of thunder when you f---t,

DOCTOR.

And what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have ſkill,
Sounds ſomewhat like a throwſter's mill;
But louder than a bell, or thunder:
That does, I own, encreaſe my wonder.

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY lateſt tribute here I ſend,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I conſign you down to fame,
A character to praiſe or blame:
And, if the whole may paſs for true,
Contented reſt, you have your due.
Give future times the ſatisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

† TOLAND's INVITATION To DISMAL, To dine with the CALVES-HEAD-CLUB.

Imitated from HORACE, Epiſt. V. Lib. I.

A BALLAD.

IF, deareſt Diſmal, you for once can dine
Upon a ſingle diſh and tavern-wine,
Toland to you this invitation ſends,
To eat the CALVES-HEAD with your truſty friends:
Suſpend

SI potes Archaïcis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modicâ cœnare times olus omne patellâ;
Supremo te ſole domi, Torquate, manebo.
* * * * * * * *

† This Poem was occaſioned by the Lord-Treaſurer Oxford's hinting one evening to Dr. Swift, that he wiſhed a ballad was made on the Earl of Nottingham; and, accordingly, the ballad was written and printed the next morning. — And when it was read after dinner, in a large circle, where my Lord Oxford was preſent, it made the whole company laugh a dozen times. Vide Swift's Eſſay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Chap. II. p. 227.

Suſpend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our *myſtic feaſt* prepare,
Where thou, our lateſt *proſelyte*, ſhalt ſhare:
When we, by proper ſigns and ſymbols, tell
How, by *brave hands*, the ROYAL TRAITOR fell:
The meat ſhall repreſent the TYRANT'S head,
The wine his blood our predeceſſors ſhed;
Whilſt an *alluding* hymn ſome artiſt ſings,
We toaſt Confuſion to the race of kings:
At monarchy we nobly ſhew our ſpite,
And talk *what fools call treaſon* all the night.
Who, by diſgraces or ill-fortune ſunk,
Feels not his ſoul enliven'd when he's drunk?

Wine

Mitte leves ſpes, et certamina divitiarum,
Et Moſchi cauſam. Cras nato Cæſare feſtus
Dat veniam ſomnumque dies: impune licebit
Æſtivam ſermone benigno tendere noctem.
* * * * * * * * * *
Quid non ebrietas deſignat? operta recludit;

Spes

Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his
place;
By force of wine ev'n Scarborough is brave,
Hal * grows more pert, and Sommers
not ſo grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland
ſenſe,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondley, when drunk, can never loſe
his wand,
And L——n then imagines he has land.
My province is, to ſee that all be right,
Glaſſes and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From

Spes jubet eſſe ratas; in prælia trudit inermem:
Solicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?
Contractâ quem non in paupertate ſolutum?
Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa

* Harry Boyle, who is mentioned three times in this ballad.

From our *myſterious club* to keep out ſpies,
And Tories (dreſs'd like waiters) in diſguiſe.
You ſhall be coupled as you beſt approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's Grace
Will come; and Hampden ſhall have Wal-[pole's * place.
Wharton, unleſs prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail, and there is room for more;
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
And honeſt Harry is too apt to ſt--k.
Let no pretence of buſ'neſs make you ſtay,
Yet take one word of counſel by the way.
If Guernſey † call, ſend word you're gone abroad,
He'll teaze you with King Charles and [Biſhop Laud,
Or

Corruget nares; ne non et cantharus, et lanx,
Oſtendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet: ut coëat par,
Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi, Septimi-[num
umque,
Et, niſi cœna prior, potiorque puella Sabi-

* Walpole was then confined in the Tower.

† The Earl of Nottingham's brother.

Or make you faſt, and carry you to pray'rs:
But if he will break in, and walk up ſtairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squaſh to call a hackney-chair.

Detinet, aſſumam; locus eſt et pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu, quotus eſſe velis, reſcribe; et, rebus omiſſis,
Atria ſervantem poſtico falle clientem.

GEORGE* NIM-DAN-DEAN's INVITATION† TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gallſtown, Auguſt 2d, 1721.

DEAR Tom, this verſe, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the *end's good metre,*
Is ſent to deſire that, when your Auguſt vacation comes, your *friends you'd meet here.*
For

* In the year 1721, Doctor Swift, Doctor Delany, Doctor Sheridan, Doctor Stopford, the Reverend Dan Jackſon, and ſome other company, ſpent a great part of the ſummer at Gallſtown, in the county of Weſtmeath, the ſeat of George Rochfort, Eſq; father to the preſent Earl of Bellevidere. Many of the gentlemen aſſembled in this groupe had a genius for poetry, and a taſte for the polite arts. In this retirement they paſſed their hours very agreeably, and frequently amuſed themſelves with poetical jeſts and whimſies of the brain, which undoubtedly were never deſigned originally for the preſs. However, ſince, by one means or other, ſeveral of thoſe ingenious rapid performances have already appeared in ſome of the former volumes of Doctor Swift's works, it is hoped the two or three following copies of verſes, which were communicated to the Editor of theſe volumes by a gentleman who had them long in his poſſeſſion, will not meet with an ungracious reception from perſons of taſte refinement.

† This Invitation ſeems to compoſition of George Rochfort, John

For why ſhould you ſtay in that filthy hole,
I mean the *city ſo ſmoaky*,
When you have not one friend left in town,
or at leaſt not one that's *witty, to joke w'ye?*
For, as for honeſt John *, tho' I am not ſure
on't, yet I'll be *hang'd, leſs he*
Be gone down to the county of Wexford
with that great peer the Lord *Angleſey* †.
Oh! but I forgot, perhaps, by this time, you
may have one come to town, but I don't
know whether he be friend or *foe, Delany:*
But, however, if he be come, bring him
down, and you ſhall go back in a fort-
night, for I know there's *no delaying ye.*
Oh! I forgot too, I believe there may be
one more, I mean that great fat joker,
friend Helſham, he
That wrote the Prologue ‡, and if you ſtay
with him, depend on't, in the *end, he'll*
ſham ye.

Bring

or Nimrod, by Doctor Swift, becauſe he was fond of hunting) Dan Jackſon, and Doctor Swift, in a vein of whim and merriment; and, in all probability, was ſent off directly by the poſt to Sheridan.

* It is ſuppoſed that by *John*, in this paſſage, is meant Dr. Walmſley.

† Arthur Earl of Angleſey.

‡ It was cuſtomary with Doctor Sheridan to have a Greek play acted by his head claſs juſt before they entered the Univerſity; and accordingly, in the year 1720, the Doctor having

Bring down Long Shanks Jim * too, but now I think on't, he's not come yet from *Courtown* †, *I fancy;*
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there a *courting Sly Nancy.*

ing fixed on Hippolytus, writ a prologue in Engliſh, to be ſpoken by Maſter Tom Putland, one of the youngeſt children he had in his ſchool. The prologue was very neat and elegant, but extremely puerile, and quite adapted to the childhood of the ſpeaker, who as regularly was taught, and rehearſed his part, as any of the upper lads did theirs. However, it unfortunately happened, that Doctor King, Archbiſhop of Dublin, had promiſed Sheridan that he would go and ſee his lads perform the tragedy. Upon which Doctor Helſham writ another prologue, wherein he laughed egregiouſly at Sheridan's, and privately inſtructed Maſter Putland how to act his part; and, at the ſame time, exacted a promiſe from the child, that no conſideration ſhould make him repeat that prologue which he had been taught by Sheridan. When the play was to be acted, the Archbiſhop attended according to his promiſe, and Maſter Putland began Helſham's prologue, and went through it to the amazement of Sheridan; which fired him to ſuch a degree, (although he was one of the beſt natured men in the world) that he would have entirely put off the play, had it not been in reſpect to the Archbiſhop, who was indeed highly complimented in Helſham's performance. When the play was over, the Archbiſhop was very deſirous to hear Sheridan's prologue; but all the entreaties of the Archbiſhop, the child's father, and Sheridan, could not prevail with Maſter Putland to repeat it, having, he ſaid, promiſed faithfully that he would not, upon any account whatever; and therefore inſiſted that he would keep his word.

* Doctor James Stopford, late biſhop of Cloyne.

† Courtown, the ſeat of ——— Huſſay, Eſq; in the county of Kildare.

However,

However, bring down yourſelf, and you
bring down all; for, to ſay it *we may*
venture,
In thee Delany's ſpleen, John's mirth, Hel-
ſham's jokes, and the ſoft ſoul of amo-
rous *Jemmy center.*

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to deſire you to bring down
what I ſay you have, and you'll believe
me as ſure as a *gun, and own it;*
I mean, what no other mortal in the uni-
verſe can boaſt of, your own ſpirit of
pun, and own wit.
And now I hope you'll excuſe this rhym-
ing, which I muſt ſay is (tho' written
ſomewhat at *large) trim and clean;*
And ſo I conclude, with humble reſpects
as uſual, Your moſt dutiful and obedient
George Nim-Dan-Dean.

TO

GEORGE NIM-DAN-DEAN, Eſq;

Upon his incomparable VERSES, *&c.* of AUGUST 2d, M DCC XXI.

Written by Dr. DELANY, in the Name of THOMAS SHERIDAN.*

HAIL, human compound quadrifarious!
Invincible as Wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon!
O may your Vaſtneſs deign t'excuſe
The praiſes of a puny Muſe,
Unable, in her utmoſt flight,
To reach thy huge Coloſſian height.
T'attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whoſe lines are, like thyſelf, gigantic.

Yet let me bleſs, in humbler ſtrain,
Thy vaſt, thy bold Cambyſian vein,
Pour'd out t'inrich thy native iſle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.

* Theſe verſes were all written in circles, one within another, as appears from the obſervations in the following poem by Dr. Swift.

Oh how I joy to ſee thee wander,
In many a winding looſe meander,
In circling mazes, ſmooth and ſupple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall.
Thine, ſure is poetry divine,
Where wit and majeſty combine;
Where ev'ry line, as huge as ſeven,
If ſtretch'd in length, would reach to Heav'n:
Here all comparing wou'd be ſtand'ring,
The leaſt is more than Alexandrine.

Againſt thy verſe Time ſees with pain,
He whets his envious ſcithe in vain;
For, tho' from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou ſtill wilt have to ſpare.

Thou haſt alone the ſkill to feaſt
With Roman elegance of taſte,
Who haſt of rhymes as vaſt reſources
As Pompey's caterer of courſes.

Oh thou, of all the Nine inſpir'd!
My languid ſoul, with teaching tir'd,
How is it raptur'd, when it thinks
On thy harmonious ſett of clinks;

Each

Each anſw'ring each in various rhymes,
Like Echo to St. Patrick's chimes?

Thy Muſe, majeſtic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the ſtage,
And ſcarcely can one page ſuſtain
The length of ſuch a flowing train:
Her train, of variegated dye,
Shews like Thaumantia's in the ſky;
Alike they glow, alike they pleaſe,
Alike impreſt by Phœbus' rays.

Thy verſe—(Ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what ſhall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft heard ſpoke on,
The famous ſtatue of Laocoon.
'Tis like ---- O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long long ſtring with which you fly
kite.
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo * in good-humour;
And ev'ry couplet thou haſt writ
Concludes like Rattah-whittah-whit †.

* At Gallſtown there is ſo famous an Echo, that, if you repeat two lines of Virgil out of a ſpeaking-trumpet, you may hear the nymph return them to your ear with great propriety and clearneſs.

† Theſe words allude to th[illegible] with the Echo, having no other ſignifi[illegible] the ſound of ſtones returned by t[illegible] againſt the other.

TO

Mr. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

Upon his Verses written in Circles.

By DOCTOR SWIFT.

IT never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions were ſent to their betters:
And, as to the ſubject, our judgment mehercle
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verſes; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The ſegment ſo large 'twixt your reaſon and rhyme is,
That we walk all about, like a horſe in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your meaſures of lines by a quadrant.
But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd metre,
In each ſingle verſe, took up a diameter.
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, [illegible], Dean, and Nim to place in the center*?

* There in the center of the circular verſes

'Twill appear, to your coſt, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the cord of your circle is now in their hand;
The cord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegaſus fixt in a tether,
As his betters are us'd, ſhall be laſh'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the ſtring.
Will Hancock declares you are out of your compaſs,
To encroach on his art by writing of bom-bas';
And has taken juſt now a firm reſolution
To anſwer your ſtyle without circumlocution.
Lady Betty * preſents you her ſervice moſt humble,
And is not afraid your Worſhip will grum-ble,
That ſhe makes of your verſes a hoop for Miſs Tam †,
Which is all at preſent; and ſo I remain —

* Daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochford, Eſq.

† Miſs Tam, [a ſhort name for Thomaſon] Lady Betty's daughter, then perhaps about a year old. She is now married to Guſtavus Lambert, Eſq; of Paynſtown, in the county of Meath.

OF

MEAN AND GREAT FIGURES, made by ſeveral Perſons.

Of thoſe who have made GREAT FIGURES *in ſome particular Action, or Circumſtance of their Lives.*

ALEXANDER the Great, after his victory, [at the Streights of Mount Taurus] when he entered the tent where the Queen and the Princeſſes of Perſia fell at his feet.

Socrates, the whole laſt day of his life, and particularly from the time he took the poiſon to the moment he expired.

Cicero, when he was recalled from his baniſhment; the people, through every place he paſſed, meeting him with ſhouts of joy and congratulation, and all Rome coming out to receive him.

Regulus, when he went out of Rome attended by his friends to the gates, and returned to Carthage according to his word

of honour, although he knew he muſt be put to a cruel death, for adviſing the Romans to purſue their war with that commonwealth.

Scipio the Elder, when he diſmiſſed a beautiful captive lady, preſented to him after a great victory, turning his head aſide to preſerve his own virtue.

The ſame Scipio, when he and Hannibal met before the battle, if the fact be true.

Cincinnatus, when the meſſengers, ſent by the ſenate to make him Dictator, found him at the plough.

Epaminondas, when the Perſian Ambaſſador came to his houſe, and found him in the midſt of poverty.

The Earl of Strafford, the day that he made his own defence at his trial.

King Charles the Martyr, during his whole trial, and at his death.

The Black Prince, when he waited at ſupper on the King of France, whom he had conquered and taken priſoner the ſame day.

Virgil,

Virgil, when, at Rome, the whole audience roſe up, out of veneration, as he entered the theatre.

Mahomet the Great, when he cut off his beloved miſtreſs's head, on a ſtage erected for that purpoſe, to convince his ſoldiers, who taxed him for preferring his love to his glory.

Cromwell, when he quelled a mutiny in Hide-Park.

Harry the Great of France, when he entered Paris, and ſat at cards the ſame night with ſome great ladies, who were his mortal enemies.

Robert Harley Earl of Oxford, at his trial.

Cato of Utica, when he provided for the ſafety of his friends, and had determined to die.

Sir Thomas More, during his impriſonment, and at his execution.

Marius, when the ſoldier, ſent to kill him in the dungeon, was ſtruck with ſo

much awe and veneration, that his ſword fell from his hand.

Douglas, when the ſhip he commanded was on fire, and he lay down to die in it, becauſe it ſhould not be ſaid, that one of his family ever quitted their poſt.

Sir Jerom Bows, * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

Of thoſe who have made a mean contemptible Figure, in ſome Action or Circumſtance of their Lives.

Antony, at Actium, when he fled after Cleopatra.

Pompey, when he was killed on the ſea-ſhore in Egypt.

Nero and Vitellius, when they were put to death.

Lepidus, when he was compelled to lay down his ſhare of the triumvirate.

Cromwell, the day he refuſed the King-ſhip out of fear.

Perſe-

Perſeus King of Macedon, when he was led in triumph.

Richard II. of England, after he was depoſed.

The late King of Poland, when the King of Sweden forced him to give up his kingdom; and when he took it again upon the King of Sweden's defeat by the Muſcovites.

King James II. of England, when the Prince of Orange ſent to him at midnight to leave London.

King William III. of England, when he ſent to beg the Houſe of Commons to continue his Dutch guards, and was refuſed.

The late Queen Anne of England, when ſhe ſent Whitworth to Muſcovy on an embaſſy of humiliation, for an inſult committed here on that Prince's ambaſſador.

The Lord Chancellor Bacon, when he was convicted of bribery.

The late Duke of Marlborough, when he was forced, after his own diſgrace, to carry his Ducheſs's gold key to the Queen.

The old Earl of Pembroke, when a Scotch Lord gave him a laſh with a whip at New-market, in preſence of all the nobility, and he bore it with patience.

King Charles II. of England, when he entered into the ſecond Dutch war, and in many other actions during his whole reign.

Philip II. of Spain, after the defeat of the Armada.

The Emperor Charles V. when he reſigned his crown, and no body would believe his reaſons.

King Charles I. of England, when, in gallantry to his Queen, he thought to ſurprize her with a preſent of a diamond buckle, which he puſhed down her breaſt, and tore her fleſh with the tongue; upon which ſhe drew it out, and flung it on the ground.

Fairfax,

Fairfax, the parliament general, at the time of King Charles's trial.

Julius Cæſar, when Antony offered to put a diadem on his head, and the people ſhouted for joy to ſee him decline it; which he never offered to do, until he ſaw their diſlike in their countenances.

Coriolanus, when he withdrew his army from Rome at the intreaty of his mother.

Hannibal at Antiochus's court.

Beau Fielding, at fifty years old, when, in a quarrel upon the ſtage, he was run into his breaſt, which he opened and ſhewed to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a laughing.

The Count de Buſſy Rabutin, when he was recalled to Court after twenty years baniſhment into the country, and affected to make the ſame figure he did in his youth.

The Earl of Sunderland, when he turned Papiſt in the time of King James II. and underwent all the forms of a Heretic converted.

Pope.

Pope Clement VII. —— when he was taken priſoner, at Rome, by the Emperor Charles V.'s forces.

Queen Mary of Scotland, when ſhe ſuffered Bothwel to raviſh her, and pleaded that as an excuſe for marrying him.

King John of England, when he gave up his kingdom to the Pope, to be held as a fief from the ſee of Rome.

CONCERNING

THAT UNIVERSAL HATRED,

WHICH

PREVAILS againſt the CLERGY.

MAY 24, MDCCXXXVI.

I HAVE been long conſidering and conjecturing, what could be the cauſes of that great diſguſt, of late, againſt the Clergy of both kingdoms, beyond what was ever known 'till that Monſter and Tyrant, Henry VIII. who took away from them, againſt law, reaſon, and juſtice, at leaſt two thirds of their legal poſſeſſions; and whoſe ſucceſſors (except Queen Mary) went on with their rapine, till the acceſſion of King James I. That deteſtable Tyrant Henry VIII. although he aboliſhed the Pope's power in England, as univerſal biſhop, yet what he did in that article, however juſt it were in itſelf, was the mere effect of his irregular appetite, to divorce himſelf

himſelf from a wife he was weary of, for a younger and more beautiful woman, whom he afterwards beheaded. But, at the ſame time, he was an entire defender of all the Popiſh doctrines, even thoſe which were the moſt abſurd. And, while he put people to death for denying him to be head of the church, he burned every offender againſt the doctrines of the Roman Faith; and cut off the head of Sir Thomas More, a perſon of the greateſt virtue this kingdom ever produced, for not directly owning him to be head of the church. Among all the princes who ever reigned in the world there was never ſo infernal a beaſt as Henry VIII. in every vice of the moſt odious kind, without any one appearance of virtue: But cruelty, luſt, rapine, and atheiſm, were his peculiar talents. He rejected the power of the Pope for no other reaſon, than to give his full ſwing to commit ſacrilege, in which no tyrant, ſince Chriſtianity became national, did ever equal him by many degrees. The abbeys, endowed with lands by the miſtaken notion of well-diſpoſed men, were indeed too numerous, and hurtful to the kingdom; and, therefore, the

the legiſlature might, after the Reformation, have juſtly applied them to ſome pious or public uſes.

In a very few centuries after Chriſtianity became national in moſt parts of Europe, although the Church of Rome had already introduced many corruptions in religion; yet the piety of early Chriſtians, as well as new converts, was ſo great, and particularly of princes, as well as noblemen and other wealthy perſons, that they built many religious houſes, for thoſe who were inclined to live in a recluſe or ſolitary manner, endowing thoſe monaſteries with land. It is true, we read of monks ſome ages before, who dwelt in caves and cells, in deſert places. But, when public edifices were erected and endowed, they began gradually to degenerate into idleneſs, ignorance, avarice, ambition, and luxury, after the uſual fate of all human inſtitutions. The popes, who had already aggrandized themſelves, laid hold of the opportunity to ſubject all religious houſes with their priors and abbots, to their peculiar authority; whereby theſe religious orders became of an intereſt directly different from the reſt of man-

kind, and wholly at the pope's devotion. I need ſay no more on this article, ſo generally known and ſo frequently treated, or of the frequent endeavours of ſome other princes, as well as our own, to check the growth, and wealth, and power of the regulars.

In later times, this miſtaken piety, of erecting and endowing abbeys, began to decreaſe. And therefore, when ſome new-invented ſect of monks and friars began to ſtart up, not being able to procure grants of land, they got leave from the pope to appropriate the tithes and glebes of certain pariſhes, as contiguous or near as they could find, obliging themſelves to ſend out ſome of their body to take care of the people's ſouls: And, if ſome of thoſe pariſhes were at too great a diſtance from the abbey, the monks appointed to attend them were paid, for the cure, either a ſmall ſtipend of a determined ſum, or ſometimes a third part, or what are now called the vicarial tithes.

As to the church-lands, it hath been the opinion of many writers, that, in England, they amounted to a third part of the whole kingdom. And therefore, if that wicked

wicked Prince above-mentioned, when he had caſt off the Pope's power, had introduced ſome reformation in religion, he could not have been blamed for taking away the abbey-lands by authority of parliament. But, when he continued the moſt cruel perſecutor of all thoſe who differed in the leaſt article of the Popiſh religion, which was then the national and eſtabliſhed faith, his ſeizing on thoſe lands, and applying them to prophane uſes, was abſolute ſacrilege, in the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of the word; having been bequeathed by princes and pious men to ſacred uſes.

In the reign of this Prince, the Church and Court of Rome had arrived to ſuch a height of corruption, in doctrine and diſcipline, as gave great offence to many wiſe, learned, and pious men through moſt parts of Europe; and ſeveral countries agreed to make ſome reformation in religion. But, although a proper and juſt reformation were allowed to be neceſſary, even to preſerve Chriſtianity itſelf, yet the paſſions and vices of men had mingled themſelves ſo far, as to pervert and confound all the good endeavours of thoſe who

who intended well: And thus the reformation, in every country where it was attempted, was carried on in the moſt impious and ſcandalous manner that can poſſibly be conceived. To which unhappy proceedings we owe all the juſt reproaches that Roman Catholics have caſt upon us ever ſince. For, when the northern kingdoms and ſtates grew weary of the Pope's tyranny, and when their preachers, beginning with the ſcandalous abuſes of indulgencies, and proceeding farther to examine ſeveral points of faith, had credit enough with their princes, who were in ſome fear leſt ſuch a change might affect the peace of their countries, becauſe their biſhops had great influence on the people by their wealth and power; theſe politic teachers had a ready anſwer to this purpoſe. "Sir, your Majeſty need not be "in any pain or apprehenſion: Take away "the lands, and ſink the authority of the "biſhops: Beſtow thoſe lands on your "courtiers, on your nobles, and your "great officers in your army; and then "you will be ſecure of the people." This advice was exactly followed. And, in the Proteſtant monarchies abroad, little more than

than the ſhadow of Epiſcopacy is left; but, in the republics, is wholly extinct.

In England, the Reformation was brought in after a ſomewhat different manner, but upon the ſame principle of robbing the church. However, Henry VIII. with great dexterity, diſcovered an invention to gratify his inſatiable thirſt for blood, on both religions, * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

A

LETTER

Giving an ACCOUNT of

A PESTILENT NEIGHBOUR.

SIR,

YOU muſt give me leave to complain of a *peſtilent* fellow in my neighbourhood, who is always beating *mortar*, yet I cannot find he ever builds. In talking he uſeth ſuch hard words, that I want a Drugger-man to interpret them. But all is not gold that *gliſters*. *A pot he carries* to moſt houſes where he viſits. He makes his Prentice his *gally*-ſlave. I wiſh our lane were *purged* of him. Yet he pretends to be a *cordial* man. Every *ſpring* his ſhop is crouded with country-folks; who, by their *leaves*, in my opinion, help him to do a great deal of miſchief. He is full of *ſcruples*; and ſo very litigious, that he *files bills* againſt all his acquaintance: And, though he be much troubled with the *ſimples*, yet I aſſure you he is a *Jeſuitical dog*; as you may know by his *bark*. Of all poetry he loves the *dram-a-tick* beſt. I am, *&c.*

A

A

LETTER

TO THE

EARL of PEMBROKE.

MY LORD, 1709, at a Conjecture.

IT is now a good while ſince I reſolved to take ſome occaſion of congratulating with your Lordſhip, and condoling with the public, upon your Lordſhip's leaving the Admiralty; and I thought I could never chuſe a better time, than when I am in the country with my Lord Biſhop of Clogher and his brother the Doctor *: For we pretend to a *triumvirate* of as humble ſervants and true admirers of your Lordſhip, as any you have in both iſlands. You may well call them a *triumvirate*; for, if you pleaſe to *try-um*, they will *vie* with the beſt, and are of the firſt *rate*, though they are not *men of war*, but men of church. To ſay the truth, it was a pity your Lordſhip ſhould be confined to the *Fleet*, when

* Doctor St. George Aſhe.

you are not in debt. Though your Lordſhip is *caſt away*, you are not *ſunk*; nor ever will be, ſince nothing is out of your Lordſhip's *depth*. Dr. Aſhe ſays, it is but juſtice that your Lordſhip, who is a man of *letters*, ſhould be placed upon the *poſt-office*; and my Lord Biſhop adds, that he hopes to ſee your Lordſhip toſt from that *poſt* to be a *pillar* of ſtate again; which he deſired I would put in by way of *Poſtſcript*.

I am,

MY LORD, &c.

A

LETTER

TO THE

EARL of PEMBROKE,

Pretended to be the DYING SPEECH of TOM ASHE, whoſe Brother, the Reverend DILLON ASHE, was nicknamed DILLY *.

[Given to Dr. MONSEY by Sir ANDREW FOUNTAIN, and communicated to the Editor of theſe Volumes by that ingenious, learned, and very obliging Gentleman.]

TOM ASHE died laſt night. It is conceived he was ſo puffed up by my Lord Lieutenant's *favour*, that it ſtruck him into a *fever*. I here ſend you his dying ſpeech, as it was exactly taken by a friend in ſhort-hand. It is ſomething long, and a little

* Thomas Aſhe, Eſq; deſcended from an ancient family of that name in Wiltſhire, was a gentleman of fortune in Ireland. He was a facetious pleaſant companion, but the moſt eternal unwearied punſter that perhaps ever lived. He was thick and ſhort in his perſon, being not above five feet high

a little incoherent; but he was ſeveral hours delivering it, and with ſeveral intervals. His friends were about the bed, and he ſpoke to them thus:

MY FRIENDS,

IT is time for a man to look *grave* when he has one foot there. I once had only a *pun*nick fear of death, but, of late, I have

at the moſt, and had ſomething very droll in his appearance. He died about the year 1719, and left his whole eſtate, of about a thouſand pounds a year, to his intimate friend and kinſman Richard Aſhe of Aſhefield, Eſq. There is a whimſical ſtory, and a very true one, of Tom Aſhe, which is well remembered to this day. It happened, that, while he was travelling on horſeback, and at a conſiderable diſtance from any town, there burſt from the clouds ſuch a torrent of rain as wetted him through. He galloped forward; and, as ſoon as he came to an inn, he was met inſtantly by a drawer: "Here," ſaid he to the fellow, ſtretching out one of his arms, "Take off my coat im-"mediately." "No, Sir, I won't," ſaid the drawer. "Pox confound you," ſaid Aſhe, "take off my coat this "inſtant." "No, Sir, (replied the drawer) I dare not take "off your coat; for it is felony to ſtrip an ASH." Tom was delighted beyond meaſure, frequently told the ſtory, and ſaid he would have given fifty guineas to have been the author of that pun. This little tract of Dr. Swift's, intituled *The Dying Words of Tom Aſhe*, was written ſeveral years before the deceaſe of Tom, and was merely deſigned to exhibit the manner in which ſuch an eternal puniſter might have expreſſed himſelf on his death-bed.

*pun*dred it more ſeriouſly. Every fit of *coffing* hath put me in mind of my *coffin;* though *diſſolute* men ſeldomeſt think of *diſſolution.* This is a very great alteration: I, that ſupported myſelf with good *wine,* muſt now be myſelf ſupported by a *ſmall bier.* —— A fortune-teller once looked on my hand, and ſaid, This man is to be a great traveller: He will ſoon be at the *Diet* of *Worms,* and from thence go to *Rat-is-bone.* But now I underſtand his double meaning. — I deſire to be privately *buried,* for I think a public funeral looks like *Bury* Fair; and the *rites* of the dead too often prove *wrong* to the living. Methinks the word itſelf beſt expreſſes the number, neither *few nor all.* — A dying man ſhould not think of *obſequies,* but *ob ſe quies.* —. Little did I think you would ſo ſoon ſee poor *Tom ſlown* under a *tomb ſtone.* But, as the *mole* crumbles the *mold* about her, ſo a man of my ſmall *mold,* before I a*m old,* may *molder* away. — Sometimes I've *rav'd* that I ſhould *re*vive; but phyſicians tell me, that when once the great *artery* has drawn the *heart awry,* we ſhall find the *cor die all,* in ſpite of the higheſt *cordial.*— Brother, you are fond of *Daffy*'s elixir;

but, when Death comes, the world will ſee that in ſpite of *Daffy-down-Dilly* *. — Whatever doctors *may deſign* by their *medecines*, a man in a *dropſy drops he* not, in ſpite of Goddard's *drops*, though none are reckoned ſuch *high drops*. —— I find Death ſmells the blood of an Engliſhman: A *fee faintly fumbled* out, will be a weak defence againſt his *fee-fa-fum*. — *P. T.* are no letters in Death's *alphabet*; he has not *half a bit* of either: He moves his *ſithe*, but will not be moved by all our *ſighs*. — Every thing ought to put us in mind of death: Phyſicians affirm that our very food breeds it in us, ſo that in our *di-eting*, we may be ſaid to *di eating*. — There is ſomething ominous, not only in the names of diſeaſes, as *di*-arrhæa, *di*-abetes, *di*-ſentery, but even in the drugs deſigned to preſerve our lives; as *di*-acodium, *di*-apente, *di*-aſcordium. —— I perceive Dr. *Howard* (and I feel *how hard*) *lay thumb* on my *pulſe*, then *pulls* it back, as if he ſaw *Lethum* in my face. I ſee as bad in his; for ſure there is no *phyſick* like a *ſick phiz*. He thinks I ſhall *deceaſe* before the *day*

* A nickname of Tom Aſhe's brother.

ceaſe;

ceaſe; but, before I die, before the bell hath *toll'd*, and *Tom Tollman* is *told* that little *Tom*, though not *old*, has paid nature's *toll*, I do deſire to give ſome advice to thoſe that ſurvive me. Firſt, Let gameſters conſider that death is *hazard* and *paſſage*, upon the turn of a *die*. Let lawyers conſider it is a hard *caſe*. And let punners conſider how hard it is to *die jeſting*, when death is ſo hard in *digeſting*.

As for my Lord-Lieutenant the Earl *Mungomerry*, I am ſure he *be-wales* my misfortune; and it would move him to ſtand by, when the carpenter (while my friends grieve and make an *odd ſplutter*) *nails* up my coffin. I will make a ſhort *affidavi*-t, that, if he makes my *epitaph* I will take it for a great honour; and it is a plentiful ſubject. His Excellency may ſay, that the art of punning is dead with Tom. Tom has taken all puns away with him: *Omne tulit pun-Tom.* —— May his Excellency long *live tenant* to the Queen in Ireland. We never *Herberd* ſo good a governor before. Sure he *mungo-merry* home, that has made a kingdom ſo happy. —— I hear my friends deſign to publiſh a collection of my puns. Now

I do confeſs, I have let many a *pun go*, which did never *pungo*; therefore the world muſt read the bad as well as the good. Virgil has long foretold it: *Punica mala leges.* —— I have had ſeveral fore-bodings that I ſhould ſoon die: I have, of late, been often at committees, where I have ſate de *die* in *diem.* —— I converſed much with the *Uſher* of the *black rod*: I ſaw his *medals*; and woe is *me dull ſoul*, not to conſider they are but dead mens faces *ſtampt over* and *over* by the living, which will ſhortly be my condition.

Tell Sir Andrew *Fountain* I *ran* clear to the *bottom*, and wiſh he may be a late *a-river* where I am going. He uſed to *brook* my compliments. May his *ſand* be long a *running*; not *quickſand*, like mine. Bid him avoid *poring* upon monuments and books, which is in reality but *running* among *rocks* and *ſhelves*, to *ſtop* his *courſe*. May his *waters* never be *troubled* with *mud* or *gravel*, nor *ſtopt* by any *grinding ſtone*. May his friends be all true *trouts*, and his enemies laid flat as *flounders*. I look upon him as the moſt *fluent* of his *race*; therefore let him not deſpond. I foreſee his black *rod* will *advance* to a *pike*, and deſtroy all our *ills*.

But

But, I am going; my *wind in* lungs is turning to a *winding* ſheet. The thoughts of *a pall* begin to *a-pall* me. Life is but a *vapour*, car elle *va pour* la moindre cauſe. Farewell: I have lived ad amicorum *faſtidium*, and now behold how *faſt I di um!*

Here his breath failed him, and he expired. There are ſome falſe ſpellings here and there, but they muſt be pardoned in a dying man.

A

LETTER

TO THE

KING AT ARMS.

[From a reputed ESQUIRE, one of the SUBSCRIBERS to the BANK.]

SIR, November 18, 1721.

IN a late printed paper, containing ſome notes and queries upon that Liſt of the Subſcribers Names, which was publiſhed by order of the Commiſſioners for receiving of Subſcriptions, I find ſome hints and innuendos that would ſeem to inſinuate, as if I and ſome others were only *reputed* Eſquires; and our caſe is referred to you, in your kingly capacity. I deſire you will pleaſe to let me know the loweſt price of a real Eſquire's coat of arms: And, if we can agree, I will give my bond to pay you out of the firſt intereſt I receive for my ſubſcription; becauſe things are a little low with me at preſent, by throwing my whole fortune into the Bank, having ſubſcribed for five hundred pounds ſterling.

I hope

I hope you will not queſtion my pretenſions to this title, when I let you know that my godfather was a juſtice of peace, and I myſelf have been often a keeper of it. My father was a leader and commander of horſe, in which poſt he rode before the greateſt lords of the land; and, in long marches, he alone preſided over the baggage, advancing directly before it. My mother kept open houſe in Dublin, where ſeveral hundreds were ſupported with meat and drink, bought at her own charge, or with her perſonal credit, until ſome envious brewers and butchers forced her to retire.

As to myſelf, I have been, for ſeveral years, a foot-officer; and it was my charge to guard the carriages, behind which I was commanded to ſtick cloſe, that they might not be attacked in the rear. I have had the honour to be a favourite of ſeveral fine ladies; who, each of them at different times, gave me ſuch coloured knots and public marks of diſtinction, that every one knew which of them it was to whom I paid my addreſs. They would not go into their coach without me, nor willingly drink unleſs I gave them the glaſs with

my

my own hand. They allowed me to call them my Miſtreſſes, and owned that title publicly. I have been told, that the true ancient employment of a Squire was to carry a Knight's ſhield, painted with his colours and coat of arms. This is what I have witneſſes to produce that I have often done; not indeed in a ſhield, like my predeceſſors, but that which is full as good, I have carried the colours of a Knight upon my coat. I have likewiſe borne the King's Arms in my hand, as a mark of authority; and hung them painted before my dwelling-houſe, as a mark of my calling: So that I may truly ſay, his Majeſty's Arms have been my ſupporters. I have been a ſtrict and conſtant follower of men of quality, I have diligently purſued the ſteps of ſeveral Squires, and am able to behave myſelf as well as the beſt of them, whenever there ſhall be occaſion.

I deſire it may be no diſadvantage to me, that, by the new act of parliament going to paſs for preſerving the game, I am not yet qualified to keep a greyhound. If this ſhould be the teſt of Squirehood, it will go hard with a great number of my fraternity,

fraternity, as well as myſelf, who muſt all be unſquired, becauſe a greyhound will not be allowed to keep us company; and it is well known I have been a companion to his betters. What has a greyhound to do with a Squireſhip? Might not I be a real Squire, although there was no ſuch thing as a greyhound in the world? Pray tell me, Sir, are greyhounds to be from henceforth the ſupporters of every Squire's coat of arms? Although I cannot keep a greyhound, may not a greyhound help to keep me? May not I have an order from the Governors of the Bank to keep a greyhound, with a *non obſtante* to the act of parliament, as well as they have created a Bank againſt the votes of the two Houſes? But, however, this difficulty will ſoon be overcome. I am promiſed 125 *l.* a year for ſubſcribing 500 *l.*; and, of this 500 *l.* I am to pay in only 25 *l.* ready money: The governors will truſt me for the reſt, and pay themſelves out of the intereſt by 25 *l. per cent.* So that I intend to receive only 40 *l.* a year, to qualify me for keeping my family and a greyhound, and let the remaining 85 *l.* go on 'till it makes 500 *l.*

then

then 1000 *l.* then 10,000 *l.* then 100,000 *l.* then a million, and ſo forwards. This, I think, is much better (betwixt you and me) than keeping fairs, and buying and ſelling bullocks; by which I find, from experience, that little is to be gotten, in theſe hard times. I am,

SIR,

Your friend, and

Servant to command,

A. B. ESQUIRE.

Poſtſcript. I hope you will favourably repreſent my caſe to the publiſher of the Paper above-mentioned.

Direct your letter for *A. B. Eſquire*, at —— in ——; and, pray, get ſome parliament-man to frank it, for it will coſt a groat poſtage to this place.

A LET-

A LETTER TO Mrs. SUSANNA NEVILLE *.

MADAM, June 24, 1732.

I WILL not trouble you with any grave *tophicks*, leſt I ſhould *diſcurmode* you; but rather write in a *farmiliar* and *jocoſious* way.

You muſt know then, I was the other night at Mrs. Tattle's, and Mrs. Rattle came in to drink ſome *jocklit* with us, upon which they fell into a *nargiment* about the beſt *muſicioners* in town: At laſt, Rattle told Tattle, that ſhe did not know the *difrence* between a ſong and a *tympany*. They were going to *defer* the matter to me; but I ſaid that when people diſputed, it was my way always to ſtand *muter*. You would have thought they were both *intoſticated* with liquor, if you had ſeen them ſo full of outrageouſneſs. However Mrs. Tattle, as being a very *timberſome* woman, yielded to

* This letter is fictitious, and was written by Dr. Sheridan,

Rattle, and there was an end of the *diſputement.* — I wonder you do not honour me ſometimes with your company. If I myſelf be no *introducement*, my garden, which has a fine *ruval* look, ought to be one. My Tomy would be glad to ſee you before he goes for England, and ſo would I; for I am reſolved to take the *tower* of London before I return. We intend to go to Norfolk or Suffolk, to ſee a clergyman, a near couſin of ours. They ſay that he is an *admiral* good man, and very *horſpital* in his own houſe. I am *determ'd*, when this *vege* is over, never to ſet my foot in a ſtage-coach again, for the jolting of it has put my blood into ſuch a *firmament*, that I have been in an *ego* ever ſince, and have loſt my *nappitite* to ſuch a degree that I have not eaten a *manſion* of bread, put all together, theſe ſix weeks paſt. They allow me to eat nothing at night but *blanchius manſhius*, which has made a perfect *notomy* of me; and my ſpirits are ſo *extorted*, that I am in a perfect *liturgy*; for which I am reſolved to take ſome *rubrick*, although the doctors adviſe me to drink *burgomy*. And what do you think? when I went to my cellar for a flaſk, I found that my ſervants had *imbelliſhed* it all; for which I am re olved to

give them ſome *hippokockeny* to bring it up again. — I fear that I have been too *turbulent* in this long and tedious *crawl*; which I hope you will excuſe from

Your very humble ſervant,

MARY HOWE.

ON

BARBAROUS DENOMINATIONS

IN IRELAND.

SIR,

I HAVE been lately looking over the advertiſements in ſome of your Dublin news-papers, which are ſent me to the country, and was much entertained with a large liſt of denominations of lands, to be ſold or let. I am confident they muſt be genuine; for it is impoſſible that either chance, or modern invention, could ſort the alphabet in ſuch a manner, as to make thoſe abominable ſounds, whether firſt invented to invoke, or fright away the Devil, I muſt leave among the curious.

If I could wonder at any thing barbarous, ridiculous, or abſurd among us, this ſhould be one of the firſt. I have often lamented that Agricola, the Father-in-law of Tacitus, was not prevailed on by that petty King from Ireland, who followed his camp, to come over and civilize us

with

with a conqueſt, as his countrymen did Britain, where ſeveral Roman appellations remain to this day; and ſo would the reſt have done, if that innundation of Angles, Saxons, and other northern people, had not changed them ſo much for the worſe, although in no compariſon with ours. In one of the advertiſements juſt mentioned, I encountered near a hundred words together, which I defy any creature in human ſhape, except an Iriſhman of the ſavage kind, to pronounce; neither would I undertake ſuch a taſk, to be owner of the lands, unleſs I had liberty to humanize the ſyllables twenty miles round. The Legiſlature may think what they pleaſe, and that they are above copying the Romans in all their conqueſts of barbarous nations; but I am deceived, if any thing hath more contributed to prevent the Iriſh from being tamed, than this encouragement of their language, which might eaſily be aboliſhed, and become a dead one in half an age, with little expence, and leſs trouble.

How is it poſſible that a gentleman, who lives in thoſe parts, where the Town-lands (as they call them) of his eſtate produce

ſuch odious ſounds from the mouth, the throat, and the noſe, can be able to repeat the words, without diſlocating every muſcle that is uſed in ſpeaking, and without applying the ſame tone to all other words, in every language he underſtands? As it is plainly to be obſerved, not only in thoſe people, of the better ſort, who live in Galloway and the Weſtern parts, but in moſt counties of Ireland.

It is true, that, in the city-part of London, the trading people have an affected manner of pronouncing; and ſo, in my time, had many ladies and coxcombs at Court. It is likewiſe true, that there is an odd provincial cant in moſt counties of England, ſometimes not very pleaſing to the ear: And the Scotch cadence, as well as expreſſion, are offenſive enough. But none of theſe defects derive contempt to the ſpeaker; whereas, what we call the Iriſh Brogue is no ſooner diſcovered, than it makes the deliverer, in the laſt degree, ridiculous and deſpiſed; and, from ſuch a mouth, an Engliſhman expects nothing but bulls, blunders, and follies. Neither does it avail whether the cenſure be reaſonable or not, ſince the fact is always ſo.

And,

And, what is yet worſe, it is too well known that the bad conſequence of this opinion affects thoſe among us who are not the leaſt liable to ſuch reproaches; further than the misfortune of being born in Ireland, although of Engliſh parents, and whoſe education hath been chiefly in that kingdom.

I have heard many gentlemen, among us, talk much of the great convenience to thoſe who live in the country, that they ſhould ſpeak Iriſh. It may poſſibly be ſo: But, I think, they ſhould be ſuch who never intend to viſit England, upon pain of being ridiculous. For I do not remember to have heard of any one man that ſpoke Iriſh, who had not the accent upon his tongue, eaſily diſcernible to any Engliſh ear.

But I have wandered a little from my ſubject, which was only to propoſe a wiſh, that theſe execrable denominations were a little better ſuited to an Engliſh mouth, if it were only for the ſake of the Engliſh lawyers; who, in trials upon appeals to the Houſe of Lords, find ſo much difficulty in repeating the names, that, if the plaintiff or defendant were by, they would never

be able to diſcover which were their own lands. But, beſide this, I would deſire, not only that the appellations of what they call Town-lands were changed, but likewiſe of larger diſtricts, and ſeveral towns, and ſome counties; and, particularly, the ſeats of country-gentlemen, leaving an *alias* to ſolve all difficulties in point of law. But I would by no means truſt theſe alterations to the owners themſelves; who, as they are generally no great clerks, ſo they ſeem to have no large vocabulary about them, nor to be well ſkilled in proſody. The utmoſt extent of their genius lies in naming their country-habitation by a hill, a mount, a brook, a burrough, a caſtle, a bawn, a ford, and the like ingenious conceits. Yet theſe are exceeded by others, whereof ſome have continued anagrammatical appellations, from half their own and their wives names joined together, others only from the lady. As, for inſtance, a perſon, whoſe wife's name was Elizabeth, calls his ſeat by the name of *Beſs-borow*. There is likewiſe a famous town, where the worſt iron in the kingdom is made, and it is called *Swandlingbar*. The original of which name I ſhall explain,

plain, leſt the antiquaries of future ages might be at a loſs to derive it. It was a moſt witty conceit of four gentlemen, who ruined themſelves with this iron-project. *Sw.* ſtands for *Swift*, *And.* for *Sanders*, *Ling.* for *Darling*, and *Bar.* for *Barry*. Methinks I ſee the four loggerheads ſitting in conſult, like Smectimnius, each gravely contributing a part of his own name to make up one for their place in the iron-work; and could wiſh they had been hanged, as well as undone, for their wit. But I was moſt pleaſed with the denomination of a town-land, which I lately ſaw in an advertiſement of Pue's Paper: "This is to give "notice, that the lands of Douras, *alias* "WHIG-*borow*, &c." Now this zealous proprietor, having a mind to record his principles in religion or loyalty, to future ages within five miles round him, for want of other merit, thought fit to make uſe of this expedient; wherein he ſeems to miſtake his account: For this diſtinguiſhing term, *Whig*, had a moſt infamous original, denoting a man who favoured the Fanatic ſect, and an enemy to kings, and ſo continued 'till the idea was a little ſoftened, ſome years after the Revolution, and dur-

ing

ing a part of her late Majeſty's reign. After which it was in diſgrace until the Queen's death: Since which time it hath, indeed, flouriſhed with a witneſs: But how long it will continue ſo, in our variable ſcene, or what kind of mortal it may deſcribe, is a queſtion which this courtly landlord is not able to anſwer. And therefore, he ſhould have ſet a date on the title of his burrow, to let us know what kind of creature a Whig was in that year of our LORD. —— I would readily aſſiſt nomenclators of this coſtive imagination; and therefore I propoſe, to others of the ſame ſize in thinking, that, when they are at a loſs about chriſtening a country-ſeat, inſtead of ſtraining their invention, they would call it *Booby-burrow*, *Fool-brook*, *Puppy-ford*, *Coxcomb-hall*, *Mount-loggerhead*, *Dunce-hill*; which are innocent appellations, proper to expreſs the talents of the owners. But I cannot reconcile myſelf to the prudence of this Lord of WHIG-*borow*, becauſe I have not yet heard, among the Preſbyterian ſquires, how much ſoever their perſons and principles are in vogue, that any of them have diſtinguiſhed their country-abode by the name of Mount-regicide, Covenant-hall,

naut-hall, *Fanatic-hill*, *Roundhead-bawn*, *Canting-brook*, or *Mount-rebel*, and the like; becauſe there may, poſſibly, come a time when thoſe kind of ſounds may not be ſo grateful to the ears of the kingdom. For I do not conceive it would be a mark of diſcretion, upon ſuppoſing a gentleman, in alluſion to his name, or the merit of his anceſtors, to call his houſe *Tyburn-hall*.

But the ſcheme I would propoſe, for changing the denominations of land into legible and audible ſyllables, is by employing ſome gentlemen in the Univerſity; who, by the knowledge of the Latin-tongue, and their judgment in ſounds, might imitate the Roman way, by tranſlating thoſe hideous words into their Engliſh meanings, and altering the termination, where a bare tranſlation will not form a good cadence to the ear, or be eaſily delivered from the mouth. And, when both theſe means happen to fail, then to name the parcels of land from the nature of the ſoil, or ſome peculiar circumſtance belonging to it; as, in England, Farnham, Oat-lands, Black-heath, Corn-bury, Rye-gate, Aſh-burnham, Barn-elms, Colecurtum, Sand-wich, and many others.

I am

I am likewiſe apt to quarrel with ſome titles of Lords among us, that have a very ungracious ſound, which are apt to communicate mean ideas to thoſe who have not the honour to be acquainted with their perſons, or their virtues, of whom I have the misfortune to be one. But I cannot pardon thoſe gentlemen, who have gotten titles ſince the judicature of the peers among us hath been taken away, to which they all ſubmitted with a reſignation that became good Chriſtians, as undoubtedly they are. However, ſince that time, I look upon a graceful harmonious title to be, at leaſt, forty *per cent.* in the value intrinſick of an Iriſh peerage: And, ſince it is as cheap as the worſt, for any Iriſh law hitherto enacted in England to the contrary, I would adviſe the next ſett, before they paſs their patents, to call a conſultation of ſcholars, and muſical gentlemen, to adjuſt this moſt important and eſſential circumſtance. The Scotch noblemen, though born almoſt under the North Pole, have much more tuneable appellations, except ſome very few, which, I ſuppoſe, were given them by the Iriſh, along with their language, at the time when that kingdom was

was conquered, and planted from hence; and, to this day, retain the denominations of places, and ſurnames of families, as all hiſtorians agree.

I ſhould likewiſe not be ſorry, if the names of ſome biſhops ſees were ſo much obliged to the alphabet; that, upon pronouncing them, we might contract ſome veneration for the order and perſons of thoſe reverend peers, which the groſs ideas ſometimes joined to their titles, is very unjuſtly apt to diminiſh.

TO

FRANCIS GRANT, Esq;

MERCHANT IN LONDON.

[*Francis Grant Esq; of London, Merchant, younger ſon of Sir Francis Grant of Cullen, Baronet, having an high opinion of the herring and other fiſheries in the Britiſh ſeas, writ and publiſhed a pamphlet, in the year* 1733, *on that ſubject; principally with a view to excite the encouragement of the public, to ſuch of the mercantile people as might engage in a project ſo extremely beneficial. The pamphlet was much eſteemed; but the miniſtry of England, in thoſe days, fearing to offend the Dutch, were not inclined to favour it. Whereupon, Mr. Grant writ a letter to the Reverend Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's Dublin, who was then very eminent in Ireland, to try if the patriot party there would eſpouſe the deſign, and reap benefit to their country from what was thus rejected in England: To which letter the Dean writ the following Anſwer, which greatly ſhews the man, as well as the general opinion he had of thoſe times.*]

SIR, Dublin, March 23, 1733-4.

I RETURN you my hearty thanks for your letter, and Diſcourſe upon the Fiſhery: You diſcover, in both, a true love of your country, and (excepting your civilities to me) a very good judgment, good wiſhes

to

to this ruined kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the ſubject you treat.' But you are more temperate than I, and conſequently much wiſer: For corruptions are apt to make me impatient, and give offence, which you prudently avoid.

Ever ſince I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England, in ſuffering the Dutch to have almoſt the whole advantage of our fiſhery, juſt under our noſes.

The laſt Lord Wemys told me, he was governor of a caſtle in Scotland near which the Dutch uſed to fiſh: He ſent to them, in a civil manner, to deſire they would ſend him ſome fiſh, which they brutiſhly refuſed; whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be diſcharged from the caſtle, (for their boats were in reach of the ſhot;) and, immediately, they ſent him more than he wanted.

The Dutch are like a knot of ſharpers among a parcel of honeſt gentlemen, who think they underſtand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they have to their country; which, however, is no virtue in them, becauſe it is their private intereſt, which is directly

contrary

contrary in England. In the Queen's time, I did often preſs the Lord-Treaſurer Oxford, and others of the miniſtry, upon this very ſubject; but the anſwer was, "We muſt "not offend the Dutch;" who, at that very time, were oppoſing us in all our ſteps towards a peace. I laughed to ſee the zeal that miniſtry had about the fiſhing at Newfoundland (I think), while no care was taken againſt the Dutch fiſhing juſt at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened indeed, by a perfect accident, to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her houſe at Leiceſter, and I was a year old before I was ſent to England: And thus I am a Teague, or an Iriſhman, or what people pleaſe, although the beſt part of my life was in England.

What I did for this country was from perfect hatred of tyranny and oppreſſion, for which I had a proclamation againſt me of 300 *l.* which my old friend my Lord Carteret was forced to conſent to, the very firſt or ſecond night of his arrival hither. The crime was that of writing againſt a project of one Wood, an Ironmonger, to coin 100,000 *l.* in halfpence,

not worth a ſixth part of the money, which was laid before the people in ſo plain a manner, that they all refuſed it; and ſo the nation was preſerved from immediate ruin.

I have done ſome ſmaller ſervices to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many years upon me, and have too much ſickneſs. I am out of favour at Court, where I was well received, during two ſummers, ſix and ſeven years ago. The governing people here do not love me. For as corrupt as England is, it is an habitation of ſaints in compariſon of Ireland. We are all [redacted], and knaves, and fools; and all, but biſhops and people in employments, beggars. The caſh of Ireland does not amount to 200,000 *l.*: The few honeſt men among us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this Houſe of Commons, now ſitting here; and, mentioning your Scheme, ſhewed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland. They agreed with me; but ſaid, that if ſuch a thing were propoſed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.

I believe the people of Lapland, or the Hottentots, are not ſo miſerable a people as we; for oppreſſion, ſupported by power, will infallibly introduce ſlaviſh principles. I am afraid that, even in England, your propoſal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind. If your ſcheme ſhould paſs into an act, it will become a job: Your ſanguine temper will cool: Rogues will be the only gainers. Party and faction will intermingle, and defeat the moſt eſſential parts of the whole deſign. Standing armies, in times of peace, projects of exciſe, and bribing at elections, are all you are like to be employed in; not forgetting ſeptennial parliaments, directly againſt the old Whig-principles, which always have been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with ſome others in a fiſhery here, in the northern parts: They advanced 200 *l.* by way of trial: They got men from Orkney to cure their fiſh, who underſtood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are ſo lazy and ſo knaviſh, that it turned to no account, nor would any body join it.

And ſo the

the matter fell, and they loſt two thirds of their money. Oppreſſed beggars are always knaves; and, I believe, there hardly are any other among us. They had rather gain a ſhilling by knavery, than five pounds by honeſt dealing. They loſt 30,000 *l.* a-year for ever, in the time of the plague at Marſeilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland: But the merchants and the weavers ſent over ſuch abominable linen, that it was all returned back, or ſold for a fourth part of the value. This is our condition, which you may pleaſe to pity, but never can mend. I wiſh you good ſucceſs with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miſcarry. I am, Sir, with true eſteem for your good intentions,

Your moſt obedient ſervant.

P. S. I would ſubſcribe my name, if I had not a very bad one; ſo I leave you to gueſs it. If I can be of any ſervice to you in this kingdom, I ſhall be glad you will employ me.

A

LATIN LETTER,

IN THE

GRATTANIAN STYLE:

Written by Dr. SHERIDAN,

LATINITAS GRATTANIANA.

DOMINE,

TU cogitabas quod egi duram rem in intrando judicium ſupra vinculum tuum, et quatuor claudendo mortgagiam: non potui adjuvare id, quoniam eram valde durum poſitus ei pro nummum. Ego deſidero te tenere linguam, et ne tergum morde me aliquid longior, nam ſi facis, ſupra meam animam te tundam deorſum primum tempus quod occurro te. Eſt pulchra res quod homo non poteſt rogare pro ſuo quin vocas illum nomina, et das illi peſſimum verbum in ore tuo. Semel magis jubeo te tenere linguam, vel potes eſſe certus quod non frangam juramentum. Sum nunciatus quod uxor tuus

ſimile

ſimile ſapienti capit magnas libertates cum me; profecto illa habuit melior eſſe quietus, vel nunciabo illi ſuum ac cito ac video illam. Noſco valde bene tu potes gignere pecuniam a centum manibus, ſi places, igitur fac feſtinationem, nam diabolus cape me ſi famulabor unus dies plus. Sic do te pulchram cautionem aſpicere ad teipſum, nam habebo te in carcere ante menſis it circa, ſi non ſum ſolvitus. Prope eſt induſium, ſed propior eſt cutis, et charitas incipit apud domum. Habeo novem infantes et uxor; non poſſum tenere illos ſupra nihil, et ora habebunt cibum. Sic neceſſitas habet nullum lex. Omnes hi res ſunt ſatis oſtendere te magnus opus in quo ſum; ideo dico te in brevi habebo pecuniam quodlibet quadrantem. Sum

Tuus humilis famulus,

BLUNDERORIUS PETTIFOGGARIUS.

Sine me habere lineam vel duo, ut ſciam quid dependeam ſupra.

A

LETTER

TO

DOCTOR SHERIDAN,

ANGLO-LATIN.

[*As the following is the only piece of the kind that perhaps ever was written; we doubt not but the Curious and Polite will find ſome agreeable entertainment in the peruſal of it.*]

Ill us try ſigh may Do my nay,

IN vain I vye am new pear am deſcry bend a late in night a tea. Dice eaſe force an ſpay row hock eſſay a liquid no vye ake way a claw dabble is. Tame puſs e'er it poſe ſtack come me a fye low ſo fye a law dabb bitter a tea. Eaſt nay ill lay a my cuz veſt err it a e'er you dye t'us you teague o ſome; add ſome mum all tear ſock rates, ought a wriſt I days? Can toe carr-men I am become, here o I come, home e'er I come. Egg o a mow tea; ſaid eaſe nay Sr does

come add tea meet toe litter as tun on lay jays, neck aw dire veal is? Aw dye vye tea few is ſea a man tame you nigh us pew ell lay leap I dice I may, for mow ſay, ſaid paw pear I may, ſaid dive eaſe may lye us place ſea bitt patt rye veſt row.

Codd add raiſe belly eat pace is at tin net, my high my nigh may like wet, neck raiſe awe like as no vye. Sat is eaſt aw dye ray a ball I is. Wrecks bay nay valet, come rage in a eat inn fan tye buſs, eat aw lice is, pray ſip you ay ake witty ill us try: Said hock egg o nigh hill cur o, come paw lull'um may a matt; at egg o ill loſs mine us. Feel licks ſort tea may ah: Sick dice it whore as I us; In tea jear vye tea ſeal err riſque pure us: I dame vye day, eat ſet her a. Dumb ſpy row, ſpay row.

Some hew my lime us do mine aſs I own is veſt ray.

Vye like us.

P. S. Ray ſea pye veſt ram ape piſt lamb, quay eaſt a duck inn many bu;

AN

EPISTLE,

IN

HARD LATIN,

FROM

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

DOMINE,

AUDIVI * quòd abra fœminæ nobilis et mihi amicæ offendendo pedem ad paxillum vel ridicam, vel, ut alii dicunt, rutabulum; valdè læsit uropygium, et est misserè catax. Novi ejus patrem, capitularem,

* As all the words in this and the following Letter, which cause any difficulty, are extremely uncommon, we presume it will not be amiss to print a Glossary, in order to save our Readers the ~~plague and~~ trouble of turning over a Dictionary.

Abra, a waiting-woman: *Quod sit* delicata, *non vulgaris Ancilla.*

Paxillus, a stake, pale, or post.

Ridica, the prop of a vine, &c.

Rutabulum, a maukin, a cole-rake to make clean an oven, an oven-swoop, a skealing-stick.

Uropygium, the narrowest and lowest part of the chine, the rump.

Catax, lame, hip halt.

Capitularis,

larem, et ſubleſtum, et carnarium, qui furatus erat hornotinum per oſtium clathratum, et ut meruit, a vulgo occillatus. Pauper enim erat, gaunaco et decotibus veſtitus; pernionibus claudicans laboravit. Frequentavit ſui ſimiles, propolas nempe, arilatores, cociones, imò ſaliſubſulos et labdas, omnes, ut meruerant tribonibus veſtitos.

Pridiè tabellio ad me attulit epiſtolam de ſtlata et catta in portu obrutis, unde miſer

Capitularis, a tax-gatherer, an exciſeman.
Subleſtus, weak, feeble; of no eſteem or account.
Carnarius, a butcher.
Hornotinus, a fawn or hind-calf.
Clathratus, latticed, barred, grated.
Occillo, to buffet, or beat and maul.
Gaunacum, a thick ſhag rug to cover one with, an Iriſh mantle.
Decotes, *Togæ detritæ*, garments worn bare.
Pernio, a kibe on the heel.
Propola, a huckſter, or retailer, a foreſtaller, a regrater, &c.
Arilator, a pedlar.
Cocio, a higler.
Saliſubſulus, a morriſdancer, any one who dances and capers to muſick.
Labda, any ſort of vile filthy raſcal.
Tribon, a threadbare cloak.
Tabellio, a carrier of letters.
Stlata, a float, a hoy, a flat boat,
Catta, *nomen navis*.

Cadiſcus,

miſer perdidi cadiſcum ſtrobilorum plerum, duo hauſtra, calpar, decem ſcutellas, calignam, et quod maximè dolet, crocotulam nuper uxori emptam, ſed ſpero me redhoſtiturum fore.

Amicus noſter catulaſter lepidiſſimus hominum miſerè vivit in domuncula veſcarum plena, proficiebus paſcitur, operando ſtrigans et conquiniſcens, et turundis pullos

Cadiſcus, a rundlet, a kilderkin, or little barrel.

Strobilus, a pine-apple.

Plerus, idem quod *plenus*.

Hauſtrum, a bucket; alſo a kind of pot, or jug, to draw drink with.

Calpar, an earthen veſſel, or tun.

Scutella, any kind of diſh or platter.

Caligna, as this word ſeems to be derived from Καλον, *lignum*, perhaps it ſignifies a large wooden bowl.

Crocotula, a little ſaffron coloured, or yellow garment.

Redhoſtio, to requite a curteſy, to return like for like: But here it may ſignify, To make a preſent of juſt ſuch another garment.

Catulaſter, a little whelp.

Veſca, a cobweb.

Proficies, perhaps it may ſignify a ſupply, or ſubſidy, given as a preſent.

Strigo, to breathe, or reſt in work, to ſtop or ſtand ſtill, as oxen ſometimes do at plow in the middle of a furrow.

Conquiniſco, to duck the head, to bow or bend the body, to ſtoop.

Turunda, a pellet of bread, dough, or paſte, wherewith capons are crammed.

Serpens,

los paſcit in tuguriolo ſerphorum pleno.

Heſterna nocte cecidit terribiliſſima labes mantiſſa, quæ inlices omnes implevit.

Sum humiliſſimus, &c.

Serphus, a kind of vermine like an ant.

Labes, a great fall, or paſh of rain or hail, *&c.*

Mantiſſa, qu. manutenſa, eo quod manu porrigitur. Over-meaſure, advantage, the vantage or over-weight. The Welch call it *Iſpine*.

Inlex, *inlices canales*, gutters in ſtreets.

AN

ANSWER

TO THE

EPISTLE IN HARD LATIN,

By DOCTOR SHERIDAN.

Doctiſſime Decane,

FORBUM tabellarum methodium veſtrarum lagonopono me fermè affecit, quocirca hoſtire veſtræ reverentiæ gerras aggredior. Quid mea refert ſi uropygium abræ ignobilis ſit læſum, ejuſmodi etenim mulieres plerumque ſunt exbuæ, atque rimarum non minùs plenæ quàm excernicula, profectò non mihi injucundum foret ſi tu eſſes illi iatraliptes. Si vero curam

Forbus, Calidus, *Serv.* Formus a θερμος: Æol. φερμος. aliter a *forbo*, vel *forvo*; i. e. *ferveo*, hot, warm.

Tabella, a letter, or epiſtle.

Methodium, a trick, a cheat, a cunning fetch.

Lagonoponos, a fretting to the gutts.

Hoſtio, to recompenſe, to return like for like.

Gerræ, hurdles, or twigs filled up with earth, for fortifying a place; gabions, &c.

Exbuæ, tippling-goſſips.

Excerniculum, a ſieve.

Iatraliptes, a phyſician or ſurgeon that cures by ointments and frictions.

Crotaphitæ,

curam ſuſcipias, non abs re fuerit illius crotaphitas ambabus calidè manibus fricare ne ſpiritus deficiant, atque inde porrò ad podicem deſcendens, poſtquam complutum aquâ vitæ feceris, applicueris emplaſtrum calligoni, mattiacarum tritarum, daucorum, ſuſſitieteridis, gethyonum. Caveto

Crotaphitæ, the two muſcles that are in the temples.

Complutus, wetted all over.

Calligonum, way-graſs, knot-graſs.

Mattiacæ, [pilæ dict. quòd præſtantiſſimæ apud Mattiacum Germaniæ oppidum conficerentur.] Soap-balls, waſh-balls.

Tritus, common, much uſed.

Daucus, a kind of wild carrot.

Suſſitieteridis. As there is no ſuch word as this to be found in the common Dictionaries, it is imagined to have been coined by Doctor Sheridan, when he was writing this Letter, in order to amuſe and puzzle his Correſpondent: Or, if it be not too wild a conjecture, let us ſuppoſe the word to be thus divided, *Suſſiti* et *Eridis*; and then it may refer to the reſt of the ingredients of the plaiſter, and eſpecially to the ſevere poignancy of the onions, in the next and laſt article: And then, perhaps, the latter part of the ſentence may be thus paraphraſtically interpreted: "You might apply to "the part affected a plaiſter of knot-graſs, common waſh-"ball, wild carrot, and among the reſt of the ingredients," [for Συσσίλος ſignifies a Companion] "by way of giving the "whole a poignancy," [for Ἔρις ſignifies a contention for victory] "you ſhould take care that a mixture of onion "predominate in the compoſition." The word *Urtica*, in the following period, ſeems to favour this conjecture.

veto interim ne tibi manus imbulbitaverit, aut imbubinaverit, partiliter quandò prædicti ſpiritus urticam ſenſerit; ſed ne forſan obliviſcaris te moneo, ut pars crepidinis dorſi interior ſit fiſſiculanda. Memini illius patrem ex infimâ plebis ruderatione gingrinatorem, lucuntes olim vendidit, admodum fuit procellulus, eximius autem pilicrepus; ſed ſalaconem atque doſonem nimiùm ſe oſtendendo, minuit hanc gloriam quam exercitiis meruit. Si vis ut noſtra denuò amicitia inaleſcat, te mecum cras

Gethyon, a kind of onions, hollow leeks.

Imbulbito, to defile one's ſelf with any thing deteſtable. Vide Dictionary.

Imbubino, to defile with any thing abominable. Vide Dict.

Partiliter, particularly, with exactneſs or ſubtilty.

Urtica, a nettle, or any tickling pain like the ſting of a nettle.

Crepido, *dorſi crepido*, the rump.

Fiſſiculandis, to be cleft, or cut open.

Ruderatio, rubbiſh.

Gingrinator, a piper or minſtrel.

Lucuns, a kind of meat; or rather ſome baked thing; a ſpice-cake.

Pilicrepus, a ball-player.

Salacon, a great bo[illegible] be tho[illegible]

Doſo, a g[illegible]

Inaleſ[illegible]

[illegible]ng extremely poor, would

[illegible]to another.

Prurito,

cràs prandere prorito, habebis ſympinium vel applam vini non vulgaris abſque flocibus, cum cerviſia æquè pellucidum ac glæſum. Sæpiſſimè futabas in ædibus meis nequè unquam inanias, de quibus mentionem in epiſtola veſtrâ feciſti, in ulla noſtrarum conſpexiſti camerarum. Heſterno die nimiùm ambulando flegmine laboro, quod ex ſtomachi ventoſitate eveniſſe comperio, ideoque magnam git quantitatem, ut poſtico emurmuret, deglutire ſtatuo.

Sum tibi humillimus, &c.

Manaco Maii 15° 1732.

Prorito, to provoke, ſtir up, egg on.

Sympinium, a kind of wooden veſſel for wine, uſed of old in their holy rites and divine ſervices; a ſtone-jug, or pitcher; a drinking-cup.

Appla, ab *ad* et *pleo*, ut ſit vas quod ſubinde impletur et depletur, — a kind of veſſel uſed at table.

Flaces, pl. the dregs or lees of wine.

Cerviſia, vel *Cereviſia*, *Cerealis*, liquor, ale, beer, *&c.*

Futo, to blame or reprove.

Glæſum, a kind of amber.

Inaniæ, emptineſſes, cobwebs.

Flegmen, an inflammation or ſwelling in the legs, tired by over-much walking.

Git, vel *Gith*, indecl. a kind of cockle, a ſmall ſeed.

Poſticum, a back-door.

Manacus, a month.

End of VOLUME XVI.

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And ſold by J. and R. TONSON in the *Strand*, and by W. JOHNSTON in *Ludgate-Street*,

AN

ESSAY

UPON THE

LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CHARACTER

OF

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

INTERSPERSED WITH

Some OCCASIONAL ANIMADVERSIONS upon the *Remarks* of a late critical Author, and upon the *Obſervations* of an Anonymous Writer on thoſe Remarks.

Eſt etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem tetro conſueta necare.
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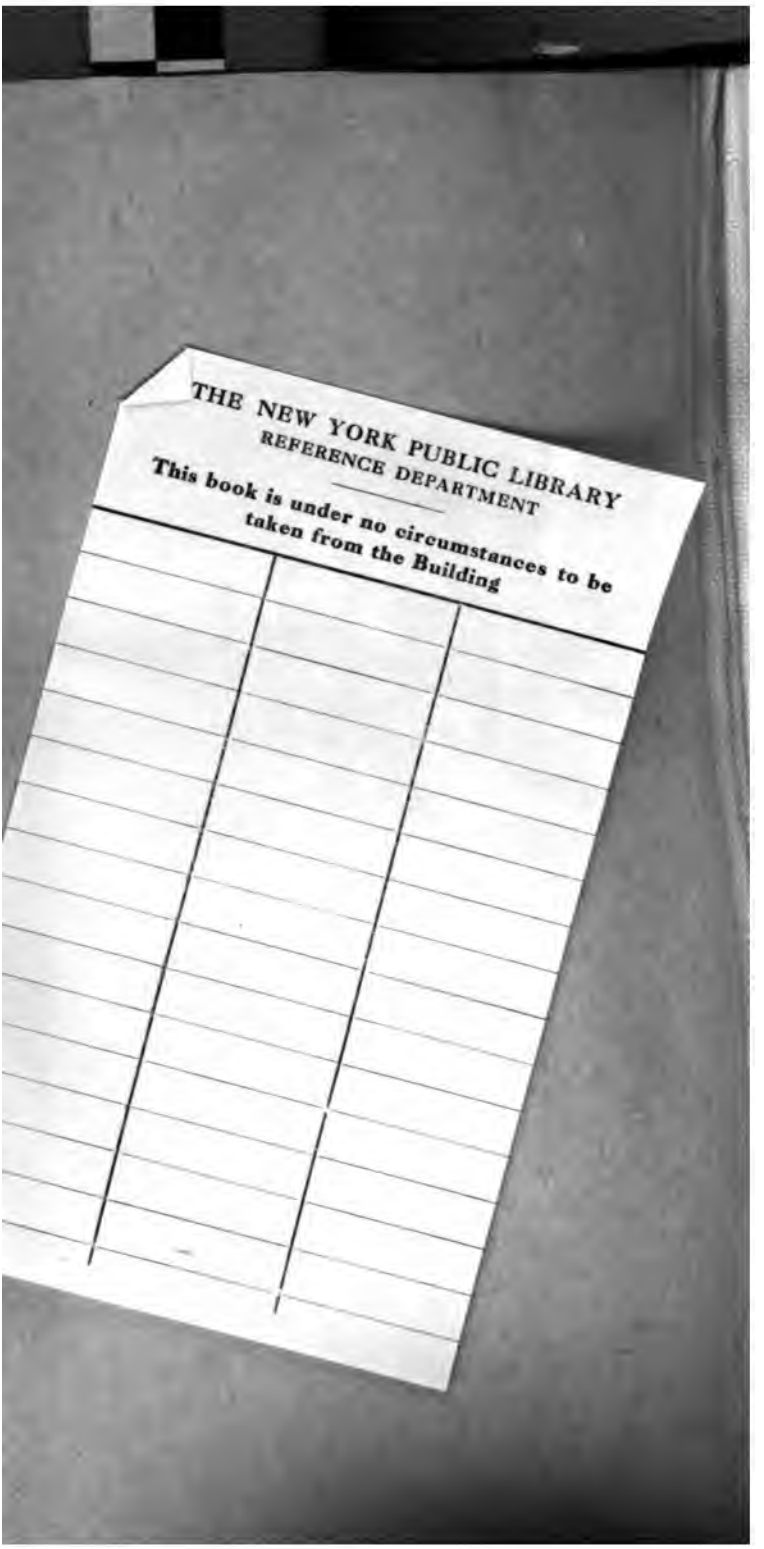
Written by the DOCTOR himſelf.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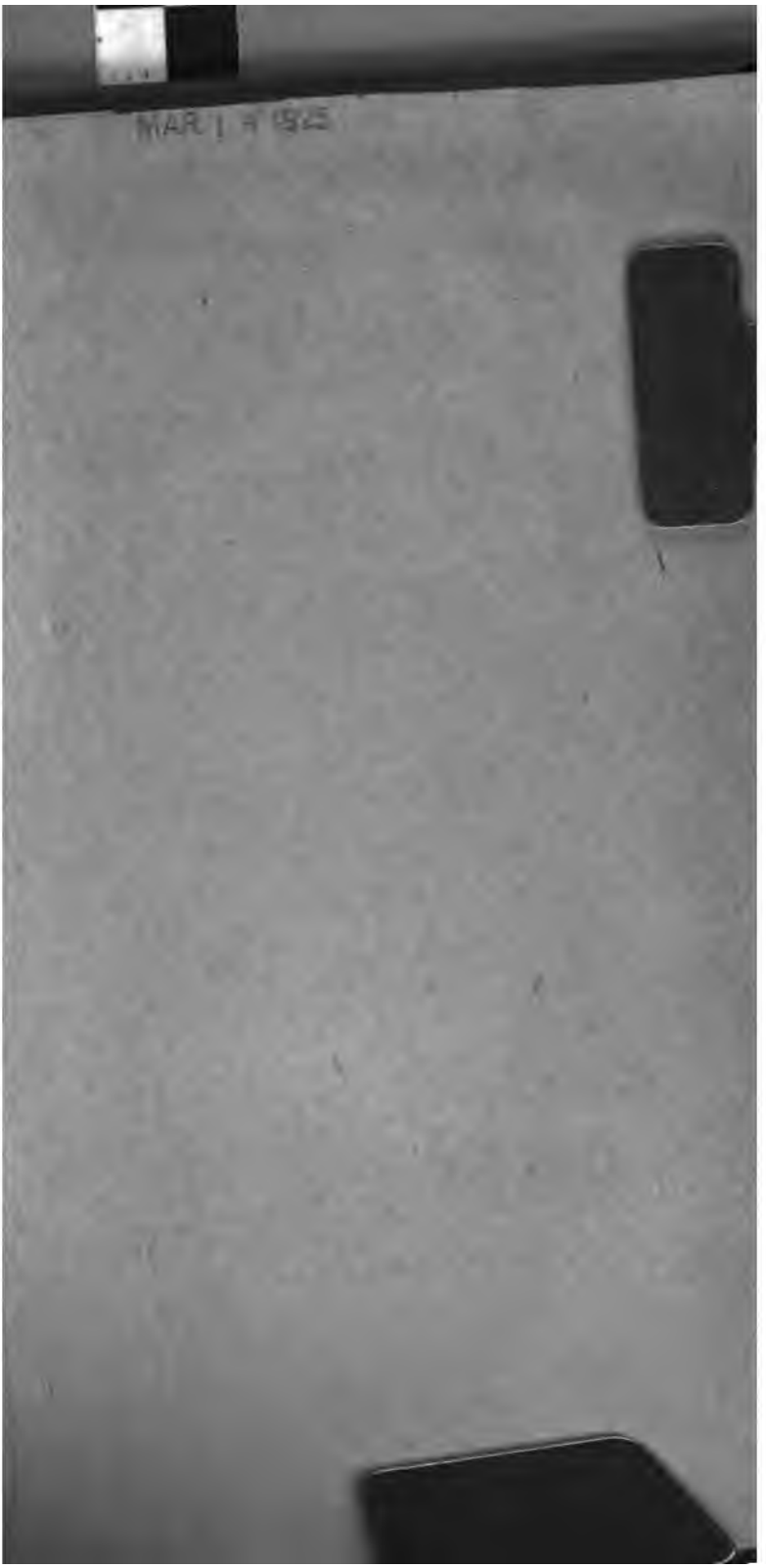
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